

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—MARCH—1870.—No. XXVII.

THE BEAR HUNT: A SKETCH OF LIFE IN SWEDEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MSS. OF OUR SWEDISH CONTRIBUTOR.

"PAPA says a great English lord, next in rank to the king, is coming here," said the *länsman's* wife to her beloved daughters.

"Is the *king* coming?" exclaimed four young ladies with one voice, as they rushed down-stairs and, with a hurrah, burst into their father's office to hear the marvellous news from his own lips.

"No; a lord, girls. Hang it, if I know what '*lord*' means in Swedish! The Governor, that arrant miser, who, with all his high salary and palatial residence, cannot give his high-born guest a hunting party at his own expense, on his own hills, must send this lord of princely blood and kingly wealth to our forests and recommend him and his train to the hospitality of our poor people! Here am I ordered to summon from one to two thousand men to come to a bear hunt which will last several days. And what is it all for? Only the amusement of a foreigner!" So saying, with a kick, he sent the chains and handcuffs that lay under the table, flying into the middle of the room.

"Good heavens, husband!" cried the *länsman's* wife, scared out of her wits by his violent demonstrations. "Do not talk so about your superiors, who have been appointed by the grace of His Maj-

esty the King to take care of his faithful subjects. Consider what advantage you may derive by coming in contact with men who have the power in their hands. Who knows but that you may attract attention on this occasion, and some fine day be promoted to '*Kronofogde*' and even be made Knight of the Vasa order? And," whispering "who knows but what the lord may be unmarried and may have travelled from his distant country to find a fair wife in one of old Sweden's maidens: perhaps he will yet be son-in-law to a poor *länsman*!"

"How women *will* talk," exclaimed the *länsman*, out of patience. "How can such a foolish thought enter your head, my good wife? What nonsense, my girl becoming the wife of a lord, ha, ha, ha!"

This put an end to the mother's "who knows," and she left the room with her daughters, while her bad-tempered, unreasonable husband wrote the orders for the bear hunt.

"Papa is in an ill humor to-day, he is getting old, and the duties of his office grow too heavy for him," said the *länsman's* wife; "so we will go out of his way, my daughters, and when coffee hour arrives, we will pay a visit to our

neighbors and let them have a taste of our great news, by way of sweetening the coffee.

That day was one of those tedious days on which time will not move the hands of the dial. No matter how often the ladies looked at the big clock in the hall, coffee hour was still far distant. But the maid-servant conceived the brilliant idea, for her own sake as well as theirs, of taking time by the forelock, and secretly moved the hands of the dial a little more than once round the circle; this sent them all off in a hurry.

When the länsmans sleigh with jingling bells dashed up the parish yard and the steaming horses halted in front of the parson's door, both prost and prostinna (minister and minister's wife) started up from their after-dinner nap and looked at each other in amazement. "Who can come at such an hour?" said the prost. "Perhaps some one is dying and wants your assistance," said the prostinna, half asleep and scarcely knowing what she said. But the prost pushed his wig from his left ear over the right, and hurried out to help the ladies from the sleigh and heartily bade them welcome, according to the good old custom.

The moment the länsmans wife entered the hall, the first thing that met her gaze was the big hand of the great clock pointing to one. She almost fainted away at the discovery that she had come an hour too soon, two o'clock being the earliest possible time for a coffee visit, according to Swedish etiquette. In order to account for this unheard-of breach of good manners, she began at once to tell the wonderful news that a foreign lord was coming to their little rustic village, which astounding information so completely bewildered the prostinna's mind that she sat down on the sofa, *at the right* of her guest; there was a mistake, and a parson's wife too!

The prost broke out into lamentations over the depravity of our times, that required the badly-paid ministers of the gospel to keep open house and entertain travelling foreigners; and he assured his hearers that, if it were not for the good cause, no man in the country would think

of becoming a clergyman. But his wife sat lost in deep thought, remembering she had read a romance in her young days, in which a young and handsome lord, of unbounded wealth, had gone into the forest to hunt the wild boar, and, losing his way, had met a beautiful young maiden, daughter of a poor clergyman, whom he married.

The fresh and rosy daughters of the house, equal in number to the stars in the great dipper, had been well instructed in religion by their father, and they knew the Bible by heart. They, in their turn, thought of the handsome and virtuous Joseph with his wondrous dreams, how the sheaves of his brothers were bowing down before him. Each saw in her innocent soul's eye how the other six sisters were bowing to her, in reverence and admiration, to the lady decked with jewels and pearls, who in such haste had left the sisterly constellation.

At last the coffee was finished and the cups were removed and the prost sent for his colleague* [vicar] and the sexton, that they also might learn the extraordinary news. After they had been offered some refreshments, which consisted of a glass of cold water for the colleague, and a pinch of snuff for the sexton, he carefully broke the great news to them and asked them, whether they did not share their superior's views, that this bear hunt was a sinful undertaking, against which the clergy ought to protest from the pulpit. He concluded by saying, that he had come to the conclusion that he should warn the people in the church on Sunday next, that he would not be responsible for the salvation of the souls of such men from his parish as should risk their lives in such sinful proceedings.

The sexton declared that his reverence was indisputably in the right then as ever. The colleague, however, was of different opinion, and held that hunting beasts of prey, ordered by the authorities, was something with which the clergy had nothing whatever to do, and that "bears" abounded altogether too much in the country, and that they

* A colleague (like the English curate or vicar) receives about one fifth of the pastor's income.

needed the help of foreigners to hunt them down.

"Brother talks like a schoolboy," interrupted the pastor, somewhat excited, "and ought never to have thought of becoming a pastor; free-thinkers like you, are wolves among a flock of dearly-bought sheep."

A colleague's position in Sweden is never enviable, and with such a superior as this prost, it was next to unbearable. The colleague had, at the university, been what is called there a "gay spirit," who, by virtue of his love for merry company and a fine voice, had become an "ofverliggane," who stays longer than the usual time at the university. At last he had yielded to the wishes of his old mother, and become a minister, much against his inclination. But what more than any thing else turned the scales against him, in that house with seven daughters, was, that he had committed the misdemeanor of engaging himself to a lady in another family.

The prostinna, as soon as she heard the high words spoken in the adjoining room, assured her friend that the colleague, with his spirit of contradiction, would surely kill his superior. "And, dear friend," she said, "he eats like a raven, he never dips his bread in the coffee; he sends his linen to the city to be washed, *we* can't do it well enough: he keeps the newspaper all to himself." In the same strain she admitted that he was careful about fire, never slept with his candle burning, took care that they had game every Monday, played chess with his superior, and four-handed with the girls; when he preached, the church would be so crowded that many had to stand outside. But, as she had said, the man had his great faults; and then he had engaged himself to marry, when he could not earn bread enough to feed a wife. Before the friends separated, the subjects of baking, brewing and cooking, all important to a Swedish housewife, were thoroughly discussed.

While the merry little daughter of the *länsmän* had driven her mother to the parsonage, Hedda, the eldest daughter, flew over the crisp and sparkling snow to the Baroness.

This was the only family of nobility in the whole neighborhood. Where they came from, or what they intended to do, was the stereotyped question of the village, the first year after their arrival. The cordial, unsophisticated social intercourse of the villagers seemed to be disturbed by the presence of the highborn aristocratic family, which acted like a damper upon their mirthfulness; and every one had an uncomfortable feeling of subordination and suspected the great people of ridiculing their simple country ways. At last they threw off the yoke, and concluded they would not care about their sayings, and the former gay spirit returned, and they had their old-fashioned dinners, suppers, and their land and water parties as before the arrival of these great folks.

While Hedda was divesting herself of her heavy fur cloak in the hall, the sound of high words reached her ears, coming from the boudoir of the Baroness. Like a true Eve's daughter, she could not resist the temptation of peeping through the key-hole, and she quickly understood that the contest was about the all-important question, whose "tree of ancestors" was the older. She saw the Baroness seated upon her gilt sofa, like a queen upon her throne, with the book of heraldry on a divan-table open before her. She had the word and cut his tree right and left. The Baron, with heavy drops of perspiration on his brow, measured the floor with rapid steps, now and then stopping in front of his wife so high up in her ancestral tree, and tried to quiet her by pointing out how clear it was that his family tree was the oldest in Sweden. But the Baroness would not consent to such humiliation, for she knew that the founder of *her* family came direct from Odin himself, and had a deer's head in his escutcheon, and her mother's family had a half-moon in theirs.

At this point Hedda entered. She disburdened herself of her heavy news. "*Parole d'honneur!*" exclaimed the Baron, when she had finished her story, "I verily believe that the end of the nobility and the world's end has come!

These are extraordinary times we live in! Here am I, one of the country's noblemen, and know nothing, while one of the king's confidential friends writes to a country justice of the peace to ask him to entertain one of my equals!"

Hedda, immensely frightened at the Baron's anger, meekly said that it surely was not her father's intention to keep the lord as a guest in his house, being convinced that so distinguished a man, accustomed to live in a handsome palace, would not be satisfied to stay in a cottage so humble as theirs.

And Hedda departed; but her suggestion that the lord was accustomed to live in a grand palace weighed heavily on the mind of the baronial couple, and they deeply regretted their straitened circumstances and unspacious home.

The Baron's parents had at his birth read in the stars, that this their son should one day come to do great deeds. After the regular course at the military Academy was gone through with, he was enrolled in Svea's Guard as sub-lieutenant. At a court-ball he fell in love with a bright star, the brightest in the palace; through the grace of the king, he received the title of Royal Chamberlain, with the honor and position belonging to that office, and soon afterward he married. The dowry of the lady of his heart consisted only of a handsome face and a row of great forefathers. Not very long after the marriage, jealousy began to torment the young husband, and a duel with his superior ensued. He asked for and received his discharge and went to the continent, lived in great style, and then returned to his fatherland in comparative poverty. When he found that his former friends gave him the cold shoulder, he showed them the same civility. To make sure of the undivided attachment of his better half, who yet was uncommonly handsome, he deemed it more prudent to remove from the capital to this secluded village, where the reader has made his acquaintance. Here he rented an under-officer's homestead. The house, according to law, consisted of two large rooms, with two adjoining

bedrooms. When the Baron took possession, he raised the doors and windows, changed one room into a salon, one of the bedrooms into a library, etc. He now contemplated a greater task: to transform this simple dwelling into a castle, fitted for the reception of a lord. To accomplish this, trees were to be planted all around the house, and a tower constructed with pine-tree branches, on which colored lanterns were to hang, and over the hall-door he intended to fasten a deer's head with far-spreading antlers. Thus he hoped to palm off his dwelling-place for a rural hunting castle.

Leaving the Baron, we will follow the linsman's two other daughters, as they skate over the frozen lake to the iron-works.

"Well, I declare, what will the world hear next?" exclaimed the superintendent's wife, clasping her hands in sheer astonishment, when she had heard from her dear neighbors what great folks were to visit their neighborhood. But before they could talk the matter over more fully, orders were sent to the kitchen to have the coffee-pot put on the fire with the utmost dispatch, at the same time giving the servants their share of the news that an "English lord was coming."

"Ah, dear, good sugar-gold Madame, may we wait upon the table?" cried all the girls.

"May I also be there?" came a voice from the dairy room, where a young student, the superintendent's brother, from Wermland, was helping the dairy-maid to churn butter. "If a lord is coming, there shall be dancing in the Wermland style," cried the youth, taking hold of his sister-in-law and waltzing right into the parlor, and back again to the kitchen, where he gave a lesson to the maids in dancing the Wermland polka.

And before the sun had reached the horizon that short winter day, the news of the great man's arrival had spread over the neighborhood.

Toward evening the old mail-woman, who brought the letters from the city, came, and never was the poor old soul

welcomed so heartily as on that evening.

She had great news to tell, and she told who the great personage was that was coming among them, she had it direct from the city folks: it was an ambassador sent from England expressly to see how the poor people in Sweden were faring; his lackey had already arrived, carrying a big sackful of gold, for the people, which he gave in charge of the Lands-höfding.

"Where there is smoke, there is fire," thought the superintendent, and he sent messengers to the prominent men in the county to hold a meeting at his house the next day, where the following resolutions were adopted:

First—That every man should hold himself in readiness for the great hunt.

Second—Every one that had a home should clean it and put it in order as for a holiday, and have a comfortable spare bed made up, and the table set with the best things in the house, so that the lord, if he so chose, might enter any house and be welcome. The lord might find many poor houses in Dalsland, but none that was not opened wide to offer him hospitality.

The purse puzzled them. Was it the lord's intention to give a great festival after the close of the hunt? They resolved to send the student to the city to see what he could learn from the Lands-höfding about the treasure.

At four o'clock the next morning, this worthy set out on his journey, singing like a skylark, awakening the echo in the surrounding mountains.

Arrived in the city, he repaired at once to the Lands-höfding's palace, where he did not find the expected lackey, but the lord's friend Mr. Lloyd, who was almost choked with laughter when the student related the wild stories that went the rounds in the country about him and Lord Elsbury. They came to an understanding that the student should make the host at the festivity the lord intended to give to the peasants after the hunt, at the lord's expense.

The student came dancing down the great marble stairs, with a well-filled

purse. He was so much elated and excited with the prospect of acting host at the carousal, that he vowed he would embrace the first living being that came in his way after leaving the house, man, woman, or beast. Fortune, who always favors the brave, managed it so that, while he was turning the corner, the handsomest woman in the city ran into his wide-open arms. She uttered a shriek as if stabbed to the heart, and the people thought she would die, or do the next best thing, faint; but she did not give herself time to do either, and ran home as fast as her little feet would carry her. As soon as her breath would allow it, she hastened to tell her beloved husband, how foully she had been assailed, but how bravely she had defended herself, and the happy husband went at once into the store and presented her with a magnificent silk dress.

Of course, the news of this unheard-of scandal, a man embracing a woman in broad sunlight, ran like wild-fire through the city. The women came together in a convention and resolved never hereafter to go out in the streets alone and unprotected, and then hurried *en masse* to the house of the intended victim, to learn all the particulars of this shocking case of ruffianism never dreamed of in their quiet little city, and all along the way they would cast sly glances about them, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the unprincipled rogue.

The injured husband, who was at once one of the highest magistrates of the city and its principal storekeeper, demanded of his brothers in office that the culprit should be tried and executed on the spot by lynch-law.

But who should enter the office at this moment, but the criminal himself.

"Your very obedient servant, gentlemen, your very obedient servant, my dear alderman and merchant, I have come to make a bargain with you." So saying, he took a chair and seated himself quite unconcernedly among his judges.

So much impudence dumbfounded these honest burghers; they looked at each other, clenching their fists, each expecting the other to move.

But without waiting for an answer the student resumed: "It's a bargain in hard cash to buy as much of your oldest and best spirits as it will take to make a thousand men feel happy, not counting the women and children."

This speech had an immense effect; it loosened the clenched fists at once, and the knitted brows grew smooth.

"But before we discuss this important affair any further, let me beg your pardon, Mr. Alderman."

And he explained the affair, how he had made a vow to embrace the first living being that he should meet in the street, man, women, or beast. "And," exclaimed the young rogue, "I thank my lucky stars for sending such an angel to my arms; I shudder when I think what might have happened. But how my lips came to touch that angel's cheeks, I am at loss to account for."

This the twenty-four summers'-old wife of the alderman of fifty winters had forgotten to mention. "But enough," added the student, "we are good friends now, and I invite you all, gentlemen, to drink a glass of champagne with me to the health of that angel, her husband, and the happy termination of this affair;" whereupon they all shook hands and laughed heartily at the good joke, except the alderman, who did not laugh.

A familiar proverb says: "Youth and wisdom do rarely keep company." While going to the hotel, the student met several teamsters and told them that there was a load to be carried from the storekeeper's to the ironworks, and he wished them to fetch it and deliver it at the works.

When the student had had enough of the party at the hotel and thought that it was time to return to his home, he went first to the alderman's store to see if the spirits had been loaded and were fairly on the way. But what a scene did he behold! The teamsters were engaged in a free fight with fists and whips, about who should carry the whiskey; for as he had named no one especially, each one claimed that he was meant to have it, and earn this extra shilling.

The student knew what people he had

to deal with; and he knew the danger of irritating these half savage teamsters, who form a peculiar class of the population in Sweden. From their early youth their only occupation consisted in driving their teams between the mines, the furnaces, and the shipping-places. The rough climate, the hard life they lead, have made them almost as feelingless as the iron they carry on their wagons. It is an old law among them, never to turn out of the road for any one, except the king of Sweden or the postillion; every one else has to turn for them, which is often a very difficult thing to do, the roads being narrow or filled with drift-snow. They move in caravans of fifty to one hundred horses, and they may be heard a great way off by the peculiar sound the bar-iron makes, in the cold northern winter, with the thermometer far below zero. It is with any thing but a feeling of comfort that the lonely traveller meets these caravans. He is compelled to drive into the deepest snowbank and wait submissively until the whole procession has passed, they moving not one inch to the side. Woe to him who should dare to grumble or oppose them in this their traditional right; should he reach his home with one bone unbroken, he might thank his good fortune.

The student compromised the matter in this way, that each of the teamsters should receive one rix-thaler, and that those that had no cask to carry, should pick up the foot-travellers they might meet on the road, on their way home. This was received with a shout; and in less than no time the spirits were on the wagons, and off drove the caravan, with the merry student at the head, singing a song improvised by himself at the spur of the moment:

"What happy life you're leading,
You boys that plow the snow,
Who carry on your wagons
What cures all human woe.
Arrack, gin, and whiskey,
Make each a merry punch,
And each one has a maiden
A rosebud in a bunch.
And now we're drawing homeward
The great lord's health to drink,
And with the buxom lasses
We steaming glasses clink!"

"I will be d——d if he don't sing like a king, and makes verses like a prince," exclaimed the leader of the caravan, a tall and shaggy-looking teamster, "and here, boys, a hurrah for the poem-maker!" And hurrah was heard all around through the mountains; the drivers throwing it to the echo, and the echo back to the drivers.

"Thank you, boys, thank you friends and comrades upon life's heavy road."

The whole county was moving as if preparing for a great event. Incredible as it may sound, even in the almshouse preparations were made for the festivity; the old women put in order their Sunday frocks that they might appear dressed in their best. "Nobody knows which way the hare may run," said the old woman, and "lay the trap behind the fireplace," is an old Swedish proverb; and thus ran the thoughts of old father Storm, who, besides eight other invalids, had quarters in the almshouse; and out he went to beg some candles, a luxury rarely seen in that house; for the only light they have in the long winter evenings consists of the light from the wood that burns in the fireplace. Storm had made up his mind, that while the lord was hunting in the forest, a candle should burn upon the table in the almshouse.

Storm was an old soldier who had served his king and his country faithfully for forty years. He had lost one leg in the last war, and as a compensation the king and his country gave him a pension of four and a half dollars a year. In the parish to which he belonged he held the office of "churchpoker," whose business it was to wake up such good Christians as went to sleep during the service. He gave them a slight punch with a long pole, and for this service he received a peck of oats a year and at Christmas a loaf of rye-bread and a candle from every farmer. Besides all this, he had free board in the almshouse. And our invalid dressed himself in his best, put on his *ordre pour le mérite* on his breast, and then trotted off to the village, to beg for a candle.

His first visit was to the church-warden, or rather to his wife.

"It looks everywhere as if Christmas

was coming again, and therefore old Storm is out on his feet," said he, stamping his wooden leg to the floor so that the windows shook; this he did to indicate that he wanted to be listened to. He commenced with telling his story, as he was wont to do at Christmas, when he came to receive his rye-bread and his candle. He had helped, he said, to tear the crown off Bonaparte's head, just when he was ready to swallow Leipzig, but before he did so, he had marched on Stockholm, to help Gustavus Adolphus IV. from his throne. These giant deeds had always inspired Mrs. Churchwarden with reverence, and although not very prone to give, she gave to old Storm, and thus it was now he received his candle and a little balsam to warm his old body.

At last came the much talked of day, on which they should see a living "lord."

Paterfamilias was as quick on his feet, as he was on the day when he put the "brideslippers" on his feet. Once more inspecting the cherished gun to see that all was right, he told grandfather to smoke the best tobacco, and recommending the house and yard to God's care, he took leave of his beloved wife, and gently pushed back his boy who clung to his coat-sleeve and wanted to be taken to the bear hunt. Poor boy, how he wished that he could be put upon a stretch-bench and stretched and stretched, until he should become as big as papa, that very minute! All night the people came pouring into the wide yard at the forge, in order to be in time for the call the following morning. Not a man was missing at the roll-call, every one was there to be present at the great bear hunt on their mountains.

Stanygerufars presented a lively appearance on that clear moonlight winter morning; the men, with hoar frost in their beards, roses upon their frost-beaten cheeks, and manly courage in their eyes, were formed in a line, to await the order to move. And then came the lord. He stepped out on the balcony, dressed in a simple hunting-coat suited to the climate. Off went all the hats and caps from the heads of their owners in an instant. The lord put his hand upon his breast,

spoke a few words, which, of course, were not understood by his audience, but which his countryman, Mr. Lloyd, translated for them.

A thundering hurrah rang through the air, and then all the caps had an airing. But was it the words spoken by the lord that had called forth that wonderful enthusiasm? At the same moment a tall figure, clothed in the fur of wild beasts, came sliding down the mountain: this was "Old Olle," Sweden's greatest bear-hunter. Although seventy years old, this old man came a distance of one hundred and eighty miles upon his snowshoes, with all the fire of youth, in order to see face to face the man that came to intrude upon his profession.

When this bear-hunter of seventy years was introduced to the lord, the latter was kind enough to say, that he deemed it a great honor to meet with such a man as he, and Olle replied to his greeting, that as the lord had come such a great distance to hunt in these forests, he had wished to show him the attention of partaking for once in his life in a general bear-hunt. He said he had killed one hundred and seventeen bears since his twelfth year, but always met the beast breast to breast, with no other companion but his faithful dog which he had trained himself.

And now the signal was given, and the procession began to move toward the mountains. When they had penetrated far enough they halted, and each man had his place assigned. "Hället"—the division of the hunters that stands still—was posted on the right, and "drefact"—the division which moves forward toward the häll—received its position on the left. There was only about one yard's distance between the häll and the "dref."

During the first three or four hours, luck did not seem to favor them, and Olle proposed that they should take a "nep-tagare"* and they all drank the health of Diana.

That helped, and the hounds soon got an old rheumatic "Nalle" (bear) on his legs, who, yet half asleep, stumbled right

upon the lord, who, with a well-directed shot, killed him. With hurrahs, the hunters drank the first death—"knaeppen." Old Olle disapproved such loud demonstrations, as he thought it incompatible with a hunter's dignity, besides being very imprudent, as it might wake the sleeping bears. As he knew that there were several lairs among these rocks, he entreated them to keep quiet.

But the experienced old man's warning came too late, for suddenly a huge bear came running forth, loudly growling, followed by his mate; he was evidently very angry at having been disturbed in his dreams. When the female bear saw what was going on, she returned quickly to her lodge, which was in a chasm, covered with rotting tree-trunks. She went for the defence of her young ones in case of an attack, and well she protected them, for they only got them by stepping over her dead body. These young ones, two in number, about a year old, were caught alive and sent to the furnaces on the lord's account, who wished to take them home.

The male, who was a cunning beast, managed to get outside the ring, and several shots were fired at him without doing any harm. But the leaders of the "skallyang" were prepared for his dodges, and soon had the fellow "holm-ed" (enclosed). The bounds brought him to bay, and a few balls stretched him on the ground. The next day the hunt was more successful, and five dead bears told the tale. A sad accident, however, marred the pleasure of that day. It was toward twilight when Mr. Lloyd caught sight of a bear; he fired and missed, but hit one of the drivers, who, in disobedience to the strictest orders had crossed the line, in order to give a draught from his yet filled bottle to a friend in the opposite line; he fell to the ground a dead man.

The Swedish law sentenced Lloyd to pay a fine of about twenty-five dollars in gold, but he was generous enough to give of his free will fifty dollars annually to the widow of the unfortunate man.

The accident had thrown a damper upon the whole enterprise, and it was

* A draught from the bottle.

concluded to return the next morning to the forges. The men who had been engaged for the hunt, were discharged with the hearty thanks of the leaders, and invited to come the next day to the iron works, to join in the festival which the lord intended to give them.

The student had remained at home to arrange matters for the festivity. It was to be a brilliant affair, and all the women and children, young and old, rich and poor, were invited to be present. No more beautiful site could have been chosen than the little island lake, with its crystallized surface, enclosed by high hills, covered with evergreen trees.

Lord Ellsbury, who had, from the moment he made his appearance among these warm-hearted people, conquered all hearts, with his simple unostentatious manners, had, however, an overbearing and consequential servant, who went strutting about the place in his silver-gallooned hunting dress, as if he were the lord himself. He looked with haughty contempt upon the preparations made for a ball on the ice; he thought the beef was badly cooked, the air abominably cold, and the people nothing but two-legged donkeys, who did not know how to speak English.

Our student had occasion to find out that his young sister-in-law was a pearl of a woman, as bright as calcium light, who ought to wear a white cap.* She had conceived the brilliant idea to send the silver-gallooned gentleman to the Baron's, as she thought they were all well suited to each other.

The servant was told that he was to go to the house where his master probably would pass the night, and to make sure that the Baron should remain in ignorance of the real position of the newcomer, they ordered the deaf-and-dumb blacksmith to drive him to the hunting-castle. In the superintendent's sleigh, drawn by the finest horses, they dispatched the lackey to the Baron's house. Seeing the elegant sleigh approaching, the Baron and his Baroness thought of course that the Lord had got tired of his low company and sought to find re-

fuge in the refined atmosphere of the house of his equal.

How unfortunate, that he had never thought of studying the English language! This would debar him from very confidential talk with his noble guest. They did not find that polish and the refined manners in their visitor, that they had been led to expect from his position; but they kindly attributed that to the catarrh from which he was suffering. However, they bestowed upon him all the attention that his position demanded and that they were able to give. Yet with all this amiability and desire to entertain their guest, it would have been a very difficult matter, had not the illustrious foreigner fortunately shown such invincible incontinence for sleeping. "That comes of such foolish exposure as a bear hunt," said the Baron. "Poor gentleman," said the Baroness, "he is worn out with fatigue."

The next day they had made up their mind to drive to the lake, and see how the people would amuse themselves. The Baroness felt her pride mounting to her head when she had the English lord at her side—the Baron drove in person—and she pictured to herself how every one would stare at them, and envy her good fortune. It would make quite a sensation in that dull neighborhood. And a sensation they did create.

Not one of the many guests that had arrived before them had dared to drive on the ice, for fear of marring the beautifully polished mirror of the lake; they alighted on shore and walked through the triumphal arch built of evergreens. The Baron, however, took no heed of such trifles and drove right through the arch upon the ice with his prancing horses, to the student's great vexation.

"There they come!" shouted the women and children, when the first sound of the bangle announced the arrival of the hunting-party.

Four of the tallest men were posted as guards at the triumphal arch, dressed in green, with high bear-skin caps on their heads. Near them stood a handbarrow covered with red bags, upon which they intended to seat the "bear-

* Worn by the students in Upsala.

king" (best shot). Of course, the lord was declared bear-king, and, with vociferous hurraing, they carried him all around the place of festivity, followed by the hunters in procession.

Scarcely had the pseudo-Lord caught sight of his master, when he precipitately left the honorable seat at the side of the Baroness, following, like a faithful dog, at the heels of his master, to the unspeakable surprise of the baronial couple. But how great was their horror and dismay, when at this moment the arch rogue of a student stepped up to the Baron and, in the name of the superintendent, thanked him for the extraordinary kindness they had shown the lord's lackey, in bringing him here in their own sleigh! Of course, the Baroness could do nothing better than faint, under such circumstances; the Baron, not over alarmed about his better half's critical situation, gave his horses the whip, and they flew with their precious load like a whirlwind over the polished surface on their way homeward, followed by the shouts of the excited multitude. The festival was pronounced a complete success by the connoisseurs, favored as it was by a calm and moonlight sky, and many compliments did the student receive. A hundred tar-barrels were burning on the surrounding hilltops. A stand was erected for a band of musicians from the city, and refreshments were served to the people.

Here and there stood large tubs, orna-

mented with evergreens, which contained punch, wine, or bryla,* in demijohns; the last-named drink, which was in a large bowl, was set fire to the moment the lord arrived at the stand, throwing a pale-blue glimmer on the faces of the curious crowd. Thus the people celebrated a real northern Bacchanal. After the glasses were filled the bear-king's health was proposed, to which the now dethroned king answered in a few words of thanks, proposing in his turn the health of all the ladies. At the close, the lord thanked the Swedish people for their hospitality, and after singing an old Swedish drinking song, the people began to disperse, leaving the field to any bear, that might like to hold a funeral feast over their murdered comrades.

Thou ancient Swedish land,
Whose custom stands unchanged,
That wine and cheer go hand in hand
With strength and fortitude.
And to the lesson gladly bound,
Drink out, drink out!
The warrior hears the merry sound
Pour in! pour in!
For courage gives the sparkling wine
When next he forms in battle-line.

Though Sven's sons to-day
Have changed the horn to glass,
For hut now palace gay,
And fête for good old feast,
Our drinks we have from olden times,
Gutår! gutår!
We shout our father's drinking rhymes,
Gutår! gutår!
And drink as they, in every bowl,
The stranger's welcome, heart and soul!

* A drink prepared of cognac, raisins, sugar, and spices.

SCHOOL DAYS AT THE SACRED HEART.

My ancestry was New England Puritan and Quaker. I became a pupil at the Sacred Heart only toward the close of my school life, spent, for the greater part, in New England public schools and Protestant seminaries. The event followed so closely upon my baptism that I viewed my convent surroundings with very unaccustomed eyes. How forlorn I felt that rainy afternoon in May, so raw and dreary that the blossomed apple-trees looked all out of heart, when I heard the carriage that had brought me to the convent, rattling away down the hill towards the porter's lodge, on its way to the city, and I sat shaking in the parlor awaiting my reception and inspection, by a formidable being of a species utterly strange to me!

The room was comfortably furnished; on the wall were devotional pictures, and various specimens of pupils' handiwork; at the piano a tall, pale, sweet-faced girl with red hair, in a uniform of dark blue, with broad azure ribbon, its ends heavily fringed with gold, passing over one shoulder, and knotted at the waist on the other side, practised vigorously with never the lifting of a curious eyelash toward me, and in the hall outside the portress, a stout florid Irishwoman at whom I was as frightened as if she had been the Superior herself, was bustling about the removal of my trunk and packages, moving softly shod, but with ponderous tread.

I had some little time to wait before any one appeared to take me in charge, and, somewhat recovered from my first flutter, I was staring my intensest at the back of the indefatigable musician's head, determined to force her to look round at me, when a soft voice said: "This is our new pupil, Mrs.—'s god-child! Welcome to the Sacred Heart!" and I turned to find a slender, black-draped figure at my side, two cordial hands stretched out to me, and pleasant black eyes beam-

ing at me from a face fairly dazzling in its whiteness. I rose, gave my hands to the warm light grasp, and said (very proud of the new baptismal part of my name), "Yes, it is Mary Aloysia Elliott, and I left O—— yesterday." "Mary Aloysia? Why, that is *Ma Mère's* own name! we must tell her about that," and after a few inquiries as to my journey, my need of refreshment, etc., I was taken to the chapel, to offer a thanksgiving for my safe arrival, and thence to the "Vestry," where I was left to assist at the unpacking of my wardrobe, and to be duly instructed in the routine of toilette arrangements in my new home. "Vestry," has to Protestant ears a wonderfully ecclesiastical significance, but at the Sacred Heart it is only a pupil's translation of the French appellation *Vestiaire*, wardrobe, or dressing room. It was a great room lined with deep shelves partitioned off into squares—a sort of honey-comb pressed flat to the walls. These squares were numbered and filled with clothing, and at a huge table two or three nuns were busy assorting piles of garments from the monstrous baskets just come from the laundry. To one of them my conductress had spoken before leaving me, and after a little she came to me,—a large, brown, fine-looking French woman, yankee *capability* in every motion and feature. Briskly she addressed me: "*Vous venez d'arriver, n'est-ce pas? Voici votre malle. La clef, s'il vous plaît,*" but brief as this was I could only stare and smile helplessly. Yet had I not been reckoned a capital French scholar? Had such thrilling sentences as "No, sir, I have neither the asses' hay, nor the tailor's golden button, but I have the wooden hammer and silver candlesticks of the shoemaker," any terrors for me? Had I not floated lightly down *Corinne* on the ever-swelling torrent of Oswald's tears? Did I ever trip in *s'en aller*, or *s'asseoir*, or hesitate between *de* and *d'*? But this tiny

"flow
Of Isar rolling rapidly,"

confounded me quite. My questioner divining the cause of my embarrassment, with a swift " *Ici, ma sœur,*" summoned an interpreter, and in another moment the key was in its ward in the trunk, the nun on her knees before it carefully lifting out my various belongings and despatching them to two high compartments accessible only by a tall step-ladder—a prospect I contemplated rather ruefully. When this readjustment had been duly effected, and I had been told through the interpreting sister that I should be allowed to make two visits per week to the vestry, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, that on each of these days I should be expected to select such and such garments; that on Sundays and Thursdays a uniform was worn, which I must forthwith procure, for summer a pink skirt with a white body: the two or three lower strata of my trunk were to be considered. These were books, mainly; school-books and a carefully selected treasure of miscellaneous reading. Madame shook her head, rose, locked the trunk, and dropped the key in her pocket. "But I must have my books," I expostulated to the English-speaking sister. "All books brought here are examined," she returned, "but you will have them in a few days; though if there are any that Madame Johns thinks better not read here, they will be put away in your trunk, which you won't see again until you go home."

Here came an interruption; my musical acquaintance of the parlor. "Sister," she said, "Madame Bartol says I am to take the young lady to our dormitory, show her her alcove, and then find a place for her in the refectory. Are you ready now," turning to me. "I am Honor Morgan, if you please."

"And I am Mary Elliott. Yes, quite ready."

"Sister, you'll bring her things, won't you? Kate Gaynor's bed, you know," and Honor took my hand and led me out of the room. Down-stairs and along corridors we went, past several dormitories that Honor named, till, finally, we

reached the one where I was billeted. A long light room, not bright on my dismal first day, but charming when full of sunshine, French windows at either end, opening upon a superb view of a grand river, and on the quieter scene at the convent's back—the hill with a tiny chapel, shrubberies, old trees, winding paths, and a great garden, gay in summer and autumn with a profusion of flowers. A little font for holy water hung beside the door; high up between the windows was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with flowers and candles before it. Down either side of the room, partitions reaching mid-way to the ceiling, formed alcoves large enough to hold a single bed, chair, and washstand. White curtains were looped in front of the alcoves, the beds were dressed in white, bright velvet mats lay in front of each, and a long strip of carpet covered the space between the rows of alcoves. Elsewhere the floor was bare, painted a soft cream color, shining with varnish, and sweet as a nut with cleanliness. My own little niche was pointed out, and then we sat down upon my bed and asked and answered each other a good many questions. The personal ones over, I inquired concerning the difference in the costume of the nuns; the robe of some consisting of black dress with cape falling to the waist, a silver cross upon the breast, a linen close-fitting cap with very wide fluted tarletan border enclosing the face ray-wise, and a thin long black veil falling over the shoulders; while the attire of the others was much coarser, the cape was a small shawl, the veil, thick, and much reduced in size, and the cap borderless, with an odd plaited little visor. Honor told me that the Order included two classes of nuns, the teachers, Ladies as they are called, and the lay sisters. The latter perform the menial labor of the convents, and have commonly been servants, or are from the quite uneducated class. The first dress was that worn by the Ladies, and was, said Honor, the dress long ago worn by widows in France. "For you know, I suppose," she went on, "that the Order was established there, in the dark days following the

Reign of Terror, by Madame Baras under the care of the Jesuits, who could not be called Jesuits then, but were Fathers of the Faith, and Fathers of the Sacred Heart. In order not to draw attention to their first little community, the Ladies wore the widow's dress of that period, though I believe then the dress was of heavy silk, and the caps had two or three of the fluted borders; but of course they changed such matters as soon as they could on account of holy poverty. But the Ladies don't all wear crosses, only those who are 'professed,' or have made vows for life. A postulant is here three months before she makes any vow, or changes her dress; then she is a novice, and her veil is white. At the end of two years she takes the black veil, though her vows are not yet final, and after five more, if she still perseveres, and the good Mothers are satisfied as to her vocation, the profession for life is made, and then the cross is assumed, seven to eight years after her entrance."

"And you say 'Madam,' addressing any one of the Ladies?"

"Yes, always."

"And this blue ribbon you wear," I said, touching it, "what does this mean, please?"

"Well, it means that those who wear them have a good many pleasant little duties to do: to take care of new-comers, like yourself, and see that they don't feel neglected and forlorn; to beg favors of the teachers; to be a sort of confidential prime-ministers and general pourers of oil on troubled waters. They are ribbons of honor, are gained by general award, and there are several grades—1st, 2d, 3d, etc. Each class-room has a different color, and we have to look pretty straitly to our ways, I can tell you. It's a dreadful reproach after an offence to hear, 'why, she's a Ribbon.'"

Here a great bell sounded from below.

"That's supper," said Honor, starting up. "Now we'll go down to the foot of the stairs and slip into place as the scholars march by."

We were in time to see them all, the

little ones, almost babies, coming first, their teacher marching backward before them. Then, in perfect silence, classroom after class-room, till the great girls of the first *cours* ended the procession, and among these we had taken places. A great low room was the refectory, with tables running around and across it, backless benches for seats, mid-way of the hall a very high Reader's seat, and in one corner a square buttry-window through which food was passed. Near this window a group of sisters waited to serve, and very spruce they looked in their white linen bib-aprons, and white sleeves drawn over their black ones. One or two Ladies were in the room, one of the scholars repeated the *Benedicite*, we took our seats, were served, and not till then did a little bell tinkle to denote that silence was over; and from two hundred mouths burst a torrent of sound that seemed as if it could never again be stayed.

Perhaps here I had better anticipate somewhat of after-knowledge, and then we shall not need to descend the dark staircase to the refectory again. We always marched to and from meals in silence. At breakfast if we could not speak French, closed lips were our portion; and didn't we hurry to unseat them! Absurd enough were the first attempts, but blunders were so common that nobody laughed. At dinner, silence, and a Reader in the chair; first, *In Nomine Domini Nostri*, devotional reading, generally a brief portion of a Saint's Life; then a sufficiently unexciting continued tale. A bad business I believe some of the youthful critics thought these readings, so broken were they by clatter of table equipage and demands for service, and occasionally so unpleasant by reason of some detailed mortification of flesh or sense, that sundry undisciplined stomachs would rebel in nausea.

At supper we chatted to our hearts' content in English, and what gay suppers they were, to be sure! Now and then, when the whole school had been at fault or when the offenders, in a turbulent march down-stairs, could not be detec-

ted, we were all kept in silence, part or the whole of a meal, and I know no small penance was ever so dreaded. Our breakfasts were plain, no cooking, because every one in the house went to Mass; thick bread and butter, and chocolate, coffee, tea, warm milk and cold milk at pleasure. I suppose the coffee, tea, etc., were put in the pots over night, for one morning a huge cockroach came whirling from the coffee-pot spout into my cup, greatly to the dismay of the good sister who was serving.

At dinner we began with soup; then meat, two vegetables, a wedge of bread, and a nice dessert. No butter, save on Fridays and abstinence days. Our meat was in funny blocks, nearly boneless, and though it was good, we didn't always know whether we had beef or mutton.

It was served from great pans, and once a French girl beside me got a broiled spring chicken as her portion of beef. It had been cooked for a parlor boarder, and was such a fine brown that nobody noticed it among the beef. After dinner the fortunate eater of the prize sent her compliments to *la sœur cuisinière*; this was too much; "*Oh, la coquine!*" cried the justly-irate sister, "*figurez-vous qu'elle a mangée mon poulet sans dire un mot!*"

At four P.M. we had *goûter*—an apple, or any fruit in season, a piece of gingerbread, a slice of bread and syrup.

At supper, two hot dishes, bread and butter, tea, chocolate, and milk.

The food was always abundant and good, but we were never allowed to eat a mouthful save at meal-times, and any box or basket of home-sent "goodies" must be sent to the store-room, whence it appeared beside one's plate at meals so long as the contents lasted; and as these were dispensed with lavish hand as far as they would go, no one was made ill by an over supply. The thoughtfulness of my own home people usually took the form of fruit, and one unlucky great basket of superb bartlett's arrived in the September Ember week. There are three fasting days in which, of course, we would not take dainties, and those over, sister Kelly pitifully took me to the store-room and

displayed a shelf-full of the toothsome beauties, "all mushmolly" as she was pleased to call it. That *was* a stroke! An uncommonly flavorless breakfast was that at our table that morning, and sister Kelly's doleful, sympathizing looks wouldn't suffer us to forget our woe.

Some of the gourmands among us who were sufficiently well furnished with pocket-money, had always at breakfast or supper a private supply of Bologna sausage, sardines, or guava jelly; but the custom was frowned upon, and has since been abolished, I believe.

Every pupil carried her own table silver—two forks, knives, spoons, napkin-ring, and silver cup. At the close of each meal tiny basins of hot water were handed about, with towels, and we washed our knives, forks, and spoons, then rolled them in our napkins, slipped the ring over, clapped the cup on the end of the roll, and *voilà!* the "cover" was all ready for the next meal. At night we used to see a large clothes-basket piled with these "covers" going up-stairs to the Treasury between two stout-armed sisters, and we often talked of the wonderful courage Madame Conway who slept there must possess.

There were four class-rooms, or *cours*, as they were called,—the first, second, third, and fourth, the fourth being the baby *cours*, little creatures from four to seven years old.

The desks were ranged against the walls so that no one suffered distraction save from an either-hand neighbor; and at those desks great part of our school-life was spent: we studied there; kneeling before them we said our prayers morning and evening, and recited the rosary; sitting at them we assisted at lectures; or standing received reprimands, commands, visitors; indeed, so frequent was the order, "To your desk-places!" that an impetuous Ribbon declared we should take off our aprons and go to Heaven in our "desk-places!"

Perhaps a day's routine will give the clearest idea of our life.

We rise, let us say, at six. At that hour the Lady who has charge of the dormitory and sleeps within it, walks down

between the alcoves ringing a small bell, repeating then a brief prayer to which the awakening scholars respond. The dressing proceeds in silence broken only by low-voiced requests to the sister in waiting to render assistance. The toilettes completed, the beds are made, the bell rings a signal for the looping away the curtains in front of the alcoves, then at the alcove's entrance each pupil stations herself, open dressing-box in hand. Between the lines the teacher passes rapidly inspecting each pupil from head to foot. A fuzzy head, a dragging shoestring, a rent, neglected nails or combs and brushes, are divined, almost, so swift is the whole; but such discipline soon effects its end, and any exception to perfect tidiness after a few weeks' experience of it is very rare.

By this time a great bell rings in the corridor below, leading from school-rooms to chapel, and quietly the dormitories are vacated and the *cours* filled. The fourth *cours*, the babies, sleep on undisturbed for a while, for they do not appear at mass, and have only to be got ready in season for breakfast.

We have prayers, one of the more exemplary pupils being chosen to repeat them each week; then rising we tie on our veils, long scarfs of black or white net (the white for holidays), take our prayer-books and march out by twos, to meet the other divisions in the corridor.

Here the Mistress-General is in waiting, to see that all is in order due—no gaps in the line, no tall girl slipped away from her matched-in-height partner to walk with a beloved but short friend, no eccentrically adjusted veil.

A very pretty sight is that of the pupils' entrance into chapel of a summer morning; the fresh air stirring the curtains in the open windows below; the sunshine pouring through those in the gallery above in long slanting bars filled with tremulous golden dust, down among the dark warm hues of wall, pillar, carving, and pavement; the white caps of the sisters dotted about in the galleries; the kneeling figures of the Ladies in the high stalls encircling the church. The sombre yew-hedge of this "rose-bud garden of

girls" is "pious Barney" the gardener and servitor at mass, so profoundly prostrate in devotion upon the altar steps that his full, stiffly-starched alb is turned over his head like a caricatured ruff; by-and-by he will raise himself slowly to the perpendicular, with many an awkward twitch reduce the rebellious garment to propriety thereby disclosing a face all shining and purple-red from his position and confusion, and two or three giddy-pates will have much ado with twitching mouths, and will glance in any direction rather than toward the *Surveillante* kneeling near; then the double lines of girls, "dark, bright, and fair," coming slowly up the broad aisle through the bars of light and shadow to the sanctuary railing, bending lowly there the veiled heads, then separating to go down the side-aisles to their places.

And, mass over, I can hear at this moment the sweet, faltering voice of the French Mother of Novices, reciting the little prayer the Religious of the Sacred Heart offer for the conversion of all Our Lord's children: "Grâce, grâce, ô mon Dieu, pour tant d'âmes qui se perdent chaque jour autour de nous! Grâce, ô mon Dieu! Voyez le démon qui s'élance de l'abîme, courant à d'horribles conquêtes; il excite sa troupe infernale, il s'écrie: 'des âmes! des âmes! Volons à la perte des âmes!' Et les âmes tombent comme les feuilles de l'automne dans le gouffre éternel.

"Et nous aussi, ô mon Dieu, nous crions: des âmes! des âmes! il nous faut des âmes pour payer votre amour! pour acquitter les dettes de reconnaissance. Nous vous les demandons par les plaies de Jésus, notre Sauveur et notre Epoux. Ces plaies adorables crient vers vous comme autant de bouches éloquentes: 'Grâce, grâce, ô mon Père! Grâce pour des coupables qui sont le prix de mon sang! donnez-moi ces âmes qui m'ont coûté si cher!' O mon Dieu, les refuserez-vous à votre Fils? Nous vous les demandons avec lui, par lui, pour votre plus grande gloire et par l'intercession de Marie. Ainsi soit il."

We return to the class-room, veils and prayer-books are placed in the desks, and

we descend to breakfast. After breakfast, recreation, perhaps a walk, a teacher with us at recreation, as at any and all other times. Then follow study and recitation hours. At recitation, the classes are arranged in parallelograms, or long ovals, the teacher at one end. She comes to class to find every thing arranged, her pupils standing quietly; they kneel, and she repeats an invocation to the Holy Spirit, *Veni, Sancto Spiritus*, etc., the class responding. Rising, teacher and pupils courtesy profoundly to each other, then, at a little signal from a hand-bell, all seat themselves.

Lessons are concluded by a short prayer to the Blessed Virgin, again the reciprocal salute, and a wordless dispersion. In midmorning, there is a brief conversation interval, then lessons till dinner. At twelve, the Angelus sounds, within the house and without every occupation ceases, and upon the knees prayers and responses are repeated.

Dinner, then a long walk in the beautiful grounds containing many acres. We have one or two teachers with us, and perhaps we encounter the community of nuns who also walk at this time, and who are as gay as we are, and well-nigh as noisy. And before we go in, some of us love to linger a moment at the railing of a little green mound, where under tall evergreens the deceased Religious of the Sacred Heart have laid their hardly-entreated bodies down in a common grave to await the day when, the serge put off, they will follow, in shining raiments, the Lamb, wheresoever he goeth. *De profundis clamavi* we say for the souls that are gone, and not saddened, but helped, we turn to our busy life again.

After the walk, sewing. This includes all kinds of plain and fancy work, and most artistic mending, and this department has a special mistress in the two upper *cours*.

We had a downright and most un-cajole-able French lady of the severest possible notions of Art.

Alas for the ravelled-out laborious *chefs-d'œuvre* of the knitting and crochet-ing!

I call her to mind, and fancy myself

back again, sulkily ripping a nearly-completed chemise whose fells exceeded her ideal by a hair's breadth! Every month we competed for the prize of plain sewing—our work pillow-cases generally, and much of the sewing was dainty enough for a fairy's trousseau.

Then the laborious marking in red cotton. Ink? one dared not mention it!

And mending days—how fast they whisked around. Up from the laundry came the great basket of articles to be repaired. It was placed in the centre of the floor, Madame took her stand beside it, and a "Ribbon" lifted and described the articles, calling the name if it were decipherable, leaving it to our consciences if it were not. And wasn't it heroic to claim a stocking with a hole to put one's head through, or some garment with a most unprincipled zigzag, frayed tear? So I think to this day, and a virtuous glow steals through my breast as I reflect—but no matter!

During sewing we were allowed a half-hour's speech, then silence and reading a French tale.

Gouter and lessons fill up the time until supper. After supper, recreation, our happiest time of the whole day. The great bare class-rooms ring with innocent gayety; if the mistress who presides is a favorite, the pupils cluster around her as bees around their queen; knots of dear friends here and there snatch a few sweet minutes together, feeling just guilt enough (for cliques are discouraged here) to add zest to their happiness; there are promenaders in the corridor; groups of eager musicians in the music rooms; the baby *cours* is marshalled up to bed; and up the stairs after them, if it has been a whole or half-holiday, two sisters carry a basket of flaunting dollies; the whole hive is in a pleasant ferment, yet out of it all veiled pupils are constantly seeking the quiet chapel. How lovely and peaceful it is there at this hour! The lamps of the sanctuary just enlighten the dimness; the flowers on the altars keep themselves in mind though unseen, by their perfume; figures of nuns and pupils are kneeling here and there, or going and coming

with soft movement; this world fades away with all its griefs and distractions, and we have dim glimpses of the Heaven that is our home; and the brief, hushed, prayerful tarry is the crown of the guarded, happy day. Again the great bell rings, the pupils gather in their respective rooms, and in each a half-hour's religious instruction is given, the pupils having liberty to question as they desire.

Prayers follow, and when the time comes for the *Examen*, Madame Johns, who has just given the instruction in the first *cours*, and who is mistress of the English studies, steps forward into the centre of the room, and asks the questions in her own wonderfully pathetic voice: "Did I give my heart to God when I awoke? Did I rise promptly? attire myself decently? Did I assist at Mass and say my prayers with attention and devotion? Have I kept silence in the dormitory, at study, in class, going to the chapel? Have I been jealous of the success of others? Have I spoken uncharitably? improperly? against the rules? Have I criticized my neighbor? Have I failed in order, economy? Have I been careful to render to others that which belonged to them? Have I spoken falsely to conceal my faults, or for any other motive?" And other questions relating more especially to a school-girl's duties and temptations. What agonies I have endured in the solemn hush of the *Examen* from the performances of a giddy little Protestant kneeling beside me! She was not in the least malicious or wilfully bad, but never was such a feather-brain! While Madame Johns' voice covered hers, she would accuse herself audibly of the most monstrous crimes, or the most absurd nothings, then in the pauses groan and strike her breast with resounding and most dismal penitence. If Madame Johns' ear caught anything unusual, and she stepped nearer, nothing could be more serious and recollected than this tricky sprite's air, while her unfortunate fellow-pupils within hearing were convulsed with tortures of suppressed laughter.

After prayers, to the dormitories in

unbroken silence. The curtains are dropped before the alcoves, the little white beds are soon tenanted, the Lady in charge repeats "Sacred Heart of Jesus and Immaculate Heart of Mary" and "I give you my heart!" the pupils respond, the lights are extinguished, and by nine o'clock profound stillness reigns.

A Lady and a lay Sister sleep in each dormitory, and neither by night nor day, from entrance within, to departure from, the convent, are the scholars ever left alone. No communication with the day-pupils is permitted, no books or periodicals are read without examination.

As an instance of this watchfulness, I remember that, during a vacation too short to permit some of us to seek our distant homes, a number of the older ones, finding the time hang heavily, devoted two or three hours daily to card-playing. On several occasions, the Superior passing had seen us so engaged, and at last she made a pleasant protest against such absorption. We excused ourselves, alleging that we had read everything, nothing to do, etc., and presently thereafter a great armful of papers arrived with Madam —'s compliments to the young ladies. Something claiming our attention then, we had only time to glance at our literature, but we noticed a half-dozen or so copies of the *New York Times* with woodcuts of Dr. Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham, and full accounts of the tragedy.

Some hours afterward, the Sister who had brought them returned to say that *Ma Mère* desired to know if the young ladies had read the New York papers at all, and would we kindly return them to her at once as Father B. desired to look through them for some reference. No more daily papers were sent us, and we were sure that *Madame la Supérieure* had accidentally heard what was in those papers placed in our hands, and, horrified, had devised a pretext for their instant removal.

With the vigilance that is exercised, I believe it would be utterly impossible for any secretly depraved child who might gain entrance to find an opportunity to corrupt others.

It may be said that the innocence of convent-bred girls is the innocence of ignorance, which cannot endure once that peaceful shelter is left for the world, and that they are thus poorly fitted to encounter temptation.

It is true that they are unfamiliar with many aspects of sin; do not know that under such forms it exists at all; but holy purity in thought, word, and deed, has been so constantly and carefully inculcated that, even when the pupil is non-Catholic, and is without the safeguards of the daily *Examen*, and of frequenting the Sacrament of Penance, I think the whole habit of the life for so many formative years, and the horror of sins against the lily among virtues, are not lightly lost.

There were in my day, as always, many Protestants among the scholars.

Many from families high in place and power; many the children of professional people who, leading public lives, would know their lambs securely folded; many part or whole orphans, and these last with orphans of Catholic parentage, made up that baby *cours* whose presence was so strangely touching and pretty amongst us. One round, dimpled creature I recall, the child of a Protestant missionary in China. She was not more than four years old, and was sent all the long way in company with her Chinese nurse of nine or ten, in the care of strangers. I think the captain's wife brought her to the convent, and a great pet the little thing became. The nurse, too, stayed several months, and a droll figure she was, with turned-up slippers, odd silk tunics and trousers, and long braided tails of hair, with sewing-silk plaited in at the ends to give the requisite fashionable length.

To all the general religious observances of the house the Protestants are required to conform: to attend mass and vespers, general religious instructions, to be present at night and morning prayers, and nothing like disrespect of manner would be suffered. But nothing was more common than to see them mingled with the Catholics in special devotions where their presence was not a duty, or

to see one quietly putting on her veil at recreation to steal off to the chapel for solitary prayer.

If I am asked if they are influenced in favor of Catholicism, I answer, most assuredly, Yes. Not directly, if stipulation to such effect has been made; but indirectly in every way. The tender little customs and practices of every hour, the beliefs of their comrades, the lives of teachers revered and passionately loved, the whole atmosphere of a Religious House—all combine to form an indirect influence as impossible to guard against as difficult afterward to counteract.

Indeed, for the honor of human nature and the youthful heart, one could not wish it otherwise.

One of my own dearest friends at the Sacred Heart was a staunch, belligerent Unitarian, from New England—a girl of fine intellect, of noble, heroic strain, and conscientious to the last degree. We belonged to that reprobated thing, "a set," "a clique." There were five: a beautiful, highly-accomplished Spanish girl, from Caraccas; a sensitive, high-spirited Baltimorean, of Irish descent—both these "Ribbons," and fervent Catholics; a predestined belle from New Orleans, a Catholic, but an indifferent, cold, sarcastic, worldly creature, (she told me that when she went out for the holidays she said her prayers at night because she dared not omit them, but in the morning—oh! well, in the daytime she could take care of herself); the two Yankees—Unitarian and Convert. I don't think we wished to be rebellious; but how to help loving each other, contriving little plots to walk together, or finding ourselves in a group the instant recreation-bell struck? We never could help it. But I was hopeless of my Yankee girl—a Unitarian she would stay I was very sure. So pugnacious and thorny she was! The things she said to me about underhand, managing Catholic ways, Catholic mendacity, dirty saints, childish customs, and what she was pleased to term the greasy devotion of the scapular! But before my school life was ended, I had the joy of seeing her baptized, make her First Communion,

and she wears now the habit and black veil of a Religious of the Sacred Heart, and a fervent and happy nun these clothe.

Most of the pupils make their First Communion at the convent. For months in advance, they strive to conquer all their little naughtinesses that they may be judged worthy to be of the number chosen for that year. Several weeks before the festival chosen for their communion, they receive special religious instruction as a class, and have special devotional exercises. The last three days are spent in Retreat—a time wholly given up to spiritual exercises. They are sequestered from the other pupils, and every hour has its appointed exercise—meditation, spiritual reading, prayers, and preparation for a general confession. Silence is kept; and if the attention be not otherwise required, some charitable work busies the hands. The great day itself is made as festal and beautiful as possible to them. All beg their prayers, nuns and pupils; everybody embraces them when they come from the chapel; any possible favors they ask are granted. There is a grand breakfast, and toward its close they go floating about in their white, soft draperies and veils, distributing slices of the great cakes sent or brought by happy home-friends—for the day they are queens regnant.

Most of the pupil communicants approached the holy table monthly, and at the great festivals, others fortnightly; a few weekly. The priest who said mass each morning never heard confessions in the house. Our confessors were priests; one came for us, another for the nuns. Amusing things occurred sometimes. I remember with what horror I saw a list of things I wished to recall in confession drop from my prayer-book, where I was kneeling in the gallery, and float down into the Ladies' stalls, where we never went. Another was in similar tribulation: "Oh, I've lost my sins, and somebody'll find them! What *shall* I do?" One little thing, of tender years, was secretly much troubled in conscience because she had said, after emerging

from the confessional, that the Father smelt badly. "This crime was so enormous that she felt it her terrible duty to confess it. Accordingly, she began: 'Father, I accuse myself of having said, after I went to confession the last time, that you—smelt bad.'" "What did the Father say?" inquired the person to whom this was afterward detailed. "Why, he didn't say any thing. I think he laughed; and then, 'Go on! Go on!'"

There are several religious societies among the scholars—Children of the Infant Jesus; of St. Aloysius; the Congregation of the Holy Angels; and the Children of Mary. Each society has for badge a silver medal, worn on ribbon of a distinctive color. The president is a Religious; and the two societies of older pupils—those of the Holy Angels, and Children of Mary—have their nicely-appointed chapels. Wonderful agents for good are these societies. The devotion of the little children for their patron, the Infant Jesus, was very great; and almost always it was quite enough to say to any refractory, "Do you think the Holy Child Jesus will own such a naughty little sister?" for instant submission to follow. In the weekly meetings, the president points out faults of individual members, and encourages to new struggle—always a definite end, and the way mapped out.

The Children of Mary may be called the nuns' staff. They lead in devotional exercises; set on foot good works; must be without reproach; devote themselves to new-comers, to the neglected; deny self for any unpleasant duty, from delivering a speech to the archbishop, to sitting an hour in the infirmary with the most uncongenial of sick scholars.

Simplicity, simplicity from first to last, is the quality insisted upon by the good nuns; simplicity in the sense of perfect candor and ingenuousness.

Never in any other school have I seen simple goodness take the rank or possess the influence it does here. There is great admiration of genius and talents, but either gift unallied with piety seems characterless and powerless—is outside of the school life and world.

The system of instructions differs somewhat from that pursued in Protestant schools. Less prominence is given to mathematics; I never heard there of a Greek lesson, and the class in Latin was exceedingly small, and not always maintained. History was a strong point; the critical study of the English language another; some of the natural sciences, the modern languages, and music were most carefully taught.

Much of our teaching was oral, and great use was made of abstracts, reviews, dictations.

Withal our life was not all devotion or work; we played heartily, and as much as we needed. And one has to spend much time in silence to know how enjoyable simple speech is. We had picnics in the grounds, games of all sorts, half-days and whole days of *cong  *, which we commonly celebrated by an uproarious hide-and-seek, or *cache-cache*, as we called it, through the whole convent from cellar to cupola. Teachers joined, we stopped the sisters in their work, the fracas was terrific. In these at-will rampages no trap-doors, or dungeons, or tortured creatures, or skeletons, or dark secrets of whatever sort came to light, nothing more terrific than a skull, which, together with a crown of thorns, some enterprising spirit beheld upon a bed in one of the Ladies' cells. An incredible statement this, I know, but I must report after my own knowledge. And, in another convent, doubtless—

On great occasions, and in winter, when we could be less out of doors, we amused ourselves with dramatic performances. We played little French comedies usually, though now and then, when the time or events demanded extraordinary magnificence, two or three clever wielders of the pen would be set at work to concoct something fresh, suitable and English. A ruthless tragedy was the ordinary result, full of persecuted Christians, martyrdoms, traditions in action. The scene lay in Greece or Rome, that we mightn't have too much trouble with our male costumes, the parts all grandiose leading ones, and written straight at the sundry prominent *artistes*.

And what immense favor it found, to be sure, when the author read it to the assembled troupe locked up in a dormitory!

The writer hereof well remembers having the key turned upon the Spanish member of her clique and herself in one of the community rooms by our idolized Madame Johns who desired that an oration and a song should be produced in a given time. Solitary confinement would have been better, for we chattered like magpies, good-gracious-ed each other over our hard fortune till Madame coming back was disgusted to find only a very lame opening of an address, and the first two lines of two verses of the song; the miserable author stranded hopelessly high and dry thereon.

But the devising costume and scenery, that was the delightful business! Our leader here was invariably the Italian choir-mistress. She arranged music, drilled musicians, knew exactly what was to be done in the way of dress, and possessed the greatest fertility of resource and audacity of device. But obeying her behest cost me once a most miserable afternoon. Curtains, lace curtains, were wanted for some stage arrangements.

"Madame Laynez has them," said Madame Rolando; "Mary, go and ask for them, please."

"But she is at work in the Sanctuary," I objected.

"Very well. You go up-stairs and ring her bell, wait there, and she will come."

In the excitement of the work I started, but before I got up-stairs I wished to creep through a knot-hole. Madame Laynez was a Spaniard, of very imposing presence, and fabulous her ante-conventual wealth and state, according to the romantic ones. She was Sacristine, consequently her work isolated her entirely from communication with the pupils. No one ever rang that bell save the nuns; each had her number of strokes. I knew Madame Laynez was busy in the church, and what *would* she say to me? Flatteringly, I rang four strokes, I think it was, and then how I longed to run away! Presently she came, hurriedly, and looking in a surprised way on every side for the Religious who had summoned her.

When she comprehended that it was verily I who had rung, she looked amazed, and, my errand stated, indignant. "Mais que pense Madame Rolando? Je ne garde pas les rideaux, moi!" and without another word she turned and left me wilted utterly. I believe I sneaked away into the chapel gallery and cried, and when, on my descent, Madam Rolando ironically inquired if I had been travelling, my woes burst forth in very vivid language. Never did I meddle again with the nuns' bell.

Of course, in a paper like this I refer to the community of nuns only as the religious life touched our youthful, secular one; but how dearly we loved them, and what a flavor of story, mystery, and romance there was in our surroundings, and in the legends of the house! What picturesque figures, too! There was Madam Rolando, brilliant and gay—intensely plain, but with great flashing eyes and eloquent lips that made you forget all other features. She was one of the exiles of '48—was it not? Their convent was in Turin, and they escaped in disguise.

Herself and one other were sent to America. "Droll frights we were," said she, "with our short hair, clothes not made for us, rolled up on deck in gay shawls, two sea-sick bundles of misery."

An old gentleman on board labored earnestly to win them from the error of their Catholic ways, making them long harangues ending grandly, each time, with "Fiat lux!" They did not know his name, but, "Here comes Mr. Fiat lux!" they said to each other as he daily hove in sight and bore down upon them.

Once I heard Madame R. relate her experience of the Armenian forms in offering the sacrifice of the Mass. Madame was *surveillante* one morning that two Armenian monks were to celebrate Mass at the convent. It was her duty to keep the pupils in order, and to signal them to rise, kneel, etc., at the proper places, differing as they do from the Latin ceremonies. Madame herself did not know them at all, but trusted to divine them quickly enough. But things went very strangely, and then there was a long

period in which the two Fathers went groping almost on their hands and knees round the sanctuary, up and down the altar steps, behind the altar, behaving altogether so grotesquely that there began to be ebullition among the scholars. "I frowned at them my savagest," went on Madame, "then buried my face quickly in my hands, to hide how nearly set off I was myself. I kept them getting up and getting down, and was terribly exercised with it all, and then was told afterward by the Fathers that it was nearly all wrong; that we stood up when we should have knelt, and knelt when we should have sat down, and that the queer gropings which nearly made us disgrace ourselves, but through which we had humbly staid on our knees, were not at all part of the service, but a search for a dropped knife which they use in separating the wafer!"

Then there was the librarian of the French library—a middle-aged French lady, with manners courtly *à toute épreuve*. She had been a nun many years, and had quite old-world ideas even for that conservative place, a convent. But how thoroughly good she was, with a real French, gentle, sentimental piety. Her life was more sedentary than the others', and I suppose her habit lasted a long time, and though the serge had been an unworthy purchase, and was turned quite green, still she wore it for holy poverty's sake, and when she came down to preside at an out-door recreation in the strong sunshine, she was absurdly like a dull old fly, so rusty were the hues, and yet with glancing prismatic lights.

Another French nun there was very beautiful, quite young, yet already wearing her silver cross. It was her misfortune to be too charming; everywhere the pupils raved over her, so that her life was almost a constant journey, with short sojourn in one House after another of the Order.

It was curious that almost none of the French nuns ever learned to speak English. Some of them had been in America many years, yet knew but a few commonest words.

Among the Sisters there was she whom

we called the Garden Sister; a Canadian, I believe, and worked constantly in the garden. What a robust figure it was! the skin like leather, and brown as nuts, her white visor in effective contrast to her tint, and her coal-black eyes.

Another little Canadian was my favorite, one brimming over with mischief.

The privilege was accorded me of taking every morning my accustomed cold bath. The bath-rooms, six or seven in number, were partitioned off from small rooms in which were pianos for practising, the partitions not reaching to the ceiling. The piano-rooms it was Sister Gardon's duty to sweep every morning, and she was generally about this work when I took my bath. One morning I heard her come in, place her broom against my bath-door and go out again. Instantly I opened the door, took in the broom, locked the door, and went on with my bath. Presently she came back, looked about, "*Où est-ce que je l'ai mis ?*" I heard her mutter, and then there was silence. A little rustle at the top of my partition attracted me, and there appeared a ruddy hand and arm, and in-

stantly in the water beside me descended, plump, a little kitten hissing and clawing vigorously. Then and there a screaming, dripping exodus was made. I gathered up the hideous little victim, and opening the door to push it out and deliver Sister a philippic upon her inhumanity, I found her doubled up in silent laughter on the piano, and was quite disarmed. I laughed, we were friends, "forever after," and many an enviable crusty end of the loaf did I owe to her in succeeding breakfasts!

Dear old days! beguiling me on and on till all patience should end, but not my reminiscences.

'Tis true we were controlled; were hedged about by many rules; were children, and not Girls of the Period; obedience, humility, suavity, patience, St. Francis of Sales's "little virtues" were impressed upon us; we were profoundly reverential toward our teachers; the whole atmosphere we breathed had a strong unworldly, supernatural element, but it did not seem foreign to us, and in it we thrived as perhaps never since in body, heart, and soul.

BROWLER'S DEFALCATION.

WE always used to pity Browler on account of his three sisters; though I do not suppose he would have cared much what we thought, even if he knew.

But it was really comical to us fellows to see the way he toted those three old girls around. He was great for lectures; and because he scribbled a little for the papers, plenty of tickets came to him with compliments. You might see them almost any night, at about eight, marching in a solid phalanx, the two oldest arm-in-arm in front, with Browler and the youngest bringing up the rear. All four of them wore spectacles, and kept a perfect step; and little Browler, being rather short, was obliged to stretch a great deal to keep up the stride.

It was fun, too, to see the way he

glowered around at the men who went past; and he would make nothing of stopping the whole cavalcade and giving some poor fellow a lecture on civility, if he fancied he paid too warm attention to the ladies. And such a rigmarole it was, too. Baxter said he got it from one of Canning's speeches, and learned it by heart; but I never could find it.

Suddenly we found out, one day, that none of us ever visited Browler, or knew where he lived. We could tell pretty near the quarter he came from mornings, but he used to slip away from us at night, in a way that seemed mysterious, now that we noticed it. Baxter, who is our policy-clerk, said he believed he lived in a sewer somewhere, on account of the musty smell he used

to have about his clothes, and his shriveled-up skin, which Baxter said, came from being in the water so much. But, of course, we did not think this was a fact.

However, we commenced to have an eye on Browler's movements, as there would be a reward coming to us, if we found him out in any rascality; and we vowed that no pity for his three sisters should prevent us from exposing him to the world, if we unearthed him. He had a mean way of eating his lunch behind his ledgers, though we found out it was nothing but a cracker and an apple; but some day he might be pretending to take his lunch and really be altering some figures, and so we determined to keep a strict watch.

About this time, a young fellow was brought into the office by the president, and introduced to us lower clerks by the name of O'Neil. He was a handsome one, and looked so much the gentleman, that all of us were afraid to speak with him at first, though he presently turned out to be quite social and civil.

He told us right off, as though he meant we should understand it, that he didn't know any thing about work, and that he had been used to slaves in the South, but that the war had made him poor; but he said he could whistle and box beautifully, and we might take it out in that if we liked. We all laughed, and we struck up a friendship directly.

That day, at about ten, when we were all busy and still as death, we heard O'Neil sing out,

"Hallo! I say, Van Coit, is that you?"

We all looked around, and there was O'Neil, looking at Browler, quite pale in the face.

"Yes," said Browler, keeping his red face down and writing away like mad, "Here I am."

We fellows stared like owls to hear the old gentleman called Van Coit, and to see how it affected him. Baxter eyed the two like a hawk, but managed to give us a look that said, "How are the innocent apples and bread now, eh?" O'Neil stood for a minute, looking as

evil as a thunder-cloud, and then walked slowly over to old Browler's desk and stood beside him, fiddling with his watch-chain all the while. We did not let a move or sign escape us. Browler pretended to be trying his pen on his thumb-nail, and tried hard to appear unconcerned; but he could not get rid of the flush in his face and his hanging head. O'Neil leaned his shoulder against the desk, and looked down very cool but very fierce at Browler, who was a little below him, and said something to him in a very low voice, so low that we could not catch a syllable. Browler answered him in the same mean, underhanded style that was a piece of the rest of his actions lately. They talked some minutes this way, then suddenly Browler broke out:

"It will only make a heap of mischief, sir."

"That's exactly what I want to make," said O'Neil, turning away. "'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth' say I." He made a few steps, as if he were going back to the private offices, when Browler scrambled off his stool and touched his coat-sleeve very hurriedly, but very gently.

"Don't, for God's sake," says he, trembling like an aspen.

"For who's sake?"

"For my sisters' sake," stammered Browler, much cut up.

"You mean your income's sake," retorted O'Neil. "You mean your comfort, your miserable salary."

Browler said nothing, but held his bald head down farther than ever. They were both silent for a moment. O'Neil, scowling, and drumming his foot on the floor, and Browler very meek and quiet. Then O'Neil walked him off to the window, and leaned down and spoke in his ear very quickly and in a sharp, decided tone; but was very careful not to let us hear. Then he turned about and came back to his desk, with his hands deep in his pockets, and fell to staring at his inkstand without a word to any of us.

Here was mystery for us! We were not at all surprised that Browler had

committed some act of treachery or blood-thirsty violence, for we had long been certain that a man of his peculiar skull and features would hesitate at nothing when once fully aroused; but that O'Neil did not brain him with a ruler, at once, completely puzzled us. Baxter said he expected every instant that O'Neil would use the bowie-knife which he had concealed between his shoulders, and the reason that he did not, was, probably, because it was not sharp enough for Browler's tough skin. Baxter pointed out the bowie-knife to us, it making some irregular bunches in O'Neil's coat behind; and when somebody hinted it might be only a patent-suspender, Baxter told him, with a horrid sneer, that he had better go and ask, and then come back alive, if he thought he could.

Many were the theories we hatched regarding this mystification. One fellow went directly over to Browler's side, all on account of the old man's downcast looks, and the furtive, meek way he had of watching O'Neil's slightest movement. O'Neil himself did not say a word to us, but stalked off home two hours before he had a right to go, leaving us four in an agony of curiosity and suspicion. We worked ourselves to such a pitch, that had Baxter but given us the word, we would have denounced Browler to the police and had him in the station-house in twenty minutes; but Baxter advised us, in a whisper, to let the plot ripen, and then crush it at one fell swoop; to which we slowly assented, grasping hands over our lunch-baskets to demonstrate our unity.

On going gloomily and sternly back to my policy-book, I found a bit of paper between the leaves addressed to me, and marked "confidential," and ran thus: "Dear Smythe—would you do me the great kindness to call on me at No. 100 Cockloft street, at eight this evening? Yours, in trouble, David Browler."

I looked over at him, and he was watching me anxiously over his pen-rack. I was indignant that he should try to drag me into his rascality, and I

nothing but a boy; and so I tore the bit of paper to flinders, and flung them on the floor with as much contempt as I could get into my motions. His lip trembled just like a crying baby's; and his eye drooped under mine, and he went to work again.

Ten minutes after, I was conscious of being a cruel brute. People are always very civil and kind to a man who is to be hung, and why should not I try to be obliging to a man who certainly deserved it? I determined to accommodate Browler. To get him to understand this, I was obliged to wait until the other fellows had gone, and I then slipped around and whispered over the top of his desk as if Baxter was only a yard off—and it surprised me to see how very kind I could speak to the hoary old villain after all.

"I'll come, Browler," said I.

He lifted his head up quickly, and appeared very much pleased.

"You'll do me a great kindness, if you will, Smythe."

"Shall I fetch any thing?"

"No, thank you—eight, sharp."

With that I went away. Although I knew Baxter and the others would be awfully-enraged if they got an inkling of what I was about, and although I was positive that old Browler was endeavoring to get me into some hangman's serape, yet when I found out that I could do a great favor for him I thought of the many holidays and advance salaries I had wheedled him out of. Besides that, he was not so much sly and deceitful in getting me to visit him as he was begging and asking, and I began rather to fancy the idea of a little diplomacy; especially as I should find out what this was all about.

Although I had never been there before, I had but little trouble in finding Cockloft street. It might have been a quiet sunny place in the day-time, at any rate it was sober and dark enough in the night. The houses were like men's stocks, eminently old-fashioned and highly respectable. I also found Browler easily, and he shook my hand cordially and dragged me into his sitting-room,

with a joviality that I never supposed he was capable of. It looked very strange to me to see his glasses and bald head any where but in the office, and that coupled with wondering how a man could be so pleasant and affable and a deeply-dyed villain at the same time, made me feel a little ill at ease. Nor was this at all banished by the solemn entrance in single file of Browler's three thin spectacled relatives.

"Mr. Smythe," said Browler, bowing, "allow me to introduce my sisters, Miss Amabel, Miss Belinda, and Miss Cora. Alphabetical order you observe, A. B. C., while I close up with D-David; a pretty idea of my honored father's who set out to finish the alphabet, but my mother interfered by dying and my father quenched all hope by following suit two months after." I bowed three times successively, and the three thin sisters smiled reprovingly at Browler, who set chairs for us.

After some trifling interruptions, including a dish of pippins, a jug of cider, and a general overhauling of the common enemy, an open-fire, Browler proceeded to business, placing himself in front of the semicircle we formed, with his ten fingers spread out in a fan-like and explanatory manner. The three sisters turned their close attention to their brother's boots, and prepared to listen closely.

"Mr. Smythe," said Browler, deliberately, "what I say shall be very concise and is in a measure an autobiography." He paused an instant, and pressed his lips together. I simply bowed, while the three sisters gave an adjusting rustle of their skirts.

"Some years ago, in the far South, there was an exceedingly wealthy firm doing business in cotton and rice, by the name of O'Neil & Co., the head of the firm being the parent of the young man who entered our place to-day. Our head office was not a very large one, and I was the only book-keeper. I had been brought up in their employ, and one of the results of my twenty years' steady labor was a deep attachment for the principal, Mr. O'Neil. In spite of

this, and my ordinary sense of honor and duty, I became what people called an unmitigated scoundrel." Here another rustle occurred, and to my disgust, an undoubted smile gathered upon the lips of the Mephistophiles-Browler. "This wickedness extended through a period of several years, and was known to two persons, though they were not in collusion. Business was carried on, on an unsound basis but without contraction, until the 10th of December nine years ago. On that day, finding concealment no longer possible, I drew a forged check for twelve hundred dollars and fled North."

"We instigated the last act, I mean the forgery," said Miss Amabel to me.

"You? you three gi—ladies?" said I.

"I confess that they did," said Browler, quietly, as if he were mentioning their subscription to a race-cup.

I stared rather blankly at the four pairs of spectacles which were trained on my devoted face, and at the four sin-hardened visages, which were as calm as if the only crime they knew of was an excessive amiability. "The hue and cry after me was something frightful," continued Browler, "but it was unsuccessful. I came to this city, obtained my present situation, and under the name of Browler have been a happy man, but still a robber—an undoubted and confessed robber."

The three ladies were still as quiet and demure as possible, while Browler made the last reiteration with an elasticity that nearly approached a tone of triumph.

"The papers credited me with a defalcation amounting to a quarter of a million, though it was really not so large. The misappropriation was effected by surreptitious advances obtained on products under storage, and the replacement by forged notes of checks intended for the liquidation of claims. All was skillfully and neatly done, and the springing of the trap found me in possession of sufficient funds for my expenses, hey, girls?"

"Quite a plenty," said Miss Amabel.

"Yes indeed, quite enough," rejoined Miss Belinda.

"Certainly," added Miss Cora.

What sort of people I had fallen among I did not know, but a sensation of fear crept over me as I realized that they would not consider the cutting of my throat in any more serious light than the cutting of a dress. Those cold-blooded staring glasses, the prim slate-colored dresses, the thin cheeks, were to my mind exemplars of a systematic cruelty and villainy, that to fly from was no cowardice.

"Mr. Browler," said I, hastily springing up.

"One moment, Mr. Smythe, I beg of you;" he touched me on the shoulder with his odious white hand, and I sat down again.

"My irregularity was the final act which disclosed the position of affairs, and the total failure of the house instantly followed. The crash was felt far and wide. They rushed through the Bankruptcy court and paid forty-two cents. The war broke out, Mr. O'Neil became separated from his beloved family, and finding himself without power to reach them, hit upon the idea of making money out of the war. This was done, I have reason to believe, on an article called burlaps, which the Government made extensive use of. You know that I have been discovered by a singular accident, and I wish to place myself in communication with Mr. O'Neil, who is now two hundred miles off, and who by the way is still totally lost to his family, wishing to get arrangements for settlement with his creditors completed, before making the happy disclosure to his family."

"But where is the money you stole—ah—hum—"

"Stole, that's it."

"Gone mostly for kickshaws,"—this from Miss Amabel.

"Wines and horses," said Miss Belinda.

"Ormolu clocks, Turkey carpets, articles of vertu," rejoined Miss Cora, allowing her glasses to roam about the room.

"General debauchery, my dears," said Browler, coughing behind his hand.

"Yes," they answered in concert,

turning their glasses full upon me, "general debauchery."

"Mr. Browler," said I, getting up, being unwilling if not afraid to trust myself with people whose only merit was their possible lunacy, "I understand that you wish me to take a message to Mr. O'Neil."

"Yes, Mr. Smythe, I am not at liberty to go into explanations, but merely assure you that if you will kindly do so, you will be serving the interests of honesty and not rascality."

"Yes," said the chorus, "our obligation will be very great."

"I will go on condition that your brother will give his word of honor as a gentleman and a book-keeper, that he will not run off before I can return." I said this with the dignity of a fellow of principle who was holding a scourge over iniquity. The promise was given with acclamation, and Browler wrung my hand, which liberty I tolerated loftily. He gave me my directions and a parting bumper of cider, which, coming from the iniquitous hands of Belinda, and being mulled by a thief's hot poker, nearly strangled me to death.

Assured of my absence being satisfactorily accounted for at the office, I left in the midst of thanks and blessings, for my two days' trip. What would Baxter have called me? How miserable would I have felt, had he turned up on that wretched ride. The vision of his contempt made me very uncomfortable, and I reproached myself that I had fallen so low as to be the emissary of a black-leg.

This was Thursday night; I could arrive at my destination, complete my object, and be again at the office on Saturday noon. I was sorry at not being able to be on the ground to watch the progress of affairs, but consoled myself at being admitted above Baxter to the secret of the matter, unhallowed though it was. Of the three women I had the meanest opinion; that Browler could cheat was an evident thing, but that his three sisters should tolerate his knavery and reap the advantage so coolly, was not punishable on earth. I found Mr. O'Neil, who was conducting his opera-

tions under the name of Townsend, behind a sugar-refinery, and he turned out to be a tall, gentlemanly gray-haired man, but who received me with a trifle of coolness and suspicion. But I had no sooner mentioned the name of Van Coit in a whisper, than he seized my hand and burst into tears, instead of flying off into a paroxysm of fury as I fully expected he would.

"Bless my soul! and so you know the gentleman? you know where he lives? how to direct me to him?"

"I do know him, sir, but I also know Sardanapalus, Jonathan Wild, Warren Hastings, Jack Sheppard, and Ross," said I, tartly. He looked at me curiously for a moment, while I, ruffled with indignation, gazed back at him.

"And so you don't know—,"

"But I *do* know that he is a defaulter, an infamous vulture, a stupendous Uriah Heep."

"Bless him!" said he, half thoughtfully.

"His three sisters are also well, and ready to try their hands again at similar business," I added, by way of sarcasm.

"Upon my soul, sir, I hope they may never have the requirement, but long live their pluck, ingenuity, and sympathy." There was no understanding all this, and I gave it up in disgust.

I yawned, and wished myself back at the office again, with Baxter and the rest, instead of being a go-between of a set of fools and knaves.

He asked some other foolish questions, and I answered them in a like manner. He seemed very much agitated all through our conversation, a fact I could have accounted for, had he exulted at the prospect of the capture of old Browler, but which in view of his apparent liking for that man was to me inexplicable, and so I gave it up.

He was very civil, though, and gave me a crushing dinner, with claret, and a box at a theatre afterward, which put me on good terms with all but his brains.

He said he would follow me to town and hunt up Van Coit instantly, and all would be right. I therefore posted back to the city at twelve P. M., on Friday,

and entered the office at ten A. M., Saturday.

There was an awful row directly. Baxter gave me credit for more wickedness than I ever knew of, and it was not until I threatened to whip off my jacket that he became bearable.

Where was Browler?

"Arrested! Put in the station-house Thursday night."

"Good gracious, who did that?"

"I did," said O'Neil, swinging himself around on his stool. "Do you object, hey?"

"No, he deserved it, and his sisters too."

"You're a fellow of sense; all the rest set me down for a stupid. If a man is not to be punished for robbing you of house, home, father, property, and making you go to work in such a confounded stable as this is, I should like to know it!"

Although I appeared very just and stern, I must say, I was a little sorry for the old fellow after all. It would come hard on him in his old age to be put to breaking stones, and all that. Baxter said that he heard that they had to put five bullets into him before he gave in to the officers. He and his sisters barricaded the dining-room doors and windows, and laid in a stock of Colt's revolvers, and they only brought them to terms by squirting chloroform through the key-hole.

O'Neil was very savage against him, and vowed he would push him to the wall, and would put on every screw the law would allow him to. He was very rough on Browler's sisters, too. He said they doubtless instigated the whole plot, and harped on their brother so that they finally badgered him into gratifying their selfishness. He said he always hated their way of sneaking about town at home, with their drab dresses and the pots of two-penny jelly and gruel for the poor folks. They pretended to talk well, and know a great deal, and used to be so confoundedly philanthropic, always up to libraries, and coöperative wash-houses and that sort of thing. He managed to get up quite a feeling among us in spite of the sympathy we felt for his prisoner,

and when he described the poverty his family was brought to through the rascality of Browler, we swore to stand by him to prevent any rescue that might be attempted by roughs who might be hired by Browler's sisters.

When we got out of O'Neil's hearing, though, we could not help slipping back again. Even Baxter was not quite so hard on him. And when we looked at his vacant desk, and closed inkstand, and remembered how gentle he always was with us and our blunders, and how he would oftentimes stand between us and the officers for any blame that rightly belonged to us, and how blind he used to be to our cuttings-up, we could not help thinking that we had no cause of spite against him, for he never was any thing but kind and obliging to us. If his shining old bald head ever bobbed up at any thing we did, it would only be to wag once or twice, but never a harsh word came from him. He never used to make us pay for postage stamps, and if his monthly balance came out within twenty-four hours (as it did about once in ten), he used to stand us a bottle of claret, which we used to drink standing, out of paper cornucopias.

After we got pretty blue by talking it over, Browler's friend boldly proposed we should visit him at the station-house. This was pretty emphatic, and we were all silent, but Baxter said we had better do it, as it would be our only chance of telling him what we thought of him and his villainy. Then something was said about carrying some chicken and Rhine wine, and Baxter assented on the ground that it would be an additional punishment, as it would remind him what his knavery had deprived him of.

I had not told O'Neil that I knew the whereabouts of his father, or in fact any thing about him whatever, as I did not know how Browler might like it, and as it could not affect O'Neil to wait a little. We did not ask him to go with us to see Browler, of course, as it would only make it more disagreeable all around.

We provided ourselves with a permit from the deputy sheriff, and with trembling legs and thumping hearts sat down

in a row on the edge of the waiting-room sofa, to have ourselves announced to Browler, who they said was in No. 10.

"The worst one in the whole house," said Baxter, under his breath. "It's where they put the violent ones. They probably have got him shackled to the wall, with his arms and legs stretched out spread-eagle, they call it."

I never knew a fellow of seventeen to know as much as Baxter did.

"If I were an officer here, I think I would try the water punishment. Two quarts would make Browler tell where the money is,—he's got such a fine bald head."

To this we made no rejoinder, we were all too busy staring at the long rows of clubs and pistols hung up against the wall, and wondering if Browler would be kind to us.

"He'll be very much emaciated," whispered Baxter, "and you must not be frightened at his eyes nor his thin hands, for he's probably well into the prison fever by this time."

Poor Browler. The vision of his suffering was vividly before us, and the memory of our hard words about him came strong upon us as we gazed through the open door, at the long white-washed corridor with its row of black iron-grated doors. We four trembling little wretches, or at least three of us, would have given worlds to have known that we had fought O'Neil instead of backing him up.

Suddenly, in the midst of a dead silence, a laugh came from somewhere down that long dismal passage. It was Browler, for we recognised his voice in spite of the hollow, ringing reverberations. We looked at one another in terror, and more than half inclined to put off out the door into the street and leave the prisoner to his own reflections.

"I told you so," muttered Baxter, as soon as his teeth stopped chattering. "He probably imagines himself in the office, and that they've raised his salary."

Before we had time to muster enough courage to run, a turnkey entered and beckoned to us to follow him. Half choked and half scared we did so, and

skipped along over the stone pavement with a tread anything but firm and even.

"Don't you feel a little spooney, Smythe?" whispered Baxter.

"Yes," said I, "have you got a pocket-handkerchief?"

"No, I want it myself."

"Now, then, youngsters," said the officer, who looked rather pleasant, "hurry up and get through." He pushed open the solid iron door and we filed in, I being the last.

"Where's Smythe?" I heard a voice ask, and I pushed forward, and we all stood stupefied with amazement at what we saw. Instead of being chained, half-starved, and bleeding from bullet-holes, to the wall, and being sick and raving crazy, there was old Browler sitting smiling and hearty behind a dinner-table, surrounded by his three spectacled sisters all staring at us good-humoredly. We all went sheepishly forward and gave a limp hand shaking, hiding our chicken and Rhine wine behind us.

"Well, young Smythe," cried the old fellow, "is it all right?"

"Yes, sir, he'll be here to-day." Then there was great confusion, Browler giving his three sisters a hug all around, while Baxter and the fellows glared at me like wild beasts, for I had given them to understand my absence had been on my own business, and it had really transpired that I was a traitor after all.

"I should like to know, Mr. Browler," said Baxter defiantly, stepping forward and eyeing him, "whether you ran off with O'Neil's father's money or not? If you really did, why, we won't stay, and we only came because we thought you might be miserable. But it seems to me that if you can carry on this style with such a thing on your conscience, you can get along well enough without our sympathy or grub."

It was just like Baxter to say that.

All the four spectacles broke out into a scream of laughter, while we all looked black as thunder. Presently Browler sobered a little, and leaned forward on his knuckles on the table.

"Boys, you are very kind to me indeed. Indeed, I cannot tell you exactly

how I stand just now, but I and my sisters thank you from the bottom of our hearts, and we assure you that your sympathy is NOT misplaced."

At this instant the turnkey entered, and whispered to Browler, who nodded quickly, and then whispered to his sisters, who immediately began to fidget with their hats and gloves and to look very much out up.

Presently somebody came along the corridor, and pushed open the door.

"Dear old Van!"

Then came such a tempest of embraces, exclamations, hand-shakings, tears and all that stuff, which Baxter declared afterwards made him sick, but I know it made him cry with the rest of us. It was a long while before any thing like sense was restored, and then Browler discovered us sitting all huddled up in the corner, with the confounded jugs of Rhine wine between our legs. He whispered to Mr. O'Neil, who looked at us and then shut the door.

"Boys," said he, very kindly and pleasantly, "Mr. Van Coit or Mr. Browler, has long been known to you, but much longer to me. Latterly he has been in the character of a defaulter and robber to a few people in this city, but is known as such all through the South, where he made his extensive theft." Here he bowed to Browler, who bowed back again.

"I have been known in the South as an upright but sadly unfortunate merchant, who was ruined by the machinations of his principal clerk. Now I briefly say, that I am the criminal and Mr. Van Coit the innocent man. I was the forger, the wrong-doer, and I thought my operations were unknown to any but myself, but was mistaken. Van Coit knew me; Van Coit imagined I had all to lose if I was discovered, and by the earnest entreaties of his brave sisters he did steal a comparatively small sum and fled, leaving a letter for me explaining his conduct, and solemnly assuring me that all hopes of discovering him would be useless. The storm broke. I remained passive and let it ferment and settle as it would. The odium was heaped on Van Coit, and

I escaped. I settled according to law, and have since been able to re-make my broken fortunes, just as the savior of my name is discovered and thrown into jail for a crime he never committed. He sends for me, having kept track of me, and here I am, beginning to rectify the infamous yet generous error of his reputation, by setting him right with those who will be the happiest to know the truth."

We all made a dash for old Browler and his sisters, vowing as loud as our thick voices would let us that we knew all along that he was shamming, and begging he would forgive us. He was

guilty of a little dampness and his three sisters of a great deal.

Young O'Neil was very penitent, but Browler told him he did just right, and was pretty smart at it too, and they were great chums after they got settled again. Mr. O'Neil settled up dollar for dollar, and took Browler in as even partner.

They said Van Coit got a perfect ovation when he went South, and his sisters married off with a vengeance. Baxter says he believes it was a regular put-up job all around, but he only stands by that as a bluff, as Baxter's stock is awfully low with us fellows since the bullets and shackles.

BABEL IN OUR MIDST.

Nor merely do men express their thoughts in different languages and dialects, and in different styles of using the same words, but every class of society and every occupation, profession, and study has, to some extent, its peculiar phraseology. An intelligent person, unfamiliar with the dictionaries of the doctors, might attend a meeting of the Academy of Medicine and receive but little more idea of what was intended to be conveyed by the speakers, than if they had been talking in unmeaning jargon. Professor Agassiz, in his popular lectures before intelligent audiences, is obliged to stop at almost every other sentence, to explain the meaning of some of the most simple and general terms of science, and is even then very imperfectly understood, except by the small number who are familiar with the subjects of which he treats. Yet I presume that professors to whom Agassiz is as easy as the primer book, would find themselves troubled to understand the language employed by a professional sporting-reporter in describing a horse-race, or, at all events, a prize-fight.

I propose here to illustrate, as briefly and entertainingly as possible, some of these class-dialects. The hard words of science, of course, become more fa-

miliar after the study of Latin and Greek. In an essay on the "Classics in Education," Prof. B. N. Martin, of the University of New York, says:

"It is truly one of the marvels of Divine Providence that, amid the wide diversities of speech in modern Christendom, these two noble languages of antiquity should have come down to us as the common heritage of the nations; if not to serve for the personal intercourse of scientific men, yet to supply to science the descriptive terms of its elegant nomenclature."

Without partaking of the enthusiasm of this writer, we must undoubtedly admit that the classical languages have served the good purpose of relieving science of the curse of Babel, and the knowledge of them, aside from its primary importance in the study of modern tongues, has become necessary to the scientific student. This use of Greek and Latin, however, carries with it one disadvantage which we cannot overlook. It renders scientific discussions and dissertations unintelligible to almost every person who has not received a college education. The popular reader is excessively disgusted with these hard names. He sees nothing "elegant" in them, and would not share the admiration with which it is related how Agas-

siz, being requested, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, to name a strange organism discovered by Hugh Miller in the Old Red Sandstone, and finding that it was a fish, and that its two fins projected at right angles from its body, like the pinions of a bird, gave it the name of *Pterichthys*, from the Greek words signifying wing and fish. The name *Pterichthys* would suggest to the uncultivated mind a much more formidable creature than a winged fish. The ordinary reader would not peruse with the most pleasing emotions the following description of the *vertebra* from Owen, which is quoted by Professor Martin as a model of elegant, precise, and lucid expression :

"It consists, in its typical completeness, of the following parts or elements : a body, or *centrum* ; two *neurapophyses*, two *parapophyses*, two *pleurapophyses*, two *hæmapophyses*, a *neural* spine, and a *hæmal* spine. These, being usually developed from distinct and independent centres, I have termed *autogenous* elements. Other parts, more properly called 'processes,' which shoot out as continuations from some of the preceding elements, are termed *exogenous* ; e. g., the *diapophyses* or 'upper transverse processes,' and the *zygapophyses* or the 'oblique' or 'articular' processes of human anatomy."

The ordinary, unclassical reader is surprised to know that *infusum carnis bubuli*, is beef-tea, *jusculum pullinum*, chicken broth, *gelatina ribesia*, currant jelly ; and to see after hops, in parenthesis, *humulus lupulus*, and after cabbage, *brassica oleracea*. Reading the lucubrations of the entomologist in his agricultural book, he is edified to learn that "*Cryptus inquisitor*, a small yellow-banded ichneumon fly, destroys the *Thyridopteryx ephemeraformis*, or basket-worm, which is so destructive to cedar and shade-trees in the middle States ;" and that "the *Calandra* (*Sitophilus*) *oryza*, or rice-weevil, is destroyed by *Meroporus graminicola*."

He can hardly credit the assertion that an oyster is an acephalous molluscous bivalve of the genus *Ostrea* ; that

meerschau is a hydrated magnesian silicate found in serpentine veins in various parts of Europe ; and that a boil is actually a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, suppurating with a central core—a *furunculus*. He would not appreciate the verbal felicity of the doctor of divinity, who, in ringing the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," said, "He that is accessible to auricular vibration, let him not close the gates of his tympani."

He would not obtain a very vivid idea, perhaps, from the following sentence of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who, telling how the photographer brings out the features on the plate by washing it with sulphate of iron and hyposulphate of soda, thus prettily mingles mythology and science :

"Then we replace the slide in the shield, draw this out of the camera, and carry it back into the shadowy realm where Coeytus flows in black nitrate of silver and Acheron stagnates in the pool of hyposulphate, and invisible ghosts, trooping down from the world of day, cross a Styx of dissolved sulphate of iron, and appear before the Rhadamanthus of that lurid Hades !"

A fish-woman was silenced by the word hypotenuse applied as an epithet, and many persons who would have no objection to bleeding would receive a proposition to phlebotomize them with much alarm.

The language of the men of medicine is a fearful concoction of sesquipedalian words, numbered by thousands. He was a mere novice who spoke of "a severe contusion of the integuments under the left orbit, with great extravasation of blood and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a 'tumefied state ;'" meaning a black eye ; and an anatomical work for children, teaching after the manner of Mother Goose's Melodies, tells that,

"The tibia and fibula,
Above, unite, near rotula,
At knee, with long os femoris,
Whose analogue is humerus."

"Now," says a critic, "for the tarsal, metatarsal, and phalangeal bones of the feet. The os sacrum, the ilium, and the

pubic arch ought to rhyme nicely. We would suggest the Alexandrine metre for the ribs, sternum, and the vertebræ. Anapestic would do for the *os hyoides*, maxillary, malar, temporal, occipital, parietal, and frontal. A few iambs might do for the sphenoid, ethmoid, vomer, and nasal; but the pisiform and the acutiform and the carpal bones generally, with the metacarpal and the phalangeal of the upper extremities, had better be given in prose."

A young girl looking over her book of Botany for the first time, expecting, mayhap, to find there a poetical language suitable to treat of flowers and foliage, is a little bewildered in reading of plants as dichotomous, pentagynous, papilionaceous, foliaceous, leguminous, endogenous, acryptogamous, &c., as well as of acotyledonous, monocotyledonous, dicotyledonous, and polycotyledonous plants.

She wonderingly reads in detail a description, for instance, of the striped violet:

"Smooth stem, oblique, branching, angular leaves, roundish, ovate, sub-acuminate, cornate-dentate, sometimes sub-pubescent; petioles long; stipules large, oblong lanceolate, dentate-ciliate; peduncles quadrangular; bracts linear, rather large; segments of the calyx lanceolate, acuminate, ciliate, emarginate behind, petals entire, upper one marked with a few blue lines, naked, smooth, sometimes a little villose, lateral ones bearded, lower one occasionally a little villose; spur sub-porrected; stigma pubescent behind."

Having glanced over so much, she has only gathered a few verbal pebbles on the shores of Botany. She gets over this in time, and masters all the abstruse studies. When she has eaten enough at table, she remarks that gastronomical satiety admonishes her that she has arrived at the ultimate of deglutition consistent with the code of *Æsculapius*; and she calls her thimble a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations.

The medical authorities describe plants after a somewhat similar form, but in different language. For instance:

"Blood root (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*) is acrid, emetic, with narcotic and stimulant properties, expectorant, sudorific, alterative, emmenagogue, escharotic, and errhine, according to the way in which it is used. Its escharotic action renders it beneficial when applied in hypochondriasis.

"Prickly ash (*Xanthoxylum Fraxineum*) is stimulant, tonic, alterative, and sialogogue, producing heat in the stomach, arterial excitement, and a tendency to diaphoresis."

The use of unfamiliar words sometimes leads to unexpected misunderstandings, as when a physician, prescribing syrup of buckthorn, wrote his prescription according to the usual abbreviation of *Rhamnus Catharticus*, "*Syr. Rham. Cat.*" The lady patient reading this with astonishment and anger, declared that she would not take a syrup of ram cats for any body under heaven.

It has been a humorous fancy of various writers to indite burlesque poems or essays in the peculiar language of some profession or occupation. Thus the chemist writes his valentine as follows:

"I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me.
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies.
I am Potassium to thy oxygen;
'Tis little that the holy marr age vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid—
A living acid; thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense; that, brought
together,
We both might conlesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou
Wert carbon, and myself were hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefant gas,
Of common coal, or naphtha. Would to heaven
That I were phosphorus, and thou wert lime
And we of lime composed a phosphuret!
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid
So that thou mightst be soda. In that case,
We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou
magnesia
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from
Epsom.
Couldst thou potassia be, I aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose this fleshly Tertium Quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated! Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?"

The following also is interesting :

"Here lieth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate with clay, in balneo arenae, stratum superstratum, the residuum, terra damnata, and caput mortuum of a CHEMIST. A man who in his earthly laboratory pursued various processes to obtain the *Arcanum Vita*, or the Secret to Live; also the *Aurum Vita*, or the art of getting, not making, gold. All chemist-like, he saw all his labor and projection, as mercury in the fire, evaporated in fume. When he dissolved to his first principles, he departed as poor as the last drops of an alembic. Though fond of novelty, he carefully avoided the fermentation, effervescence, and decrepitation of this life. Full seventy years his exalted essence was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass; but the radical moisture being exhausted, the Elixir Vitæ spent, and exsiccated to a cuticle, he could not suspend longer in his vehicle; but precipitated gradatim per campanam, to his original dust. May the light above, more resplendent than Bolognian phosphorus, preserve him from the athanor, empyreuma, and reverberatory furnace of the other world, deplete him from the fæces and scoria of this; highly rectify and volatilize his ethereal spirit; bring it safely out of the crucible of earthly trial, and place it in a proper recipient among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin; never to be saturated till the general resuscitation, deflagration, calcination, and sublimation of all things."

The anatomist is represented as writing at considerable length to his Dulcinea, describing the charms visible to his educated eye, as

"Oh, sweet is thy voice, as it slightly swells
From the daintily quivering chordæ vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells,
Of the antrum, the ethmoid, and sinus frontales!"

I have sometimes wondered what proportion of a daily newspaper is completely understood by the average reader. A young man from New England, of whom his parents boast that he has a "first-rate eddication," and who may have kept district school, on finding himself transferred to the city, and looking over the columns of a first-class journal, is surprised to find how much in it, written apparently in the English language, is unintelligible to him.

VOL. V.—20

I have shown that it would not be surprising if he did not fully comprehend the reports of scientific lectures, or the testimony of medical men in a post-mortem examination. But he would find that the theatrical critic, the art critic, the writers on military tactics, mechanics, agriculture, fashions, real-estate, stocks, and on the weather, had each a curious slang of his own. He would find hard words and idiomatic expressions in the reports of church ceremonies, masonic rites, college commencements, and legislative proceedings. Queer words and signs would often puzzle him even among the advertisements.

Under the heading of the turf, I think it probable that our friend would be greatly mystified. He reads of a "hurdle-race, handicap for all ages for \$500, of which \$100 to second horse, two miles over four flight of hurdles, weights to be accepted by ten o'clock, A. M." For this race "Jackson enters ch. f. Shrimp, aged, 164, straw and black cap. Jones enters blk. m. Eel, aged, 140, scarlet."

He is surprised at an apparently profane description of an animal in a gentleman's stud :

"Consolation, br. m. foaled 1859, got by imp. Consternation, dam by dam of the famous Lady Thorn by Gano son of American Eclipse, grandam by Potomac; a rangy blood-like mare. Has a colt foal by her side."

The following graphic description of a race is a dead letter to him :

"Sweepstakes for two-year-olds. This was a mile heat \$100 each, half forfeit \$400 added; usual penalty for winner. The starters were Inverness, by Maccaroni out of Elfrida by Faugh-a-Ballagh. The Nun, by Lexington out of Novice, Rapture by Lapidist out of Parachute, and Tasmania by Australian out of Mattie Gros by Lexington. Rapture and Tasmania were greatly fancied, the others sold low. Closing prices at the pools, Tasmania, \$300, Rapture, \$280, Inverness, \$100, and The Nun, \$90.

"The Race. Maccaroni filly made the running at a good steady pace, the Favorite second, Rapture third, and The Nun pulled away behind. At the bluff

bend the first three were nose and tail. The Macaroni filly went raking away and on the sweep of the lower turn led Tasmania three lengths, Rapture three more behind her, and The Nun three more in the rear. Before they reached the head of the stretch, Tasmania died away to nothing. In the straight, "Jim" (the jockey) let The Nun out, and she passed Tasmania and Rapture, but could not close with Inverness, who won easily by four lengths. Time, 1.49½."

An "American gentleman," addicted to the noble sports of the Turf, has been reported as describing a young lady dancing at a ball, dressed in corn-colored silk with roses in her hair, and accompanied by a young man with auburn locks, in the following terms:

"That's a thoroughbred filly there, yellow harness and red gearing above. A good stepper and plenty of style and action. Well-groomed, shows well in the shoulder; picks up her hoofs prettily. I'd back her against the field, even weights and no sheenanigan for money. The old folks jockey her a little, they say, but they have to keep a tight rein on her or she'd bolt. Prances well, but plunges and kicks over the traces a little. They say she's matched to go double with that sorrel-top. They'd make a powerful team."

Max Müller in one of his lectures refers to class dialects as illustrated in the difference between the language used by shepherds, sportsmen, soldiers, and farmers, and adds:

"I suppose there are few persons here present who could tell the exact meaning of a horse's poll, crest, withers, dock, hamstring, cannon, pastern, coronet, arms, jaw, and muzzle."

In a description by a midshipman of his experiences on a boat, which was terribly tossed by the sea during the South American earthquake, he reads such sentences as:

"I descended from the poop to the spar-deck on the starboard, but a wave sweeping the ship, took me first against the ship-bulwarks, barely escaping a port, then against the cabin bulkhead. . . . Soon after, the foremast went by the board, and the maintopmast followed. Fearing that the mizzen would

go also, the boat's crew and I huddled on the poop deck, holding on to the backstays. I fortunately found a small piece of rope, what is called rattling stuff, with which I lashed myself to the royal backstay. The ship was canted to starboard, so we all kept to port."

While this is remarkably interesting to some, it is scarcely so to a country schoolmaster, not familiar with Marryatt's works. Every man for his own idiom. A lawyer asked an old salt on the witness-stand whether he was acquainted with the plaintiff and defendant. "I don't know the drift of them words," said Jack. "A pretty fellow for a witness, not to know what plaintiff and defendant mean," said the lawyer. By-and-by, to a question as to where the occurrence the Court was considering happened, the sailor answered: "Abaft the binnacle." "Where is that?" asked the counsel. "A pretty fellow for a lawyer!" replied the sailor; "not to know what abaft the binnacle means!"

At another time, two recently-married couples were on board a train of cars. One of the men said: "My love, I am about to step out for a few moments for refreshments. Do not be alarmed while I am gone." The other, who was a sailor, expressed the same idea as follows: "I say, wifey, I'm going ashore to wet my whistle. Don't tumble overboard!"

An account of the figures of the cotton, described in nautical terms, were found among the papers of the facetious Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke. The following is the third figure:

"Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm and yard-arm; regain your berth on the other tack in the same order; take your station with your partner in line; back and fill, fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner. She then manœuvres, heaves all aback, shoots ahead again, and pays off alongside you. Then make sail in company with her till nearly astern of the other line; make a stern-board, and cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place by the best means in your power, and let go your anchor."

In the *Ship News* he reads much similar to the following:

"Steamer Sherman, Henry, New Orleans, August 22d, and Southwest Pass 23d, at 4 P. M., with mdse and passengers to Samuel Stevens; 27th, latitude 32° 52', longitude 77° 08', signalized a Dutch bark showing Nos. 7349, third distinguishing pendant, bound North."

Not being engaged in speculations, he is profoundly indifferent to the money column and the operations of bulls and bears. He cares nothing about longs, or shorts, or corners, or cliques, or cliqued stocks, or watered stocks, or balances at the Clearing House, or bank contraction, or subsidy loans, or subventions, or net earnings, or how 67's were in sharp demand to cover shorts; nor how Northwestern preferred is oversold, nor how Erie certificates issued at a certain time were pronounced a good delivery; nor how heavy operators were carrying stocks, or outside holders realizing, nor how loans were made flat at three to five per cent. for carrying, nor how Sterling Exchange was active at quotations, London, sixty days, 109½; London, sight, 110; Paris, long, 5.15, Paris short, 5.12½. But if it should ever happen to him to go into the Stock Exchange during an exciting day, and witness the wild gestures and hear the unintelligible and inarticulate cries of its members, he would suppose himself in a community not only speaking a barbarous language, but either mad or savage besides.

I do not know a department of the newspaper in which more extraordinary snags are drawn from the "well of English undefiled," and the meaning of words is left more exclusively to the depraved imagination of the reader than in the article on the markets. In looking over this column, one is struck with the great discrimination which is required not to speak of cheese as exhibiting more life, of butter as strong, of dead hogs as lively, of hay as heavy, of pig-lead as brisk, of feathers as unsettled, of bristles as stiff, of hops as on the rise, of tea as weak, of dry cod as fairly active, of rat-traps as closing firm, of old fowls as going off slow, of molasses as having a disposition to re-

main on the hands of holders, and of whiskey as having a downward tendency. Even in less noticeable combinations it sounds curiously to read that beeswax is active, that sole-leather is drooping, that smoked beef is dull, that mess beef is quiet, that shingles are variable, that twine is easier, and that ashes are quoted nominal.

The lawyers have a rigmorole of their own which crops out more or less in the law reports. It is a slang utterly different from the common language of conversation or of books, having its own peculiar terms, its own pet Latin phrases, and its own extraordinary transpositions and repetitions of common words. Into the intricacies of this dialect it is not necessary that we should enter. How funnily it appears applied to other than its own legitimate subjects may be seen from the lawyer's Ode to Spring, commencing:

"Whereas on sundry boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Now therefore hail, thou coming Spring!
The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love 'midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns."

In reading the architectural criticisms, while possibly, though not probably, our friend may know the difference between the Doric and the renaissance, he is very uncertain as to the general appearance and effect of flying buttresses, of oblique truncated cones, of architraves and friezes, of fascias and pilasters, of corbelling, mouldings and volutes, of trefoils, quatrefoils, and rosaces, of glyphs, interglyphs, semi-glyphs, triglyphs and metopes, of the parabolus and the propyleum, the stylobate and the entablature, of caryatic figures, horizontal consoles, and the hypotrachelium; and he is not much edified when he is informed that in the Acropolis of Athens the caryatides stand on a stereobatic dado placed on the stylobate.

He is even troubled to understand a dissertation on so simple and excellent a science as Phrenology, or a catalogue of the developments and propensities

which protrude from the cranium of some distinguished gentleman. He would scarcely be able to point out the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, though informed that when that organ and Inhabitiveness are small, Philoprogenitiveness assumes a sharpened appearance running horizontally between the two lobes of Adhesiveness; and he cannot understand why a man with large Alimentiveness and large Approbativeness and Ideality will be formal and ceremonious when eating his Christmas dinner, though solemnly assured by competent phrenological authority that such is the case.

The following, to the best of my knowledge and belief, is the phrenological character, furnished by a "reliable contraband," of the distinguished Cuffy Bumpus, of Hilton Head:

"Berry 'markble hed, dis nigger. His ognyzashun indket great sublimity and pumposity. Temp'ment sanguine-lymfatic wid a sprinklin' ob nerbus-billus. Mazin devellup ob de heel, diktif ob running away. Great power for good or evil, speshelly de last. Hard head, diktif ob pockylyptic tendency. Berry heaby on spirituality. Berry comprehensive nigger, speshelly fazzikul, diktif passion for corn-cakes. Ambitious and enterprizin' nigger. Thoosastik devellup ob benevylunce, diktif ob deep feelin' fur all God's creeturs as is fit to eat—chickens in 'ticular. Constitution like his natrully farms out his life into fixed condishuns; he hab mazin determination and will-power, whateber he steal he hold on to him. Markable fact 'bout dis nigger he don't like to be 'posed on, berry much given to habin' his own way. Great destructiveness and executiveness—execute his breffus and dinner berry quick.

Dis nigger is natrully so consttuted dat ef he had chilern he'd tink good deal ob 'em, providin' de atomic flow ob de particles ob his system was reg'lar in a spiral d'rection from his heels to his hed. Oderwise it would be diktif ob some centricities. His hed ob de swayin' kind, berry bombastikul—dat is to say—mebby you know what I mean—I dono—neb mind. Plenty 'lectricity, stand up 'gainst opposition if 'taint too heaby, be berry 'sessful in any t'ing he work berry hard at. More powerful dan strong, owin' to devellup ob digestive vigor.

Speakin' ob dis nigger prismatically, he de best type ob de true nigger I eber see. Ef his brane was big as a dimyjon dar'd be berry few sich niggers."

An article of gossip or review may find its way into the daily paper on the recondite theme of Heraldry. The jargon of this art requires a dictionary to itself. They who invented it must have been very much in want of something of practical utility to do. Our reader does not receive much instruction from descriptions of coats-of-arms, such as:

"Argent, a cheveron gules, fretty or between three delves or billets, sable."

"Party per pale indented, ermine and sable, a cheveron gules, fretty or."

"Ermine, a fesse, gules, fretty or between two hawks."

He may master the words "or" and "argent" and some of the names of color. He may have a glimmer of pleasure in learning that some ancient enthusiast in armorial bearings endowed all the prominent characters of Old Testament history with shields and emblazoned devices, giving Jubal, the inventor of tents, "Vert, a tent argent" (a white tent in a green field). Jubal, the primeval musician, "Azure, a harp, or, on a chief argent three rests gules;" Tubal Cain, "Sable, a hammer argent, crowned, or;" Naamah, the inventress of weaving, "In a lozenge gules, a carding-comb argent;" and Samson, "Gules a lion couchant or, within an orle argent, semée of bees sable." He may be amused to know that Michael Drayton, the poet, bore these singular arms: "Azure gutté d'eau (the drops of Helicon!) a Pegasus current in bend argent. Crest. Mercury's winged cap amidst sunbeams proper."

But the deeper intricacies of Heraldry forever remain mysteries to the general reader.

The sporting column is a terrible ordeal to an "unprofessional" person. A simple report of a sportive encounter with fists in which some "game" individual anxious for the Belt mounted the ladder of fame from the area of the prize ring by a certain number of "rounds," tells us that the combatants

struck each other with mawleys and bunches of fives upon the head, the nut, the cone, the conk, the canister, the noddle, the mug, the knowledge-box; the nose, the sneezer, the snorer, the snuffer, the snuff-tray, the nozzle, the mazzard; the eyes, the ogles, the optics, the peepers; the mouth, the kisser, the whistler, the oration-trap; drawing the blood, the claret, the ruby, the crimson, the home-brewed, the gravy; and in several instances knocking the unfortunate knocker off his pins, his pegs, his stumps and his foundation, to say nothing of boring, fibbing and sending him to grass.

A young gentleman, who, in the time of the excitement over the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers, temporarily relinquished his theological studies, it is said, and crossed the Atlantic to witness it, wrote the following letter to the young lady of his affections in New York:

BEN CAUNT'S, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, {
LONDON, April 20, 1860. }

DEAREST EMMA: Your last reached me on the day after the mill [1]—blessings on the darling bunch of fives [2] that scribbled it. I kissed the signature again and again, for the sake of the dear little daddle [2] that will one day make me the happiest buffer [3] going. How shall I describe my feelings on reading it? If our glorious Benicia had administered an auctioneer [4] on my knowledge-box [5] I couldn't have been more completely grassed [6]. Tears came into my peepers [7] as I devoured those lines of love and tenderness, as eagerly as ever milling-cove [8] in training walked into [9] his raw beef-steak. A boy might have floored me by a tap over the snuffer-tray [10] with his little finger. And the sight of the photograph of your lovely mug [11] almost overpowered me! How well I recall each feature!—those ogles [12], blue as the midsummer sky—that conk [13], with its delicate aquiline curve—that rosy-lipped tater-trap [14]—those ivories [15], whiter than the whitest pearl—that fair skin, where the claret [16] mantles and blushes. Again and again did I press the counterfeit presentment to my kisser [17], wishing that the dear original were present, her nut [18] reclining lovingly on my bread-

basket [19]—her oration-trap [20] murmuring words of endearment in my lugs [21], her mawley [22] clasped in the flipper [23] of her adorer.

Ah, Emma! Love has got my pimple [24] in chancery [25], and is fibbing [26] away mercilessly, giving me no end of nasty 'uns [27]; the pepper [28] I endure from him is past telling—he may go in and finish me any day. He has it all his own way; I can't counter [29] on his nob [30], or do anything but take my punishment. And I don't care how soon the sponge is thrown up in token of victory.

Yours eternally, ____.*

The reader will see that it was found necessary to append a small glossary to render this letter intelligible.

In a report of a Base-Ball match our country cousin learns that on the previous day the following occurred:

Pearce opened the ball for the Atlantics, sending it hotly on to Wolters' leg, whence it bounded to Flanley, who threw it to first, cutting off Pearce. Smith suffered from Devyr's fielding to first. Start hit a fair ball inside the left foul line, and made his run by stealing in. Chapman struck out. Wolters opened for the Mutuals and sent his ball to Pearce, nearly taking Devyr's legs off as he was going to third. The ball being a hot one, Pearce failed to hold it; Swandell's hit to centre field cleared the bases; but, as the next three strikers were fielded out in a hurry, he was left. Zettlein was fouled out on next pitched ball. . . . On the second innings, Hunt opened play and sent a shooter to right field. Wolters sent Hunt home, and he in turn was carried around by McMahon. The latter was left, as the following strikers went out. The New Yorkers were blanked for their share, Jewett alone reaching base. . . . Devyr sent a good one to Ferguson, who took it well, but threw it too high for Start to hold. Up to this time there had not been a fly-catch in the game, the hitting being swift-grounders. In the sixth inning there was bad fielding, Chapman and McDonald both drop-

* [1] Fight. [2] Hand. [3] Man, individual. [4] Knock down blow. [5] Head. [6] Prostrated. [7] Eyes. [8] Fighting man. [9] Ale. [10] Nose. [11] Face. [12] Eyes. [13] Nose. [14] Mouth. [15] Teeth. [16] Blood. [17] Mouth. [18] Head. [19] Breast. [20] Mouth. [21] Ear. [22] Hand. [23] Head. [24] Head. [25] Head under left arm. [26] Administering blows. [27] Severe blows. [28] Do. [29] Reciprocation of a blow. [30] Head.

ping fly balls, and Smith and Start each muffing."

All this is as clear as mud to the intelligent reader who never played baseball. An account of a billiard-match would also be senseless to one unacquainted with the game. Then there is the mild slang of the poker player, who talks about "seeing it" and "going it better," and "calling" and "straddling" and "covering" and "winning the pot;" and the policy-player, who sees something very pleasing in "a straight gig" and "4-11-44;" and the faro-player, who knows how to "copper an ace," and to whom "chips" are articles of vast significance.

"And so ye gambler plays his way
Unto Grim Death his gates,
And lying down a little while
For ye final 'trump' he waits."

The distinction between the language of sentiment and of card-playing is shown in the song of a person on ship-board, with love and poker on the brain, commencing:

"Sad was our parting, and my sad heart
Still sadly sighs for thee,
(I'll take three cards, Mr. Dealer),
As I glide o'er the moonlit sea,
And the moon's sweet rays sets the sea ablaze
With a blaze that points to thee
(I straddle—it takes ten to come in)
As I fly o'er the deep blue sea
Sweet sophys play o'er our foamy way,
And they waft my sighs to thee
(I see that and go fifteen better)
As I float o'er the deep blue sea.
Then weep not, dearest, this fond heart
Still wildly worships thee,
(I've got an ace full—the pot's mine!)
As I ride this glorious sea."

Here is John and Julia's chess problem. John to move and mate in two moves:

"John moved his arm round Julia's neck,
She moves one square, and whispers—check;
He nothing daunted, moves right straight
His lips to hers, and calls out—'mate!'"

The young schoolmaster from New England should not attempt to master any metaphysical article unless he has been through a regular course of reading. His first step should be to thoroughly familiarize himself with the words *objective* and *subjective* and their derivatives. An English religious journal in a criticism of a theological work, said:

"Glancing at the table of contents of the volume before us, we feel no elevation of our expectations when we read chapters first, second, and third: 'Grace Objectively Considered;' chapters fourth and fifth: 'Grace Subjectively Considered.'" We remark interjectively that, viewed objectively, such terms are adjectively to be described as the offspring of a theology which is treated most rejectively by all sound divines, and is only received by those whose minds are comparatively bewildered, and are therefore trajectoryly impelled into admiration of a jargon which, speaking conjunctively, was invented projectively to propagate injectively a philosophy which would act disjectively to the Gospel of Christ. Resubjectively we remark that we are often dejectively impressed with the mischief which, subjectively, such barbarisms work to the simplicity of our faith; we counter-projectively exhort all men to treat 'objectively,' 'subjectively,' and all such rubbish, in the style known as 'ejectively.'"

Without wishing to give the impression that the words objective and subjective are necessarily wicked, as is hinted by the writer quoted, I may say that I think they are sometimes used a little too frequently. I once counted over one hundred repetitions of them in a single newspaper article.

Our student will next learn about the vital principle, totality, solidarity, equilibration, relativity, external unity, differentiation, integration, organism, retroaction, panogenesis, universology, the unknowable, sociological laws, physiological units, the gospel of osmosis, &c., will conceive a great contempt for the anthorpomorphists, and will distinctly understand that we are all "the dynamical children of correlation." "Yes," says the Hartford lady in "The Case of George Dedlow:

"Yes, I comprehend. The fractional entities are embraced in the unity of the solitary Ego. Life," she added, "is the garnered condensation of objective impressions; and, as the objective is the remote father of the subjective, so must individuality, which is but focused subjectivity, suffer and fade when the sensation lenses, by which the rays of impression are condensed, become destroyed."

Our schoolmaster may then pass to the transcendental and spiritual, and having posted himself as to progression, affinities, trance-states, cycles, spheres, missions, symbols, intelligences, and kindred spirits, may enter into the eternal harmonies of Andrew Jackson Davis, and learn from his "Stellar Key to the Summer Land." Here, as it were, amid "the magnificent simplicities of nature" and "the central unities of truth," he may perceive with delight that "the odyllic light of amorphous bodies is a kind of feeble external and internal glow, somewhat similar to phosphorescence;" that the atmosphere is "the purifying laboratory through which flow the effects of Ideas, Principles, Laws, Essences, and Ethics," that the measureless systems of stars and suns "which roll, and swim, and eddy, and waltz about in their harmonial circles, shine upon landscapes more beautiful and into eyes more divine than ours;" and that "it is now conceded even by the anthropomorphists and other unprogressive religionists, that instead of the earth being at the centre of God's universe and instead of the doings and omissions of its denizens being the chief concern and perpetual misery of the entire Trinity, our sun and its planets belong to the Milky Way not only, but that the Milky Way itself is merely one community of suns and planets of an infinitude of similar systems and communities that float and sing the songs of Harmony in the celestial atmosphere of the Univercœlum!" Here, even "in the very vortex of the Univercœlum" and amid "the solemn depths of the infinitudes," he may witness the "revolutions of the cosmical ether," and "hold communication with the Lythylli." Happy indeed is he to know that "the cosmogonies of illimitable space are fast coming into popular education!" Says Byron:

"Oh, ye immortal gods, what is theogony?
Oh, thou too mortal man, what is philanthropy?
Oh, world that was and is, what is cosmogony?
Some people have accused me of misanthropy,
And yet I know no more than the mahogany

That forms this desk, of what they mean—lycan-
thropy
I comprehend, for without transformation
Men become wolves on any slight occasion."

Yet every study, from cosmology down to cookery, has its own peculiar methods of expression.

All this our friend may find in his newspaper. But even in the composing-room, where the paper is printed, there prevails another dialect which scarcely ever gets into its columns, and of which I may give an example in a humorous form. The following instructions from the foreman of the printers would be quite intelligible. Of course, double meanings would not generally occur, though it would be quite possible for them to do so.

"John," says the foreman, as he is looking over the copy and proofs for the morning paper, "have 'The Chinese Wall' set up first, and then finish the 'Robbery' you began this morning. Then you can run 'The Opera Bouffe.' Kill 'Forrest' and let 'Booth' lie over. You'll find 'Forrest' on the first galley. Give out 'Our Army Rations,' double-leaded. See the copy of Powers' 'Greek Slave,' and put a Nonpareil full-face lower-case head to it, with sub-heads in small caps. Distribute 'The Cholera;' get that pi out of the way, and give the devil directions how to dispose of the dead matter. I guess you can use 'Soothing Syrup' in the morning's paper, but 'The Taxes' will have to be cut down. Give me a proof of 'Darwin's Development Theory.' We want about three sticks to fill out the inside form."

Every reader will remember the epitaph which Franklin wrote for himself while a journeyman printer, or we would quote it.

The following was written as an epitaph on Mr. John Childs, former President of the Philadelphia Typographical Society:

"His last form is locked-up in Eternity's chase,
His composition's corrected above,
His proof was not foul nor imperfect his case,
Say the angels of Omniscient Love."

SKETCHES IN COLOR.

FOURTH.

THERE came into our Sunday-school, one bright spring morning, a party of strangers; nothing very uncommon, for we had many visitors. But these interested us more than usual; for one wore a general's star upon his shoulder, and the sleeve that should have held the strong right arm hung empty by his side. Ah! those empty sleeves. What volumes of pathetic meaning speak from their mute helplessness. How they recall the days of darkness, the long struggle, the fears, the agonies, the bleeding hearts, the desolated homes, the final triumph,—purchased, how? By the pride and vigor of our country's manhood, offered up in blood and fire, for the cause of truth and freedom, on the altar of their country. Bow reverently before that empty sleeve. It belongs to a hero, and a martyr.

The school closed, and the visitors departed, our superintendent asked:

"Do you know who that was?"

"No. Who?"

"General Howard. He is on his way to Richmond, to organize the Freedmen's Bureau. He is going to address the colored people to-night at Old Billy's church; don't you want to go?"

Of course we did. So the evening found us struggling in the crowd around the door of the house where Old Billy dispensed instruction and exhortation to his flock. He was possessed of great natural abilities, and considerable shrewdness and originality, though totally uneducated, and was held in great honor among his people; so there was "gathering from near and from far," to the Sunday evening services, when he administered reproof, instruction, warning or encouragement, according to his judgment of the needs of his hearers, and in his own peculiar style.

We were too late for the opening services; General Howard was beginning

his address as we entered. He spoke to the people for half an hour, as, I believe, they had never been spoken to before; of the privileges, the duties, and the possibilities of their new life. Simply, so that the youngest might understand; kindly, as friend to friend; frankly, as man to man; earnestly, as "one having authority" to those who so greatly needed counsel and instruction. Many of them, as yet, realized nothing of their freedom, save the right to go hither and thither as they would, and to wear the "same kind of clothes that white folks wear;" but I think the words of truth and soberness they heard that night, must have brought some, at least, to a truer understanding of the solemnity of life, and the dignity of self-help.

The address over, the congregation rose and sang the doxology, and General Howard and his party left the church. Then the exercises proceeded as usual. Billy announced his text. I have forgotten chapter and verse, but almost any thing would answer the purpose, being sure to fit some one of the numerous subjects embraced in that discourse, which went entirely through the Bible, from the Creation to the last chapter of Revelation. In the course of his remarks, he stated some facts concerning the transgression, and consequent punishment, of Adam and Eve, which have not, I think, been brought to light by the researches of any commentator.

"Eve was jes' like all de women; dey's sich hard-headed creeturs, dat when dey gits dar minds sot, you can't nebbber 'suede dem outen it. So when Eve done made up her mind to eat dat ar apple, she'd ha' ate it, ef de angel Gabr'el had ben a stan'in' right dar. But Adam wouldn't nebbber ha' ate it 'tall ef Eve hadn't 'sueded him; an' jes' as he was swallerin' de fus' piece, he felt mighty sorry, an' he tried to spit it out; but it

done gone too far down; an' Eve, she tole him not to make a fool ob hisself, but jes' eat de res'. So he done eat it up, an' yer knows, my bruddren, what come ter him den; how he got druv outen de garden, an' 'bleeged ter work for a libin'. De women onghter work; dat's so; fer ef it hadn't a ben for Eve, we wouldn't none on us ha' ben 'bleeged to work 'tall."

The sisters sat in "solemn silence all," under this portion of the discourse; but the brethren manifested their appreciation audibly.

The sermon was divided and subdivided, and extended to such a length that Old Billy's warmest admirers began to show signs of weariness before the close. There was considerable restlessness, and going out, among the young men near the door; and annoyed by it, Billy at last paused in his discourse, and addressed them:

"You folks in de back ob de church, stop dat ar goin' out an' comin' in. It's jes' ondecnt, 'sturbin' de meetin' dat ar 'way; ef yer wants ter go out, go out—an' stay out, too; but ef yer wants ter stay in, stay in, an' 'have yerselves. 'Spose yer tink dis yer 'scourse 's too long, too many heads ter it; but ef I'm a mind ter make forty chaws ob a grain ob rice, 'tain't none ob your business—an' some ob yer ain't got teeth 'nuff ter eat it den."

At last, with an exhortation to his hearers to join the multitude that were coming from "de Norf pole, an' from de Souf pole, an' from de Eas' pole, an' from de Wes' pole, an' shovin' right 'long inter de kingdom," the sermon closed. Then followed a prayer; the congregation kneeling, and repeating, as is their frequent custom, each sentence after the minister—a somewhat noisy exercise, and not calculated to promote devotional feelings. The colored people never generalize in their petitions; each person or class of persons for whom a blessing is desired, is mentioned by name. So now the prayer proceeded:

"God bress de President."

And the congregation chanted in chorus:

"God bress de President."

"God bress de Congress."

Chorus—"God bress de Congress."

"God bress de Army."

Chorus—"God bress de Army."

"God bress de Major-Gen'als."

Chorus—"God bress de Major-Gen'als."

"God bress de Brig'dier-Gen'als."

Chorus—"God bress de Brig'dier-Gen'als."

And so on, through every grade of the service; first and second lieutenants being mentioned separately, down to corporals. Then,

"God bress Gen'al Howard."

Chorus—"God bress Gen'al Howard."

"An' do' he loss an arm,"

Chorus—"An' do' he loss an arm,"

"May he fin' it in Heaben."

Chorus—"May he fin' it in Heaben."

The prayer threatened to be as long as the sermon, for Billy remembered everybody, calling them by name, until it seemed as if he must need a Directory to help him through. But it was finished at last, and he came down from the pulpit, and stood within the railing. Then began one of those scenes, which, when read of, seem the exaggerations of a disordered imagination; and when witnessed, leave an impression like the memory of some horrid nightmare—so wild is the torrent of excitement, that, sweeping away reason and sense, tosses men and women upon its waves, mingling the words of religion with the howlings of wild beasts, and the ravings of madmen.

The leader, on these occasions, usually starts a hymn, in which the congregation join. Sometimes all sing together; sometimes the leader and the congregation sing alternate lines; and again, he sings the verse throughout, the congregation only giving the chorus. In the pauses between the hymns, some brother or sister give their "experience," always talking in a scream, and as if crying; a natural tone of voice not being considered suitable for such occasions; while the others clap their hands, stamp, and shout, "yes, yes;" "dat's so;" "praise de Lord;" and the moment the speaker pauses, some voice starts a hymn, the leading sentiment of which harmonizes with what has just been said. Their quickness in finding hymns appropriate to the different phases of expe-

rience, and expressions of feeling is something wonderful.

Two or three hymns are usually sung, before they get warmed up to the talking. The first one was, as is almost invariably the case in negro meetings, "When I can read my title clear." This seems to be their chief favorite; I have heard it sung six times in the course of an evening, to different tunes. Simultaneously with the first note of the hymn, began a tapping of feet by the whole congregation, gradually increasing to a stamp as the exercises proceeded, until the noise was deafening; and as the excitement increased, one and another would spring from their seats, and jump up and down, uttering shriek after shriek; while from all parts of the house came cries of, "Hallelujah;" "Glory to God;" "Jes' now Lord, come jes' now;" "Amen;" and occasionally a prolonged, shrill whoop, like nothing earthly, unless it be some savage war-cry. At the close of the first hymn, without a moment's pause, they struck into another; a strange, wild tune, the words of which we could not distinguish, except in the chorus:

"Oh! I wants you to tote de young lambs in your bosom,
And carry de ole sheep along."

Then in strange contrast to this, came the most beautiful melody the negroes have—one of the most beautiful, I think, in the world—a chant, carried by full, deep bass voices; the liquid soprano of the melody wandering through and above it, now rising in triumphant swell, now falling in softened cadence, with the words,

"John saw, John saw,
John saw de holy angels,
Sittin' by de golden altar.
Sittin' by de golden altar, chillens,
Sittin' by de golden altar, chillens.
John saw, John saw,
John saw de holy angels,
Sittin' by de golden altar."

At the close of this hymn there was a pause, and a woman rose and began, "My dear bruddren and sisters, I feel, I feel, I feel,"—then, apparently unable to find words, she burst into a hymn, in which the others joined.

"I'll tell you what de Lord done fer me;
Lord come an' water Zion;
He tuk my feet from de miry clay;
Lord come down.
Come down Lord an' water Zion,
Come along down."
"He sot my feet upon de rock;
Lord come an' water Zion;
An' gib me David's golden harp;
Lord come down.
Come down Lord an' water Zion,
Come along down."

Another sister followed, who after a lengthy expression of her feelings, closed by saying:

"I goes ter some churches, an' I sees all de folks settin' quiet an' still, like dey dunno what de Holy Sperit am. But I fin's in my Bible, that when a man or a 'ooman gets full ob de Holy Sperit, ef dey should hol' dar peace, de stones would cry out; an' ef de power ob God can make de stones cry out, how can it help makin' us poor creeturs cry out, who feels ter praise Him fer His mercy. Not make a noise! Why we makes a noise 'bout ebery ting else; but dey tells us we mustn't make no noise ter praise de Lord. I don't want no sich 'ligion as dat ar. I wants ter go ter Heaben in de good ole way. An' my bruddren an' sisters, I wants yer all ter pray fer me, dat when I gits ter Heaben I wont nebber come back 'gain."

As she took her seat, the congregation, as by one impulse sang:

"Oh! de way ter Heaben is a good ole way;
Oh! de way ter Heaben is a right ole way;
Oh! de good ole way is de right ole way;
Oh! I wants ter go ter Heaben in de good ole way."

Several of the sisters spoke, all closing with the same words: "I hopes yer'll all pray fer me, dat when I gits to Heaben, I wont nebber come back." The women, by the way, go upon the principle of "early and often," in speaking, and frequently in these meetings, monopolize the greater part of the time. It was some time before any of the brethren had a chance; at last, one, seizing an opportunity, exhorted every one to

"Git on board de ship ob Zion, an' take yer anchor wid yer. Dar's two kin's ob anchors, my fren's, dar's a ked-gin' anchor, an' dar's a bower anchor." (A voice from the crowd, "Yes, Lord,

sen' down bofe on 'em.") Take yer anchor, an' git on board de ship ob Zion. Git on board dat ole black steamer, fer she's a sailin' on, an' she'll git safe froo de swellin's ob Jerdan, an' run jam up agin de walls ob Heaben, an' lan' us all safe; an' we'll march up de golden streets to de tree ob life, singin' Hallelujah, Jerusalem."

Then from the hundreds of voices, rose the full, rich swell of, "Roll, Jordan roll," or as they pronounce it,—"Jerdan."

"King Jesus sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
Gabriel sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll.
Moses sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
'Lijah sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll."

So on through Bible history, till prophets and apostles, in successive verses, are gathered on the "tree of Life." To this company, they join their own friends, living or dead, it matters not:

"My fader sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
My mudder sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll.
My sister sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
My brudder sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll."

Then any others for whom they entertain special respect or affection, this part varying according to feelings and circumstances. Now they sang:

"Abe Lincoln sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll;
Gen'l Howard sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll."

They went through with most of the generals, and prominent men known as their friends; finally, having deposited Gen. Butler on the "tree of Life," to "Watch Jordan roll,"—a somewhat novel position, I thought, for that versatile gentleman,—they came to a pause. Some one in the audience seized the opportunity to start a hymn. Apparently, this was out of order, for he had not got through a line, when old Billy interrupted him:

"What yer start dat ar fer? Dat ain't no way t'all. Don't yer start nuffin' on'y what I tells yer."

Then he proceeded to "reform de brudren an' sistern, dat sis Sally Tolliver done 'ceased" (they never say a person is dead, always she "done 'ceased"), "dis ebenin at fo' 'clock, an' her funeral will be preach' in our place of wussup on Chuseday (Tuesday) ebenin. Sis Sally, as you all know, war a good 'ooman, an' she hab gone whar sickness an' sorrier am no mo', an' whar dey don't die no mo'. Sing now, all sing, 'Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

Then we heard that hymn, the strangest, wildest, most meaningless of all that the negroes sing, and at the same time, the one which seems to excite them the most powerfully, not so much I imagine, by the words, as the music, which is utterly indescribable, almost unearthly with its sudden changes, each one ushered in, by a long quavering shriek.

"Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
So my dear chillens don't yer fear,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"De Lord tole Moses what ter do,
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
Lead de chillen ob Is'el froo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"Come 'long Moses, don't git los',
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
I'll keep yer from de heat an' fros',
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"Git 'long Moses, don't fear ter go,
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
De Lord 'll guide yer heel an' toe,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"What shoes are dose dat yer do wear?
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
So I can walk upon de air,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"My shoes are washed in Jesus' blood,
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
An' I am trabbellin' home ter God,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
So my dear chillens don't yer fear,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'."

During the singing of this hymn, the excitement, which had been gradually increasing with each change in the exercises, reached its height. Men stamped, groaned, shouted, clapped their hands;

women shrieked and sobbed, two or three tore off their bonnets and threw them across the church, trampled their shawls under foot, and sprang into the air, it seemed almost to their own height, again and again, until they fell exhausted, and were carried to one side, where they lay stiff and rigid like the dead. No one paid them any farther attention, but wilder grew the excitement, louder the shrieks, more violent the stamping; while through and above it all,—over and over again,—each time faster and louder,—rose the refrain, "Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'!"

A fog seemed to fill the church; the lights burned dimly, the air was close, almost to suffocation; an invisible power seemed to hold us in its iron grasp; the excitement was working upon us also, and sent the blood surging in wild torrents to the brain, that reeled in darkened terror under the shock. A few moments more, and I think we should have shrieked in unison with the crowd.

We worked our way through the struggling mass, sometimes pushed and beaten back, by those who, with set eyeballs and rigid faces,—dead, for the time, to things external,—were not conscious what they did. With the first breath of cool night air upon our faces, the excitement vanished; but the strain upon the nervous system had been too great, for it to recover at once its usual tone. More than one of the party leaned against the wall, and burst into hysterical tears; even strong men were shaken, and stood trembling and exhausted.

It has been much the custom to look upon the excitement of these meetings, and its effects, as an amusing, serio-comic exhibition; but there is more than comic or amusing, there is something of the terrible, in a power that makes itself felt, alike by impressionable ignorance, and,—though not so quickly, as surely,—by the self-control and poise of character, the natural outgrowth of enlightenment, education, and knowledge of the truth. It is a humiliating admission, that the physical in great measure dominates the mental, but it is true. Nerves

of steel, and an iron will, might pass through such scenes unmoved; I cannot believe it possible of any nature cast in the common mould of our humanity.

The distinctive features of negro hymnology, are gradually disappearing, and with another generation will probably be obliterated entirely. The cause for this, lies in the education of the younger people. With increasing knowledge, comes growing appreciation of fitness and propriety, in this, as in everything else; and already they have learned to ridicule the extravagant preaching, the meaningless hymns, and the noisy singing of their elders. Not perhaps, as yet, to any great extent in the country; changes come always more slowly there, but in the cities, the young people have, in many cases, taken the matter into their own hands, formed choirs, adopted the hymns and tunes in use in the white churches, and strangers who go with the expectation of something novel and curious, are disappointed at having only ordinary church music.

A collection of negro hymns, will, a few years hence, be one of the "Curiosities of Literature." A fruitful question for the antiquarian will be, where and how did they originate? Were they composed as a whole, with deliberate arrangement and definite meaning, or are they fragments, caught here and there, and pieced into mosaic, haphazard as they come? Take, for instance, this:

"I looked inside ob Heaben,
An' dar I saw King Jesus a comin',
Wid a white a cater nappen tied 'roun' he wals,
Moses an' chillen wid de Lamb."

Was this the original wording and arrangement? If so, what visions or ideas could they have been, that thus fitly phrased themselves. We questioned several of the colored people as to the meaning of "cater nappen," but received no further explanation than, "Why, dat's jes' in de hymn."

Some of our old familiar hymns, they alter in most ludicrous fashion. The lines

"Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my moments roll,"

they render,

"Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
And see my eyeballs roll."

Watts and Newton would never recognize their productions through the transformations they have undergone at the hands of their colored admirers.

A hymn that is a particular favorite, they will sing several times in the course of a service, each time to a different tune; and the same with tunes; they will sometimes sing three or four hymns in succession, to a tune that especially pleases them. It frequently happens in such cases, that the hymn, and the tune will be in different metres; a long metre hymn will go stumbling over a short metre tune, or a hymn in short metre will be swallowed up by a tune twice as long as itself. In the latter case the words are stretched, and "drag their slow length along" over half a dozen notes, while in the former they rush along with a hop, skip and jump, that fairly takes one's breath away, and that constitutes one of the wonders of vocalism.

The colored people scarcely ever sing a hymn without a chorus, their favorite being, "Shall we know each other there?" This they sing with almost everything, sometimes in rather startling association, as,

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,—
Chorus—Shall we know each other,
Shall we know each other there?"

Or,

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,—
Chorus—Shall we know each other there?"

Or this, which is one of the most popular:

"Hell is a dark an' a drefful affair,
An' ef I war a sinner I wouldn't go dar,—
Chorus—Shall we know each other there?"

And they make almost all their hymns into this kind of patchwork, without apparently, the slightest perception of any incongruity in the sentiments thus joined together.

The question is frequently asked of teachers of freedmen,—that is, it is so far a question that it terminates in a mark of interrogation, but is really an affirmation with an upward inflexion, to which an assent is expected as a matter

of course;—"You find them a universally religious people, do you not?" I know that the answer, according with the honest belief, is generally—"Yes," and I know that I shall place myself in a small and unpopular minority by answering, "No;" yet, in reviewing my observations and experience, that is the only answer I can truthfully give.

Before going among the freedmen, I held in common with others, the idea that they were naturally religious, and that there was both reality and depth in their religious life. "Perfect through suffering," "purified in the fires," were in our minds; and we judged that they who had so greatly suffered must needs be thereby greatly purified, and raised to a higher plane of religious life, than we had attained. It seemed that those over whose heads "all the waves and the billows" of sorrow had closed in overwhelming flood, must have laid firm hold upon the only anchor that could sustain them; that those whose very souls were scorched by the "fiery trial" that tried them, must have drank deep draughts of the "Water of Life," to soothe their agony; that they, who could call nothing on earth their own, must have laid up for themselves abundant treasures in Heaven. And so thinking, we forgot that faith is born of knowledge, and that this was withheld from them; we forgot that their inability to read made the truths and teachings of the Bible a dead letter to most of them; that the only instruction they received was from men, ignorant as themselves, who jumbled together words and phrases only half caught and not at all understood, in one mass of senseless jargon; and that all their ideas of religion were gathered in noisy meetings, where those who shouted the loudest and jumped the highest, were the best Christians.

Our sympathy overruled our judgment, and led us into a great mistake in our work. In everything else we strove to teach and elevate the freedmen; in this, most important of all, we sat humbly down to be learners instead of teachers. The managers of the societies had the same idea, and frequently, when

teachers lamented the loss of church privileges, would say, "Why, you can go to the colored churches can you not?" never, apparently, suspecting that there might be any lack of food, mental or spiritual. It was a mistake born of reverence and humility, but nevertheless a mistake, and one that cannot now be remedied; for the moulding stage of freedom, when these people were as wax in our hands, has passed. By our presence and silence we sanctioned their extravagances; and they stand now self-confident, proof against remonstrance and instruction.

The question, "Are the colored people truly and deeply religious?" resolves itself into several other questions, which, considered separately, answer this, I think, conclusively.

Can an ignorant religion ever be a high type of religion? Many of these people are undoubtedly sincere; but the majority of them were ignorant as heathens of the objects and foundation of our faith. As one proof of this, I never met one of the freedmen, no matter what their life and character, who did not claim to be a Christian, hoping to "meet de face ob Heaben in peace." Other teachers, who have been much among them, have found it the same, and one of the most discouraging features in attempting to make any impression upon them. Opposition may in time be overcome; smiling acquiescence is almost hopeless. Easy assurance is the perfect fruit of utter ignorance, and one of its surest proofs.

"Is noisy exoitement a proof of religious feeling?" Yet this is almost the only way in which the religion of the colored people manifests itself. It is very easy to stamp and groan, and shout glory; not so easy to learn understandingly what glory means, and the way to obtain a "good hope" of it. It is easy to call, "jes' now, Lord, come jes' now," without the slightest idea of how the Lord they call upon, does really come, and dwell in the believing heart. It is easy to do and say almost any thing in the excitement of a crowd, and what is so said and done, cannot be taken as

the genuine feeling of the heart, nor as any proof of the life. The children in our schools would tell us sometimes: "Betty, or Milly, or Tom, done got 'ligion las' night;"—that is, they were so worked upon by the excitement around them, that they screamed and stamped (having the power they call it), until worn out, they were carried home exhausted and fainting. But that was religion as they understood it, and these children had got it.

Is the habitual use of religious expressions, a proof of real religion? The colored people constantly use such expressions, and this, I think, more than any thing else, misled those who were unaccustomed to them. But it will be asked, Are not such expressions prompted by religious feeling? Generally, I think not. Why do they use them, then? From habit. A person may not be the least a hypocrite, and yet use such expressions without thought or meaning. I have heard children on their way to school say, "I ain't late dis mornin', bress de Lord;" or boys at play, "I didn't loss dat ar marble, tank de Lord fer dat." What prompts these expressions? They repeat what they hear their elders say, and these again, speak after the fashion of their people.

Is regular attendance at church, proof of religious feeling? Not generally among the colored people. It must be remembered that religious meetings were the only change their life in slavery afforded; in fact, their one amusement. What wonder that they flocked to them; and that the pent-up feelings and emotions, found here, the expression that was denied elsewhere. But they go to the evening meetings, stamp, shout, have the "power" and "get religion," and the next day fight, and swear and steal, as they did before, without apparently the slightest recollection of last night's excitement; and at the next evening meeting, they will go through the same exercise, with precisely the same results.

But, it is asked, are there no Christians among them? Undoubtedly. There are many who seem to have been directly

taught of God, and who show the fruits of that teaching in their lives; but I have invariably found them among the quieter ones. Said an old woman, one of the "poor of this world, rich in faith:"

"Honey, I don't say dat ar ain't all right, but I can't feel ter do it. I used ter do it, an' I ra'ally b'liebed it was de Holy Sperit movin' me; but one day I war in a heap o' trouble, 'peared like nuffin' didn't gib me no comfort, an' I prayed to de Lord to comfort me hisself; an' 'peared like suffin' spoke right in my heart, soft an' quiet like, an' I 'membered how de Lord war not in de whirlwind, nor in de storm, but in de 'still, small voice;' an' I knowed dat ef He spoke ter us wid a still voice, He want us ter speak ter Him de same way. So, honey, sence dat ar time I nebber feelled one bit like hollerin' or stampin'."

And so I have almost invariably found it with those who were Christians in heart and life, as well as in profession.

One strong argument against the idea of natural religious feeling in the colored people, is the fact, that as they become educated, it generally decreases. The reaction from excitement to indifference, is natural and sure, and as the circumstances of their lives change this feeling is weakened. Those who have been always or for many years free, manifest

little of such disposition. It is a fact, painful but undeniable, that among the best educated of the colored people, there is a strong tendency to infidelity, which is, in a measure, forced on them by circumstances. A highly educated colored woman said, not long since, in answer to one who remonstrated with her on her neglect of religious services:

"I don't know whether I believe in anything or not. So far as I hear anything about religion, I don't see much to believe in. If I went to church, I might; but I am shut out from that. I won't go to the colored churches, for I'm only disgusted with bad grammar and worse pronunciation, and their horrible absurdities; I can't go to your churches, for if I am admitted at all, I am put away off in a dark corner, out of reach of everybody, as if I were some unclean thing, and I will not voluntarily place myself in such a position."

There are many in the same case, with the same bitter feelings, standing on the verge of infidelity.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Perhaps not. Nevertheless, the question may be asked one day, when shades of distinction are invisible in the light of eternity—by what right we shut out any human being, from participation in the knowledge of that truth, that was to be preached to "all men, everywhere."

IS DEATH PAINFUL?

THE moment of dying—that point of time when the spirit leaves the body—has almost universally been regarded as one of intense horror. Even those who have the brightest anticipations with reference to a future existence, consider death a fiery trial first to be experienced. The most encouraging of spiritual advisers have words of cheer after the river is crossed, but none to support in the act of crossing. So even Virgil tells of the delightful Elysian fields for the spirits of the blest, but does not palliate the horrors of the Stygian river, the leaky boat, the ill-man-

nered Charon, and the snarling Cerberus, which must first be met. Bunyan, after permitting his pilgrims to take their ease in the land of Beulah, allows even the most favored of them to experience some difficulty in fording the stream to the mansions of happiness. What a sea of trouble he would expect some renegade pilgrim from Vanity Fair to flounder through, he has left us to conjecture. The agony of death, the horrors of dying, are regarded as orthodox comparisons when we wish to illustrate something superlatively horrible. We sometimes hear a person, and one

who, possibly, has received a medical education, in descanting upon some instance of intense suffering, as if exhaling the aroma of the concentrated essence of all wisdom, gravely compare the torture experienced with the pain of death, supposing nothing more could be asked to cap the climax of severity.

Such has been the popular conviction. If, now, there is no just ground for it—if, on the contrary, there is reason to believe that the opposite is true—that dying usually is as painless and physically as pleasant as sinking into a sleep, let us, for the sake of nervous and affrighted humanity, seek for the evidence of it, and derive from it whatever consolation we can. As we all must make the experiment, let us, if we can, so fortify our minds by investigation, that we shall not "go, like the cowed slave, scourged to his dungeon," but so that, unscourged, and satisfied that there is really no dungeon, we shall truly "lie down to pleasant dreams."

The question arises, How did the popular impression, that death is physically painful, originate? Perhaps, as one of the constituents producing that instinctive dread of death which exists with animals of a lower as well as a higher order, it was intended by nature to preserve the species, by preventing a reckless exposure to destruction. If this is the case, the object of nature is accomplished when suffering prevents the commission of those injuries which lead to death. Nothing is gained in any individual case by keeping up the pain after death is certain, and the act of dying actually has commenced; and as nature does nothing more than is absolutely necessary to accomplish her ends, we may infer that pain ceases when it becomes useless. We deter others from the commission of similar crimes; a *mistaken* belief that there is physical suffering at the moment of death, is just as effectual as a well-grounded one. But it is more probable that the belief we speak of is produced by witnessing the phenomena that occur in the act of dying, and giving them an incorrect interpretation. In order to

point out popular mistakes, we must notice what these phenomena are, what they have been supposed to indicate, and what is their true signification.

The modes of dying are various; but there are classical cases, one of which may be taken as a type of all. For convenience, the period from complete health to the moment of death can be divided into different stages. The first is that in which the disease, or whatever wastes the vital powers, is actively at work. This stage varies in length. In chronic disease, it is a period perhaps of years; in acute, of days or weeks; but, in both, it is the period of entire consciousness, and a morbidly acute perception of the sensation of pain. In this stage, suffering is often such a prominent characteristic as almost to render the disease itself of a secondary importance. It is the period of struggle between nature and her antagonist, and continues until it is decided which is to win. It is not a dying stage, but is preliminary and essential to death, unless in those cases of sudden death, where the different stages are condensed in the single crash which annihilates at the instant. In the second stage, nature is yielding up the struggle with her enemy, who is now sure of success. The patient lies thoroughly exhausted with struggling, with consciousness and sensation perhaps yet present, perhaps gone—but, at least, going; if conscious at all, unwilling to be disturbed or aroused. The countenance now loses the expression it has worn through life, or that of suffering which it has assumed during the disease, and that ominous, indescribable look of vacuity appears, once seen never to be forgotten, which assures spectators that death is at hand, and leads to the significant and forcible, if not graceful expression, that "he has been struck with death." Bathed with perspiration, with pinched features, relaxed jaw, frequent and gasping breath, rapid and weak pulse, the victim lies, if conscious and strong enough to answer a question, complaining no longer of *pain*, but of being "tired." Conscious-

ness gradually disappears, and it may be that breathing ceases so imperceptibly that no one can tell the precise moment.

"We thought her dying while she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Or it may be that, just before the last breath, there are other phenomena which we will suppose to constitute a third stage, when, with a violent, convulsive movement of the frame, contortions of the countenance, and apparently a desperate struggle for breath, the scene closes.

Such are, most frequently, the phenomena of dying. We must interpret them ourselves, for the victim never returns to assist us. It is true, we have heard of a certain executioner in France, in accordance with a previous arrangement made with his victim, calling loudly in the ear of the head just severed from the body to give some sign if any suffering were experienced; but the head, perhaps from modesty as to answering for the trunk in its new relation, made no reply. Another rudely struck the face of a lady of rank just beheaded by the guillotine. It is said that a blush of indignation overspread the features; but inasmuch as a blush would probably be produced by an accelerated action of the heart, and as the heart at that time had no connection with the head or face, unfortunately for the romance of the story, it can hardly be true.

Now, in those cases where the breathing ends so imperceptibly that we can hardly be certain that it has ended at all, there certainly can be nothing to furnish ground for the popular impression that the moment of dying is one of physical suffering. But it is not strange that one unacquainted with the nature and cause of convulsions, and their effects under different circumstances, after witnessing the quiet and ease of the dying person just before death, and then, at the moment of death, noticing the truly unnatural and horrifying contortions of the countenance and convulsions of the body, should immediately suppose that they

were an evidence of extreme suffering. He could hardly be made to believe that the patient knew nothing of them, and suffered no pain.

But we must remember that

"It is as natural to die, as to be born;"

that there must be phenomena of some kind at death, as there are even when one falls asleep; that there is *a priori* no more reason to expect pain in one case than in the other; that the convulsions that occur at death are no evidence of suffering then, unless they are at other times such an evidence. But they are not. In epilepsy, we often see the most horrible convulsions persisting for hours, and the patient, recovering, invariably professes unconsciousness of all that has occurred. In some other cases, where there is consciousness, there is no pain, excepting the feeling of exhaustion from the violence of the exertion. Convulsions are simply the loss of control, from any cause whatever, which the will possesses over the numerous nerves—the telegraph wires running to all parts of the body to call the muscles into action. When, from any cause, the mind—the telegraphic operator, seated at the great central battery, the brain—loses its control, then at once the most absurd messages are sent with the greatest rapidity to all parts of the body; the most grotesque muscular movements occur in response; convulsions and contortions ensue, which bear the same relation to movements under control of the will that the vagaries of a maniac bear to the thoughts of a well-balanced mind. If, as is generally the case, consciousness has been absent during these convulsions, when it returns, and the will recovers its accustomed control, never is the mind aware of the commotion that has occurred during its absence, and never has there been experienced the slightest sensation of pain. What is more natural, in view of these facts, than to suppose that the convulsions and contortions which sometimes occur at the moment of death are not the result or an evidence of suffering, but simply the announcement of the fact that the mind

has finally deserted its seat of control at the nervous centre, and that with it have gone, as always before, sensation and consciousness; and that, as a consequence, the nerves are acting with their wonted disorder for the last time? If never before in such commotion has there been any suffering, is it natural to suppose that, in the convulsion of death, there is any evidence of it?

Still another ground for the belief that these convulsions are not an evidence of pain, is the fact that similar muscular movements can be reproduced after the patient is absolutely and unmistakably dead. The agent to be used is that invisible force, galvanism, between which and the nervous power there are many striking points of similarity. The late Professor Gilman, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, used to relate to his medical class that, when experiments with this agent were first attempted, he, with some of his medical brethren, having met with the good fortune of obtaining a subject fresh from the gallows, proceeded to experiment. They succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. Such vigorous and surprising movements of the limbs and the muscles of the face occurred, that, for a time, the resurrection was considered an accomplished fact, and the interest in the experiment, in a scientific point of view, was giving way before the question, requiring more immediate consideration, as to what methods might be taken to enable so lively a subject to escape the process of rendering satisfaction to the demands of justice a second time. It was soon discovered, however, that the majesty of the law had been fully vindicated. Professor D—, of the same school, would occasionally edify his class by experiments upon animals, illustrating the same principle. A decapitated frog would be presented, sitting firm and erect, with all the dignity that could be presented by a frog without a head. A slight shock from the conducting wire, and the animal would leap with as much agility and graceful precision as he ever could have exhibited in his native pud-

dle in his season of most buoyant health; and he would descend in position appropriate for the renewal of his efforts. Certainly, reflex movements of this character, which can be made to occur after death, ought not to be regarded as an evidence either of consciousness or sensation when they occur at the moment of death.

Another occasion for the belief that the dying moment is a painful one, is the fact that pain is the prominent characteristic of the first stage, and is almost always preliminary to death. As, in disease, the pain is acute, and as death is regarded simply as the culmination of disease, so the moment of death is considered the period of the climax of pain.

But if we find that pain has a useful object to serve, and that that object is accomplished *before* death occurs, is not the inference a proper one that suffering then ceases? The object of pain is purely benevolent—to warn us of danger, and to force us to take measures to avert it. If there is any exception to the rule, it is comprehended in the curse pronounced upon woman. Without pain to direct attention to the fact, half of our diseases would be undetected; and without it to force us to take rest, which is the great antidote, many more of them would go on to a fatal termination. It is the burglar-alarm to warn us when our premises are invaded. It is not an essential of disease, nor one of the elements of danger, as is so often thought; but its duty is, to give the signal so long as danger exists. It disappears simultaneously with the termination of the disease. It sometimes disappears while the disease continues, but then its departure is ominous of evil. It has gone, not because it has accomplished its object, but because it has failed to do so. The disease has triumphed in some particular part, and death of that portion is occurring, and suffering ceases because it can no longer be of use. Have we not a right to reason that, as it is in a part, so it will be in the whole? Is it not likely, reasoning from analogy, that all suffering

should cease when it is certain that death of the whole must take place? Perhaps this cessation of suffering takes place only a few moments before death, too late for any signal to that effect from the patient; but that it often does occur, we know from the grateful confession of many a sufferer; and is it not contrary to all reason to suppose that, after it once has ceased, it will make a useless onset again at the very last moment?

Reasons such as these are certainly a sufficient reply to merely a popular prejudice, of long standing though it may have been. But facts also tend to confirm the position that has been taken.

An instance coming under the personal observation of the writer is to the point. B——, a clerk in a store in New Haven, informed one of his brethren behind the counter that he intended to go in the cellar and hang himself, and accordingly started. His friend, after a short time, had occasion also to descend, as B—— well knew would be the case; and, to his surprise, found the unfortunate clerk suspended by the neck, and apparently dead. To cut the rope and convey him to the counter above, was the work of only a few moments. There, after the vigorous manipulations of physicians for about twenty minutes, he revived, but was informed by his medical attendants that three minutes longer in the peculiar position in which he had been found, would have terminated his period of service with his employers. After he had sufficiently recovered, he told his tale, and with enough of the fear of death, just escaped, before his eyes, to ensure its veracity. He had no intention of committing suicide, but, with the noose about the chin, while standing upon an almost invisible support, he intended, as a grim joke, to present the appearance of hanging to the clerk who was shortly to descend to the cellar. Unfortunately for his plan, the support on which he was standing fell from beneath his feet, the noose slipped below the chin, and he actually was suspended by the neck. Now comes that which

may be of interest by way of argument. At first he experienced decided discomfort from the pressure of the rope, and a difficulty of breathing; but soon all pain either ceased, or was unnoticed in his efforts to escape. He first attempted to lift himself by grasping the rope above his head, but failed. Thinking of a pair of scissors in his vest-pocket, he next attempted to cut the rope; but, while working vigorously in this way, his vision failed, his grasp upon the cutting instrument relaxed, and he heard it drop to the floor, and consciousness was gone, until it returned as he was lying upon the counter. Here we have the unvarnished tale of one who, to all practical purposes, had experienced the delights of hanging. It can be assumed that he never would have experienced more pain if he had remained hanging until dead; for sensation and consciousness had gone, and, as their disappearance depended on a certain condition produced by the pressure of the rope, it is fair to presume that they would have remained absent so long as that pressure continued. His pain was not great, and by no means the imagined pain of the dying moment, for that moment did not occur; and it actually decreased and disappeared as death was approaching. The contortions and convulsions which are supposed to indicate such horrible suffering, and which he may have been the subject of before he was discovered, took place, if at all, only after his loss of consciousness; for he controlled the movements of the muscles of the arm up to that time. That which, to the spectator, would have appeared the time of greatest torture, was to him a period of complete oblivion.

In many instances, persons have been recovered from drowning who have remained in the water after all consciousness was gone, and so long that hours may have elapsed before any sign of life could be discovered. They invariably tell the same tale. They say that the sense of danger, the instinctive dread of death, the first feelings of suffocation, are not pleasant; but they do not expatiate at all upon the great pain even

of these preliminary phenomena. This stage passes by, and then comes another period, when, instead of the horrors they are expected to relate of the approach of death, they only tell of the scenes of their bygone life passing in rapid review, with vivid distinctness, before their mental vision—of the experience of years crowded, as it were, in a few moments, so as completely to absorb their attention. They speak of delightful visions, beautiful phantasms, and musical murmuring sounds; and these fascinations are the last of their recollections, until the rough methods of restoring consciousness remind them of the fact that they are still in a world of trouble. Now, who can pretend that they have not experienced all that is to be met with in the act of dying? It is not only improbable, but impossible, that it should be otherwise. That stage of semi-consciousness, of loss of sensation, of dreamy review, of beautiful visions, results from a certain condition of the brain—a congestion, perhaps—which always occurs, and must occur, in cases in which oxygen is not supplied to the lungs; and therefore, in every case of death by suffocation, in whatever form. As the cause continues and increases in intensity, so must the effect. As the air is more and more entirely excluded from the lungs, so must the loss of sensation and consciousness become more and more complete, until both are gone; and they can never return so long as the cause of their removal remains at work.

Such, then, are not the pains, but the pleasures, of dying. The pain, we assume to be preliminary to death, and mostly the constituent of what has been called the first stage. It may be produced by the tedious wasting of the chronic, or the fierce onset of the acute disease, by the bullet, the knife, or the rope.

"Many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to the sense
More terrible at the entrance than within."

But when nature begins to yield the struggle with her antagonist, then we assume that pain begins to subside.

This period we call the second stage, and, short though it may be, we assume that it exists, and, in it, little or no pain. Now the brain, either deprived of its wonted supply of blood, or furnished with blood poisonous for want of air, allows sensation to become blunted, and, not equal to the task of connected thought, originates those delirious fancies which furnish the delight of opium-eating and intoxication. This may be said with truth, for the physical effects of opium, alcohol, and chloroform, upon the brain, are the same as those produced by suffocation. In all these cases, oxygen is deficient in the blood. In this stage of semi-delirium occur occasionally those bright visions of angels and of spirits of departed friends, and those sounds of sweet music from which surrounding friends are wont to solace themselves with brighter hopes for the departed. In certain temperaments the visions are of an opposite character, as is also sometimes the case in intoxication from other causes. In this stage, the dying person appears to be rapidly sinking, for the most part unconscious of his surroundings, unwilling to be aroused from his delightful trance, but exhibiting by his countenance but little of what is passing in his mind. In the third stage, if it occurs, we assume that consciousness and sensation are entirely gone; that the convulsions are only the automatic movements of an animal organization after its spiritual occupant has left, and that, therefore, the act of dying is not painful.

A story is told of a certain criminal who had experienced all the legal formalities of a death upon the gallows. He had been suspended by the neck, and was pronounced dead in due form by the physicians. His apparently inanimate body found its way, as is sometimes the case, to a neighboring dissecting-room. There, in the midst of incipient anatomists and future surgeons, stimulated by the first few pricks of the scalpel, to their utter surprise and indignation, he returned to life. His subsequent conduct might be regarded

as peculiar under the circumstances. Instead of expressing delight at his resurrection, as might have been expected, he poured a shower of imprecations on the heads of those surrounding him for arousing him from such a pleasant trance as he had experienced. This anecdote may serve as an illustration of some things that have been said, though its truth is not vouched for. In respect to credibility, it may be classified with another, which relates how Peter the Great sailed across the Dead Sea in a lead coffin, carrying his head under his arm. The man evidently had never been dead; for, judging from his profanity, and what we knew of his antecedents, the temperature of his post-mortem abode would have been such as to have made the cooler atmosphere of a dissecting-room highly desirable.

Leaving the anecdote just related out of consideration, we infer, from all that has been said, that the convulsive efforts of the criminal undergoing execution on the gallows, upon which newspaper reporters dilate as an evidence of extreme suffering and as an argument against capital punishment, and from which the spectators estimate the precise amount of torture the victim is undergoing, take place either when the poor wretch is in a complete oblivion of all his surroundings, or in that state of delirious dreaming and freedom from sensation which would make the idea of "dancing upon a tight rope" not entirely incompatible with his mental condition. The shock of the sudden drop, in ordinary cases of death upon the gallows, is probably severe enough to stupefy the victim; and insensibility from this cause occupies the first stage, otherwise one of sensation and consciousness. Before sensibility has had time to return, he is in the second stage, the period of visions and hallucination, and this is all he experiences, whatever convulsions his frame may be undergoing. These convulsions do not occur, if a certain portion of the spinal cord near the base of the brain is injured—if that, which is popularly supposed to be fracture of the neck, takes

place. When this occurs, all motion is prevented, and the man not only dies, but the muscles are deprived of the power of giving any indication of what is going on, or any evidence of suffering, if we suppose convulsive movements indicate suffering. The class of a certain professor already mentioned have often witnessed the surprising precision and celerity with which he thrusts his sharp steel point to the vital portion of the spinal cord, in physiological experiments upon some of the canine tribe. The animal would hardly have time for a squeak, but would be motionless and dead, apparently, without dying. Mr. Bergh would have been delighted to discover that so sudden a death was possible; as would perhaps also be any unfortunate dog who, chained to the leg of the professorial table, was awaiting his turn to become the victim to science.

It is likely that that process, not of dying, but of approaching death, is most painful which most prolongs the first stage, in which nature is struggling to maintain her foothold. Therefore that which has long been regarded as a fact, is indeed true, that crucifixion is one of the most painful modes by which death can be produced; for the first stage, which, in this method, is one of excruciating pain, is very much prolonged.

A favorite mode of committing suicide in France, is to go to sleep in a small room having no means of ventilation, in which there is a fire of slowly-burning charcoal. The air gradually becomes so impure that it cannot furnish the lungs with the amount of oxygen requisite to support life, and death occurs as from suffocation; but so gradual is the process, that any discomfort the victim may experience is not sufficient to waken him, and the dreams of death become commingled with those of a sleep which never terminates.

It is when nature is struggling to resist the approach of death that there is pain. In death from old age there is no such struggle. Nature yields, because the time to do so has come. The

machine has been actually worn out, and it is not necessary to rudely break it by violence. There is, then, no first stage, unless the whole period of life may be so called; but the dreamy, quiet, second stage creeps over the aged person, and, without any appearance of pain, he sinks to his rest. As affording some countenance to what we have attempted to prove, we are glad to quote the words of an eminent medical author and teacher of Edinburgh, Dr. W. Aitken: "Death by extreme old age may be considered, in many instances, as the desirable end of a long-continued, and, perhaps, a dreary journey. The sufferer appears to fall asleep, as he might do after severe fatigue. The long and weary journey of life is thus often brought to a close with little apparent derangement of the ordinary mental powers; the final scene is often brief, and the phenomena of dying are almost imperceptible. The senses fail as if sleep were about to supervene; the perceptions become gradually more and more obtuse, and, by degrees, the aged man seems to pass into his final slumber. We scarce can tell the precise instant at which the solemn change from life to death has been completed. Sensation fails first, then voluntary motion; but the powers of involuntary muscular contraction, under the excitement of some external stimulus, may continue for some time longer to be freely expressed. The blood generally ceases first to be propelled to the extremities. The pulsations of the heart become less and less efficient. The blood fails to complete its circuit, so that the feet and hands become cold as the blood leaves them, and the decline of temperature gradually advances to the central parts.

Thus far the act of dying seems to be as painless as falling asleep; and those who have recovered after apparent death from drowning, and after sensation has been totally lost, assert that they have experienced no pain. What is called significantly the *agony of death*, may therefore be presumed to be purely automatic, and therefore unfelt. The mind, doubtless, at that solemn moment, may be absorbed with that instantaneous review of impressions made upon the brain in bygone times, and which are said to present themselves with such overwhelming power, vividness, and force, that, in the words of Montaigne, 'we appear to lose, with little anxiety, the consciousness of light and of ourselves.' At such a time, the vivid impressions of a life well spent must constitute that *euthanasia*—that happy death—to be desired by all."

" 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.' * * *

"The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

"Nature instantly ebb'd again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on? No."

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.

[CONTINUED.]

ETHELBERT AND CHARLOTTE.

AFTER the visit to the school, Ethelbert came frequently to see Charlotte, sometimes with the Lauderdales, sometimes with Margaret, sometimes alone. They talked endlessly together, anywhere, everywhere, in the house or the garden, on the piazza, on the lawn, in any place that their floating fancies rooted, and which these soon covered with pleasant blooms. One day Charlotte led Ethelbert to her beech grove.

"The beech is my favorite tree," she said, "it reminds me of a man at once strong and flexible, polished and naive."

"The beech is too refined for a man," returned Ethelbert; "only in women ever occurs that rare union of free, unconscious strength, and exquisite delicacy of texture."

"The union is certainly rare. Women are always either too strong or too feeble."

"How is it possible to be too strong?"

"Nothing easier," persisted Charlotte, with a touch of the perversity that always eminently distinguished her. "Women's strength should be as well covered as their bones. The appearance of either on the surface is extremely ungraceful and unbecoming."

"Women always malign their own sex," observed Ethelbert, with a puzzled air. "I cannot imagine why."

Charlotte looked at him sideways for a second, and then changed the conversation.

"I have been advised many times to fell some of my beeches, but I cannot do it. It cuts me to the heart to kill a tree."

"Oh, you are right," exclaimed Ethelbert, "you cannot tell how much they may suffer."

"Ah! now you go too far. I have no idea that the trees feel anything."

"Certainly they do. They are living

beings, and who lives, feels, enjoys, and suffers. They do not speak to us, they are too dignified to complain aloud, but they look at us reproachfully as they fall, like the eyes of dumb deer, stricken by the hunter."

"You have learned to understand the trees, then?"

"I dare not say that, but I recognize a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these dumb creatures, whose thoughts we must first divine, and afterward defend. Brazen lungs and fluent lips can take care of themselves, and are therefore much less interesting."

"Oh, Mr. Allston," exclaimed Charlotte, laughing, "you talk too much yourself to have a right to despise talkative people."

"Despise them! No, indeed,—only I do not attempt to take care of them. We must devote our tongues to the service of delicate natures, who hesitate to speak for themselves."

"You wish to do that, therefore you think you like it the best. Are your tastes always in such convenient accord with your duties?"

"I confess I cannot imagine myself seeing that one thing is right and best, and seriously wishing another."

"Do your ideas convert your sentiments, or your sentiments sophisticate your ideas?"

"Neither," returned Ethelbert, a little impatiently, "I do not understand such anarchic divisions in the nature of the same person. I, like every one else, am attracted toward one thing or another, the whole of me,—not one part this way and another that. What I believe, I like; what I like I believe, I desire, I work for. Why, it is self-evident, it is impossible to do otherwise."

"You are as single-natured as a diamond," thought Charlotte. But, aloud, she rallied Ethelbert on the facility of

his virtue, until he forcibly changed the subject of conversation.

Gerald, who also came frequently to see Charlotte, did not fail to notice Ethelbert's visits.

"You seem to see a good deal of Allston," he observed, one day, with an air of extreme nonchalance.

Charlotte yawned before replying, then answered in a lifeless tone, "Yes, he comes here a good deal. He prefers my green-house to Mrs. Lauderdale's."

"I wish you would make him a present of your green-house, and let him carry it away with him. I will give you another."

"Mr. Allston does not expect to leave at present. He is quite domiciled at the Lauderales',—even Madame is charmed with him. I believe he will stay there and finish his book."

"But the green-house might be an inducement to him to go away."

"Gerald," said Charlotte icily, "I will thank you not to dispose of my green-house, or of any thing else belonging to me. I believe you said you expected to ride down the Crofton road this afternoon; I will trouble you to leave a letter for me on the way, and if you will excuse me, I will write it now."

Gerald disposed of, Charlotte bent her steps toward her neighbor's hospitable mansion. On the avenue she met Grace Lauderdale, carrying a remarkably ugly doll in her arms. The imp that generally possessed the child, seemed to-day to be chained, or rather softened; she lavished on the doll many tender caresses.

"I thought you meant to throw that doll away?" said Charlotte.

"So I did. But Mr. Allston told me that if I had a little girl who was ugly and broken-nosed like this one, I should want to love her all the more because other people might neglect her. He said I should comfort my doll for her ugliness, and not throw her away. I do love her now,—better than the crying baby."

Charlotte found Mrs. Lauderdale seated with her guest in the summer parlor, near the open French window. She paused on the piazza.

"It has been said," she observed, "that the human race is not yet sufficiently advanced to carry on a conversation between three persons."

"But we always flatter ourselves that we are exceptions to such general rules," said Ethelbert, rising to let Charlotte pass and receive Mrs. Lauderdale's greeting.

"Charlotte," cried the good lady, in her usual audible tones; "you always come just in time. You will help me scold Mr. Allston; and as you have more gift of the gab than I have, perhaps you may convince him."

"What is the matter? Has Mr. Allston been robbing the hen-roost?"

"I wish he had. But that is just the trouble. I cannot get him to eat enough, and I know it annoys Mr. Lauderdale. If he does not have enough to eat at home, that is no reason why he should starve in the midst of abundance."

Charlotte colored furiously at this speech, and looked at the floor, to avoid meeting Ethelbert's eyes. But he seemed to be not in the least disconcerted.

"Mrs. Lauderdale overwhelms me with her kindness," said Ethelbert, in his sincere, cordial voice. "My appetite would be prodigious indeed, if it could respond to all the appeals of her bountiful table. There is a great difference in the amount of food required by different constitutions."

Mrs. Lauderdale opened her mouth for an energetic reply, when a servant summoned her away on some domestic business.

"Are you under a vow?" asked Charlotte, when she and Ethelbert were left alone.

He looked at her askance, with that naïve shyness so often seen in horses, and so seldom in men. Charlotte, emboldened, persisted further,

"I begin to believe that you are. I wish you would tell me what it is. I will not betray you."

"Vow is too dignified; too absolute a term. But I acknowledge that, some time ago, I made a certain resolution, which I have kept until it has grown rather difficult to break."

"What is it?"

He hesitated again a moment, then answered: "Mrs. Lauderdale's surmise, though wide of the truth at present, is correct as regards a certain period in the past. At one time I did not have enough to eat, and the circumstances made such an impression upon me, that I resolved henceforth never to eat a meal without furnishing its equivalent to another person. Owing to the narrowness of my means, this resolution obliged me for some time to live with considerable frugality; and even now, though I have all that is necessary, I could not afford to be an Apicius for two. Besides, habit has rendered an abundance of rich food really disagreeable to me, a fact that my kind hostess cannot understand. That is all."

"All!" repeated Charlotte. She considered Ethelbert's stoicism scarcely less absurd than his theory about trees; but, at a certain stage of our relations with other people, nothing is so delicious to us as their absurdities.

Ethelbert, apparently relieved that Charlotte did not extend her inquiries, now proposed a walk, to which she readily assented, and allowed herself to be drifted away to impersonal topics. As they emerged from the park, she observed,

"What you said just now, reminds me of a sentence I read the other day in your book."

"Ah!" said Ethelbert, in a tone of such unaffected indifference as would have effectually repelled most people from going further. But nothing ever stopped Charlotte when she was once launched in the pursuit of an idea. She continued to talk about the book, and with feminine tact to insinuate praise and appreciation so skillfully, that the shy author was pleased and warmed in spite of himself. When he had begun to talk freely, Charlotte said,

"One of the chapters that interested me the most, is that where you describe the sensations of a starving man. Is your analysis based upon a personal experience?"

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"During the first months of my exile, I remember that I once passed three days without food."

"Horrible! What did you do?"

"I was very hungry."

"Of course; but what did you do? People don't sit still and starve."

"That depends. I believe, I came very near doing so. I know I passed the first day in cudgelling my brains to hit upon a scheme for getting work and food. The second, I began to suffer from the abstinence, and it occurred to me I could best employ my time by recording the sensations experienced in so novel a situation. The third day, I suppose my head must have been affected; for I became perfectly apathetic to my fate, and even loathed the thought of food. I remember my astonishment when I discovered how quickly the habit of eating, and even of living, could be broken up."

"What saved you?"

"A tract missionary, making his rounds in the house, knocked at my door. He must have been accustomed to deal with people in extremities, for, as he handed me one of his little pamphlets, he asked me if I had been out of work for a long time. I explained to him the position, though with some difficulty, for my head swam, and I had an absurd idea all the time I talked, that I was discussing the merits of the sermon he had given me. The missionary was a kind man, and expressed a concern that greatly surprised me, who had forgotten all concern for myself. He proposed that I should accept a position just left vacant, as assistant tract visitor, and which commanded a small monthly stipend. I declined this friendly offer.

"I fully appreciate your kindness," I said, "and sympathize with your efforts to enlighten people according to your belief. But I must frankly confess that it is not mine, and I cannot consent to earn my bread by working for ideas in which I do not believe."

"I know, you foreigners never believe anything," he answered, "and that is one reason I want you to take this place. By engaging in the work, you will be-

come gently converted before you are aware of it.'

"I naturally insisted, however, that conversion must take place first.

"'But you will starve!' exclaimed the missionary.

"To this I had nothing to say, and so said nothing. The good man stood looking at me for several minutes in great perplexity, while I was impolite enough to sit down myself, for I was really too faint to stand. At last he said,

"'This is outrageous! A man must eat his dinner, whatever happens. Come home with me.'

"I went; my friend had a wife and four children, to be fed and clothed out of a colporteur's salary. We ate herrings and dry bread for dinner, which I should have enjoyed supremely, had it not seemed to me that my host and his wife ate less than they needed, so as to leave more for the children and myself."

"Where did you dine the next day?"

"At the same table, but this time I paid my board. For the colporteur, finding that I was still obstinate on the missionary question, contrived to procure me a place as porter in a bookstore."

Charlotte glanced at Ethelbert's hands.

"You did not stay long in that position?"

"No; I was soon engaged as foreign correspondent, and from that time every thing went smoothly enough. I continued to board in the family of my preserver, and we became most excellent friends. I know he secretly counted upon my conversion, up to the day I left, and I always feel an odd sort of remorse, that I was unable to requite the great kindness of the good man with the single reward he desired so fervently."

They had reached a cross-road in their walk, and just as Ethelbert ceased speaking, a boy rushed down the hill and ran up to them, crying, and volubly entreating assistance. Ethelbert laid his hand on the shaggy head,

"What is the matter? Do not be frightened, we will help you."

"The wagon—the horses—the driver—drunk," sobbed the child, jerking out his information with heaving breast.

"I will go back with you," said Ethelbert, "you will excuse me?" he added to Charlotte.

Now, Charlotte's instincts all tended to hurry her also to the scene of disaster. But on this occasion she was conscious that the pleasure of helping Ethelbert would decidedly predominate over the pleasure of helping the people in distress, and of this consciousness she was much ashamed. The ostrich-like impulse which teaches women to conceal whatever is nearest to them, from the belief that it is on that account most apparent to others, intervened therefore, and imposed passivity.

"I will wait for you here," answered Charlotte, and as Ethelbert walked away, tormented herself to decide whether or no he had seemed surprised at her indifference.

Seated on a well-shaded stone by the roadside, Charlotte had plenty of time to reflect over the story she had just heard, and upon which all her thoughts concentrated themselves, in complete oblivion of the neighboring catastrophe.

There is a monotonous theory extremely current in modern novels, according to which love in women depends exclusively upon the recognition of superior force, by which they delight to acknowledge themselves mastered. This theory is a sort of refined sublimation of the history of William the Conqueror, who is said to have succeeded in his wooing by dint of vigorous fisticuffs, administered to his coy beloved. Like many other theories, it chiefly errs in being too exclusive. A person's loving constitutes the most powerful expression of the predominant bias of his character. It is determined, not only by his ruling taste, but by the opportunity offered to exercise his ruling energies and capacities. People who like to be taken care of, love those whom they instinctively feel to be the best suited for the purpose. But strength craves, as its first necessity, the opportunity to afford protection, and strong people, whether men or women, may be irresistibly attracted to loving a person whom they feel themselves particularly able to protect.

There is a certain matrimonial combination, not unfrequently observed, and which occasions perhaps the happiest of all average marriages. In this the wife, conscious of great intellectual inferiority to her husband, is equally conscious of superior ability in practical affairs, of which, therefore, she wisely assumes the control. She has the greatest faith in the value of her husband's eloquence, but not the least in that of his theories, and carefully prevents their application to common life. She listens to his poems or his sermons, with contented lack of comprehension, but her solid reliance is placed on the glass of mulled wine to be taken after the preaching, or the well-warmed blankets that shall receive the exhausted scholar, fallen from soaring midnight meditations. Repeated experience has convinced her that the material, which constitutes her province, is the real base and substance of the ideal in which her husband's intellect is absorbed. By a curious double contradiction, she nevertheless continues to idealize the material that she manages in the interests of love, and to despise the unpractical faculties which fills her heart with glory whenever she thinks of her husband. Him, it is the business of her life, to save, to look after, to protect. Not she, "a vine the oak has shaken off," but rather a sturdy barn, over which, by a happy chance, has grown a dark-green ivy.

This simple conception of things may be enlarged by successive scales of character, but it will often be found where least expected, the snug nucleus of the most exalted wifely affection. The weaknesses or caprices of women may lead them in a hundred directions; but their strength, as soon as developed, almost always tends toward the primitive maternal instinct, the most profound element of their natures. To them, therefore, protection means cherishing, fostering, with brooding individual care, such as the deep-bosomed Ceres bestowed on the children she met during her long wanderings after Proserpine.

This was the nucleus of Charlotte's thoughts, repeated many times in exactly these words:

"What a pleasure it would be, to provide such a man with plenty to eat for all the rest of his life!"

Around this nucleus presently clustered a host of ideas, wishes, whims, fancies, dreaming over which Charlotte beguiled an hour agreeably enough. But then she began to grow impatient for Ethelbert's return. She waited yet a while longer, and finally walked off in a fit of indignation.

"He might at least have sent me word that he should not come back this side of midnight," she grumbled.

It had been agreed that Charlotte should take tea that evening with Mrs. Lauderdale. But when she reached the house, she found that the hostess and her husband had gone out to drive, and had left a message begging her to make herself at home as usual. The intimacy of the relations between the neighbors quite justified such easy arrangements, and Charlotte, in her present disturbed mood, was glad enough to be alone. She settled herself in the drawing-room, at the window that looked down the avenue, and professed to read, but the leaves of the book remained unturned, uncut.

It was nearly sunset when Ethelbert made his appearance. Charlotte espied him far down the avenue, and noticed that he had taken off his coat, and that his head was bound up in a handkerchief. At some distance from the house, he stopped, took off the handkerchief, and wiped his forehead carefully, as if to remove traces of blood, then crossed the lawn to avoid the drawing-room window, and entered the house by a side door.

The dusk had begun to fall when Ethelbert finally came into the parlor, where Charlotte still sat alone. He bowed when he saw her, but instead of speaking, carried a book to the opposite window, and began to read by the fading light. Charlotte, much piqued at this behavior, waited to hear some account of the accident, or explanation of Ethelbert's lengthened absence; but as neither were volunteered, she asked the question:

"Did you succeed in helping the people out of their difficulties?"

"Yes; I believe it is all right now."

Another silence.

"You stayed a long time."

"I know it. But it was absolutely necessary."

"If Gerald had been in your place, Mr. Allston," said Charlotte, pettishly, "he would have been overwhelmed with remorse that he had left me to walk home alone."

"Oh, I think not. You know you were perfectly able to do so; while that poor woman was quite helpless."

Charlotte made no further attempt to continue this conversation, but presently left the room and hunted for Margaret. To tell the truth, she felt rather lonely, and the twilight had become hateful to her.

"Well, your Mr. Allston is at least insufferably rude," she exclaimed. "He leaves me in the middle of the road in the most cavalier fashion, and then never vouchsafes an explanation, not to speak of an apology."

"Why," said Margaret, surprised, "don't you know what detained him?"

"He has not condescended to tell me a word. For all I know, he has been piping to Mr. Fenton's lame shepherdess. He said the woman was helpless."

"It is because he has done so much that he says nothing about it. It seems that a man was bringing his sick wife from Reading, to consult a physician here. The driver drank at all the taverns on the road, until he became completely intoxicated, and frightened his horses, who ran away and overset the wagon in a ditch. The woman fainted, her husband trying to extricate her from the wagon, was attacked by the driver in a drunken fury, and the two men were fighting desperately when Mr. Allston came up. He succeeded in drawing off the aggressor—though not before he himself had received a wound in the forehead from the fellow's knife. He then assisted to right the wagon, and to carry the woman to the nearest farmhouse. The poor husband, relieved from his first alarm, was then in despair, because his new coat, in which he expected to call upon the doctor, was torn and

covered with mud. Mr. Allston took off his own, and gave it to him to keep as long as he had need of it. He might return it, he said, when he was ready to go home."

"How did you hear all this?"

"One of the men-servants here happened to pass the spot just as the fight was over, and took charge of the drunken bully. This was fortunate; for Mr. Allston is not very strong, and might have been vanquished in a prolonged encounter."

"I think he might have told me," said Charlotte. "He might have known that I should have been interested."

"I can, however, well understand why he did not. Are you not going down-stairs?"

"Yes; if you will come with me."

Charlotte stole into the drawing-room behind Margaret, half afraid to encounter Ethelbert again. But the dusk had vanished, the Lauderdales had returned, the room was blazing with light,—and Ethelbert engaged in hot discussion with his host concerning the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and the new expedition to the North Pole.

AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

The ripe July days received each his bounty at the hands of generous Time, and departed, laden with unspeakable riches; August succeeded in the wealthy summer, and skies, slumberous with piled illumined clouds and golden hazes, that hushed the world in a warm trance, replaced the unshadowed brightness of July.

Human beings move and grow with the summer. Happy would it be at times, if they could be placed side by side, with the certainty of remaining in the same indifferent tranquillity at the end of months and years. But they are too active, too living, these troublesome human natures—they push forth roots, like seeds cast into a nourishing soil,—and in a week, in a day, may become identified for life or death with the spot of ground upon which they have been thrown by accident or ill fortune or caprice.

I have no intention of describing in greater detail the life led by Charlotte and Gerald, and Ethelbert and Margaret. I hasten by these weeks of ripening summer, as through a fragrant lawn, toward the goal to which it leads directly. Goal, however, entirely ignored by the unwary travellers at the moment that they were first allured into its winding pleasantnesses.

Late one afternoon, Gerald and Ethelbert took tea with Charlotte; and afterward the three sat together in the twilight, watching the slow arrival of the stars as they climbed, one by one, into the deep heavens. Gerald, as was often his habit in the twilight, amused himself at the piano, touching the keys so lightly that the strain, but half evoked, faded away at the moment. Charlotte and Ethelbert, in the bay window, talked of many things, of books, and finally of that strange book, Richter's Titan.

"In reading Richter," said Charlotte, "I believe it is necessary to forget all considerations of ordinary morality. The ease with which the hero of Titan passes from one of those unfortunate women to another, would be perfectly shocking but for the unconsciousness of the author. It never occurs to him that there is any thing reprehensible in such philosophic indifference, or such facile adaptability to circumstances."

"Richter states facts, and does not concern himself about their moral. All experience teaches that the complete absorption of one person's life in that of another is, fortunately, very exceptional. That the most profound griefs may be healed, and even forgotten, and that a person who continues to live after the ruin of an old love, may be quite capable and quite worthy of a new. It is only boys and girls who imagine that an entire life can be expended at a single throw."

"I am glad when you say that," said Charlotte, rather shyly; "because I have often been ashamed of a secret consciousness that I myself could never be so concentrated as poetical theories deem necessary. Do you know, much as I blame the hero of Titan, I am not sure

that, in his place I should not have acted in precisely the same manner? But I am much ashamed to feel so."

"Ashamed to know that you never would die of a broken heart? That you have sufficient force and vitality to renew your life after any disaster? Really I should consider that a great cause for congratulation."

"Only that such a nature secures its happiness somewhat at the expense of its dignity and depth. I often compare myself to a river that has acquired breadth by overflowing the meadows on either side, but is extremely shallow to the line and plummet."

"O Charlotte," cried Gerald, abandoning the piano, and running to the window; "do not say that you are shallow! That pains me too much! I cannot believe that it is true."

"Shallowness and depth," said Ethelbert, "are relative terms. On the meadow, the river is indeed shallower than itself in its own place; but there it may be infinitely deeper than many narrow streams, shut up immovably between adamant walls that prevent expanse."

Charlotte felt grateful toward Ethelbert, and proportionately cold to Gerald, who had not been ingenious enough to give this turn to her metaphor. He, however, was also relieved by the explanation.

"That is exactly true," he exclaimed. "And the streams between adamant walls represent such people as Margaret Burnham."

"She seems indeed to have been repressed all her life," observed Ethelbert.

"Yes, indeed," said Charlotte, "and perhaps never more than now. The Lauderdales don't understand her, the children hate her,—nobody in the house loves her,—and she freezes in an atmosphere at once averse and chilly."

Ethelbert sprang to his feet, and walked back and forth a few steps, as was his fashion when excited. A new idea seemed to sway him, body and soul.

"Now, how can any one look at Margaret Burnham and not love her," he exclaimed, vehemently.

A keen pain shot through Charlotte's

heart. She looked at Ethelbert's face, animated with indignation, but open and cool. No secret struggled for concealment or expression, no passion cloaked itself in friendly words.

"He does not love her," said Charlotte to herself, after a moment's jealous scrutiny. "But that would not prevent him from marrying her."

"But that would not prevent him from marrying her."

These words rang through Charlotte's brain after her visitors were gone, and deafened her as by some harsh metallic clanging. She went down into the garden, and paced restlessly in the dusk. But the words, instead of being deadened by the physical exercise, acquired fresh vitality every moment, and writhed viciously, like snakes warmed at the fire. Presently they had gnawed away innumerable coverlids in which a secret lay concealed even from Charlotte's own consciousness,—and which, bare and bold, now looked straight up into her eyes, and forcibly claimed recognition.

Charlotte knew then, fully and irrecoverably, that she loved Ethelbert.

The first moment of this new knowledge, she was thoroughly frightened. She put her fingers in her ears, as if to shut out the intruding assertion, and ran so violently along the garden path, as to arrest all thinking. But as soon as she stopped, out of breath, the assertion reappeared, like the face of a drowned man, when the troubled waters have calmed themselves.

Charlotte did not in the least doubt that it would be a good thing for Ethelbert to marry Margaret. She pictured to herself—as she imagined that Ethelbert might be doing at that very moment—how Margaret's pale life would brighten with rosy color, embraced by his delicate tenderness, how all the tedious years of her youth would be forgotten in the safe happiness that for the first time would be her portion. Neither would Ethelbert be sacrificed. Instead of the factory-girl predicted by Mr. Lauderdale, he would be matched with a refined, delicate, intelligent woman, capable of appreciating him, of second-

ing him in all his labors, of calling into play some of the noblest faculties of his nature. Charlotte felt that the very affluence of her own life subtly repelled Ethelbert from herself. He had so few things to give, that he was careful not to waste his love where it would not be needed. He reserved himself for the solitary, the dumb creatures, whose thoughts he must first divine and afterward defend. With him, love was an opportunity for exercising his predominant energies, it was less love than loving. He resembled Charlotte in his fashion of reasoning in this matter, in the fact of reasoning, and in the manner in which he had hitherto conformed his life to his theory. And both these reasonable people, at this moment, still further acted in subtle unison, inasmuch as both unconsciously left Margaret's personality out of their calculations.

Charlotte did not envy Margaret because Ethelbert would marry her. She pitied, almost despised her for accepting—as she never doubted that Margaret would do—an even portion from Ethelbert's universal bounty.

"It is himself that I want," said Charlotte, distinctly facing the thought that had at first terrified her. "Not his kindness, nor his esteem, nor even his loving. I would want him to love me in spite of himself, as Gerald does. He spends his powers for the world as liberally, and with as little effort, as a king's almoner dispenses the treasury of the king. But I would not stand in the crowd and be blessed, though he should rain gold pieces upon me. It is just because his nature is so large and overflows on every side, that I have this strong desire to concentrate it, like the rays of the sun in a burning-glass. Margaret will never do that."

And she exulted over the conviction, exulted over a sudden consciousness of power that, for a moment, drowned out of sight the conclusions at which her reason had correctly arrived. A red-rose leaned over the garden walk, and glowed through the dusk. Charlotte clasped its thorny stem, and pressed her lips to its passionate heart.

"Rose, dear rose," she whispered; "tell me your secret, and I will tell you mine."

But the rose said never a word.

Only the strong can afford to be generous. Only the successful can resign the victory. In the sudden upleaping of that inward exultation, Charlotte felt as if she had conquered the object of her desire, and was, for the moment, completely satisfied. It mattered little whether or no Ethelbert loved her, he *could* love her; and the certainty that he would strenuously exert himself to avoid doing so, only increased the secret sense of triumph. And she felt quite willing to sacrifice the lesser good to Margaret, she resolved even to further Ethelbert's purpose, which, in truth, she had correctly divined.

Impetuous natures are often capable of self-sacrifice, provided that the occasion is urgent, and that the circumstances remain red-hot up to the very moment of consummation. But patience, delay, are intolerable to them. Could Charlotte have married Ethelbert and Margaret on the spot, she would have done so without hesitation. But it was necessary to await the slow evolution of events, dependent upon other wills than her own. By an illusion common to imaginative people, she already felt the full force of the suspense that she foresaw she should be obliged to feel. This she could not consent to bear. The matter must be decided, abruptly, at once; she must know exactly Ethelbert's intentions in regard to Margaret, and to obtain this knowledge she presently devised a scheme.

Charlotte possessed an odd, rudimentary taste for intrigue, that had remained undeveloped simply because she had always had her own way so completely, that she had never been obliged to resort to artifice in the attainment of her ends. On this occasion, however, when open force was unavailable, manœuvre immediately suggested itself; and the most romantic and far-fetched was pre-

cisely that best suited to Charlotte's present restless mood.

She resolved to give a masquerade party, and to assume a disguise in which Ethelbert should mistake her for Margaret, and talk to her under that impression. She and Margaret were just the same height, and Ethelbert had acknowledged himself always unable to distinguish people apart by their voices. And Charlotte, remembering Ethelbert's shyness in all personal expression of himself, believed that he would be whimsically encouraged, by the supposed Margaret's disguise, to speak to her with more freedom and intimacy than he had done hitherto. Margaret should lose nothing, for all would be faithfully repeated to her afterward. But, as a compensation for the happiness that she was hereafter to enjoy at Charlotte's expense, the latter determined to intercept the one pleasure of Ethelbert's first words, and drain their sweetness, even though nothing but husks should be left for the person for whom they were intended.

That there was any thing dishonorable in such a proceeding, any indelicacy in listening to the speech sacred to one woman alone, any danger of compromising Margaret by such unwarranted proxy—such ideas never entered Charlotte's head. She was so absolute and wilful in her resolutions, so much accustomed to carry out plans over all external obstacles, that, in their absence, internal scruples never suggested themselves—at least during the first flush of a newly-imagined project. Besides, it is possible that, under all the esteem and affection she really entertained for Margaret, lay that little grain of contempt we are so apt to feel for people to whom we mean to be very kind. Margaret—Ethelbert himself, so far as his independent personality was concerned—were both swept down the current of the dominant will, that always embodied any passion once sprung to life in Charlotte's nature.

OUR TRIP TO EGYPT

AS GUESTS OF THE VICEROY.*

WHEN we weighed anchor at Marseilles, we counted one hundred and fifty individuals, collected from all parts of the civilized world, bound to Egypt as guests of its hospitable Khédive. Every one was in the best spirits, as jolly as it is possible to be on a holiday excursion, with all the expenses paid, fed upon game and truffles, on old wines and pale ale at discretion, without the necessity of spending a centime from one's private purse. A gentle animation warmed each group of the society; each showed himself to his greatest advantage, morally and physically, wearing his newest clothes, and indulging his most genial humor. Besides the one hundred and fifty men of all ages that formed the bulk of the passengers, were five ladies, among them one quite young, who even at Paris would have been called charming. Blond and Protestant, wearing in her head-dress two immense feathers that floated on the wind, she discussed, with more piquancy than logic, doctrines on the immortality of the soul, explaining that, after death, some of us would journey to the moon, some to the stars, some to the planets, as Jupiter and Venus. The only other dame whose beauty could vie with that of the fair Protestant, remained in seclusion, veiled and buried in the depths of a sea-chair. The doctor, however, had no reason for uneasiness in regard to her health.

It happened that, at table, I found myself placed next to this important personage—the ship's doctor—who conversed with the utmost affability on a variety of subjects, Hindoos, Chinese, and, above all, Japanese women, whom

he admired almost as much as the Parisians. He became sufficiently confidential to initiate me at length into his system of medicine, which may be résumé in this axiom: "Above all, no constipation!"

Many of the young men among the passengers were superb, dressed from head to foot in ruby-colored velvet or scarlet flannel, with brilliant feathers in their Tyrolese hats. But during the first general conversation among the fellow-travellers, every one else was thrown into the shade by the discovery amongst us of the Ex-Minister Duruy, who had chosen a moment of enforced idleness to run down to Egypt and look up the question of the canal. He became the lion of the steamer, and at table the captain placed him at his right hand, and the beautiful Protestant at his left. A poor little humpbacked dame,—Dutch, and painfully dressed in red satin,—had dared to install herself in this place of honor, but was speedily bidden to a lower seat by the lackey in waiting. Poor little humpback! How willingly would I have rendered her some service!

The brilliant and joyous day yielded place to a night of inexpressible loveliness, and I remained for hours in the stern of the vessel, gazing into the depths of sea and sky. Above a vast semicircle of clouds shone a little crescent moon, fading into her last quarter, and like a luminous summit to an immense pyramid of shade. Over the waves she traced a path of trembling light, in which the foam glistened like the million spider-webs that cover a field in autumn and are illumined by

* The Editor of *Putnam's Magazine* had the honor of receiving the Khédive's polite invitation to "assist" him in opening the Suez Canal. Unable to attend personally, we sent one of our contributors as a representative of the Magazine: and his picturesque narrative of his adventures is now presented to our readers.

the setting sun. A young man who had travelled with me in the train to Marseilles, discovered me in my musing solitude, and we talked together of serious things, as befitted the solemn beauty of the night. I felt a keen pleasure in perceiving that this youth seemed really to enjoy life. This generation is worth more than ours: when we were young we were suffering profoundly over the "suffering of the world;" we expended ourselves in admiration of suicide, consumption, and Gothic cathedrals!

The next morning we coasted Sardinia, and as we neared Caprera all the world rushed on deck, looking with all its eyes for the home of Garibaldi. Even the solemn ceremony of breakfast was delayed half an hour, until the last glimpse of the hero's white dwelling should have disappeared behind the rocks.

This same day was the beginning of troubles for us holiday travellers. As we passed Messina the breeze freshened, and, in proportion, our faces lengthened, and much grumbling arose against our host, the Khédive, who had omitted to insert seasickness in the programme of emotions we were expected to experience. Talking, flirting, meditating, dancing, all occupation was suspended, and all energies concentrated upon the effort to preserve one's equilibrium on the rolling deck,—and the alimentary bolus in one's rolling stomach. A pale old sun floated languidly through a gray sky, letting fall here and there a few steely rays upon the waves of indigo. Three mortal days and nights, tasting the vicissitude of earthly things, did we do heavy penance for the delights of the first part of our voyage. But finally, when human patience was wearing threadbare, the waves slackened, the wind fell, the horizon line deepened into the level coast of Egypt, and our woe-begone pleasure-bark halted to recruit its forces in the port of Alexandria. Yes, the East had risen up before us out of the Mediterranean,—palm-trees, mosques, palaces, Pompey's Pillar, and, most unexpected

to our eyes, a multitude of windmills. At some distance from the city we described a residence of the Khédive, with high architectural pretensions, borrowed at once from Hindoo and Moorish art; a gloomy pleasure house, however, built on the naked rock, in the midst of sand, without a figment of tree or shade or green thing in the neighborhood. A cabin under a palm-tree would have been infinitely more cheerful.

The captain gave us two hours and a half to visit the city. Hardly had we come to anchor, than our steamer was surrounded by a swarm of boats and yaws of every description to carry off the passengers—the Lilliputian fleet, managed by a swarm of natives, struggling, shoving, screaming, swearing, in a dozen incomprehensible jargons. I resigned myself a prey to three Arabs who carried me off in their boat and, in a few minutes, had landed me in another world. Had I disembarked in Jupiter or Saturn I should not have been more astonished. I had expected something new, but nothing half as fantastic as the confusion of types, faces, and costumes into the midst of which I had been suddenly thrown. Greeks in abundance, Malays, Lascars, Italians, English, French, and negroes of every shade and variety, from Nubia, from Abyssinia, from Soudan—what do I say? there were faces of monkeys, camels, tigers, cats; heads woolly and heads shaved; long thin legs perched like stilts upon great flat feet; figures half-naked, and figures veiled, all ages, colors, and sexes. At first sight the women appeared like the strange and mysterious incarnation of the East, wrapped in their black mantles, with two black veils, one on the forehead, the other over the mouth, and fastened around the head by a copper spring. Between the veils gleamed two black eyes, surrounded by their circle of paint. These veiled figures passed, enveloped in night, like an incarnation of Sin. They were not, however, more beautiful for being veiled; on this point the one hundred and fifty passengers of the *Guienne* were unani-

mous, and *avec connaissance de cause*, since there do not exist veils or mantles thick enough to deceive the intuition of the masculine sex in regard to what it deems necessary to know.

As we had landed at Alexandria during the hours of its midday siesta, we found its streets comparatively deserted. Gradually, however, the shopkeepers emerged from their several retirements and opened their stalls, then sat down on some footstool, with crossed legs, their pipe in their mouth, and the most indifferent air in the world, as if entirely disengaged from all earthly concerns. Every line of their composed faces and immovable figures seemed to say, "I am, however, willing to disturb myself to render you any service, but I trust you will be discreet in demanding it." These are the Turks; as to the Greek merchants, it is another matter. They are wonderfully polite, urging and flattering, and seemed to have entirely the upper hand in Alexandria. The shop signs are written principally in Greek, a few in French, and hardly any in Arabic, either because the Arabs cannot read, or because they have no money to make purchases in the Frank quarter. This same Frank quarter, the finest in Alexandria, is sufficiently miserable: the houses are small and low, and look as if they were built out of the "*matériaux de démolition*," so familiar to Parisians since the reign of Baron Haussmann. Each door is ornamented with a porcelain plate, bearing the number of the house—a civilized innovation, generally reckoned as another whim of the Viceroy, who has introduced the fashion into the smallest villages. But civilization stops short with the door plates, for Alexandria possesses neither sidewalk nor pavement, still less a macadam—nothing but stenching heaps of mud and dust. The narrow streets are thronged with beggars, porters, idlers, women, children, carriages, pedestrians, and cavaliers mounted on mules, horses, and donkeys. In all the crowd the faces of the donkeys were the most intelligent and sympathetic, and my eyes, saturated with the motley

spectacle of human ugliness, refreshed themselves with the countenances of these honest asses. It was delicious also to observe the proud satisfaction of the mules, whose patient backs were bestridden by some important personage, magnificently armed, splurging with yellow and scarlet and gold and silver. Happy animals! They fulfilled the measure of their ambition and their destiny, and escaped the ills of the human flesh around them, the hideous ophthalmias that rendered hundreds of eyes one open sore, upon which precipitated themselves swarms of flies. Many of the children's faces were literally black with these small vampires.

But our studies of Alexandria were obliged to limit themselves to these flying impressions of veiled women, impassive Turks, chattering Greeks, honest donkeys, ophthalmic beggars, muddy streets, and porcelain door-plates; for the two hours' leave had expired, and we reassembled our forces on the quay, to regain the steamer. Not without difficulty, for we immediately fell into the hands of worse than thieves,—the innumerable porters, boatmen, and wherry-men who were bound to capture us and secure the control of our transit from the wharf. Innumerable the conflicts, innumerable the confusions, among the most tragic of which I noticed the complete separation of one unfortunate from the bandbox containing his best hat, destined to shine in the hall at Ismailia. In vain he gesticulated, threatened, and swore, the hat floated off in one direction, destiny forced its owner in another; whether their separate currents ever united in the stream of time, I cannot tell and dare not speculate.

So we bid farewell to Alexandria, this city unique in the world, and set sail for Port Saïd, at the entrance of the Suez Canal. We arrived the next morning, under a brilliant sun, whose radiance dazzled our eyes so recently emerged from the fogs of a Northern November. While still a long distance from the Port, we heard salvos of artillery, and descried great puffs of smoke

on the horizon. The Port was saluting the arrival of *L'Aigle*, steamer of the Empress Eugénie. The *Peluze*, a great steam-packet belonging to the Express Company, and which carried the Administrative Council of the Canal, was also noisily received, and finally our *Guienne*, with the guests of the Viceroy. The salutes were given by the fleet assembled in the harbor, composed of ships-of-war from all parts of Europe, each well-furnished with gunpowder, and contributing its part to the horrible tumult. How many commercial and peaceful citizens were enchanted with these noisy and warlike demonstrations of joy—inconsistency sufficiently conformable to the nature of human beings, this race of great children! To me, however, the presence of these men-of-war, built for destruction and extermination, was disagreeable and importunate. I was humiliated by the salutation of these brute beasts, obliged at last to render homage to a great work of peace, which, nevertheless, they seemed to satirize with their yelpings.

When the firing had ceased, and our racked brains were left in peace to receive the impressions of the new scene upon which we were entered, we found it extremely animated. The whole fleet was decorated with festal flags, and many vessels, in addition, with long lines of colored handkerchiefs, exposed on the rigging for the homely purpose of drying, but transfigured in the Oriental sunlight to brilliant embroidery. Hither and thither flitted boats, whose twelve pairs of oars rose and fell with marvellous precision, and who skimmed over the water like gigantic spiders, transporting now some tall Prussian officer, now some Hussar of the Empress, with long floating plume. And mingled with the splashing of oars and rippling of waves around the vessel's prow came to the ear vague melodies played by the bands of German musicians, and the chanting of the sailors as they busied themselves with the manœuvres incident to coming into port. The monotonous cadence of the chanting suggested the whistling of wind in

the rigging. One man conducted the theme, the rest joined in the chorus. I listened religiously, trying to understand their words, which I finally deciphered as follows:

SOLO—The captain will give the sailors something to drink.

TURRI—Hail! hail! hale!

Port Said is a city like those in the Far West, that rise out of the prairie in a night. Only it had arisen, not in the restless West, habituated to such sudden developments, but in the immovable East, in the desert, or rather in the sea; for at Port Said even the soil upon which the city is built has been made new for the occasion. The immense lagoons of Manzaleh that communicate with the Mediterranean had been chosen as the beginning of the canal, and at this extremity it was necessary to hollow out a port in the sea. The mud and sand excavated by the dredges were thrown back into the lake, an island thus formed and gradually enlarged, piles driven down, planks built upon the piles, gradually the wood replaced by brick, and now the brick by stone. Stone houses, however, belong exclusively to the European quarter; the Arab inhabitants simply cross green boughs upon sticks, and over the brushwood spread, or do not spread, a layer of mortar. Some habitations, yet more simple, consist of mats stretched upon four cords, forming walls, floor, and roof. The European quarter is laid out in blocks of blackened houses, quite destitute of either style or ornament, whose architecture has but a single aim, to observe the strictest economy of materials. The streets are broad, laid out at right angles, made of gray sand, burning in the sun, blinding at mid-day, and in which the pedestrian sinks ankle-deep at each step. Light carts are constructed especially for circulation in these streets, with wheels consisting of broad cylinders of sheet iron, that glide over the sand like snowshoes over snow. The signs over the shops betrayed the struggle between the Greek and French element. Every thing official at Port Said is French, as well as all

productive trades, whether material or intellectual. But the prettiest stores are Greek; Greek are the taverns, Greek the houses of prostitution, and the little colporteurs who busy themselves in circulating obscene photographs. Land is very dear; a simple store in a good situation rents for 1,200 francs a-year. The Company that owns the land sells it at higher and higher prices, and at best the sale is only negotiated for a term of ten years, the expense of building being, moreover, chargeable to the purchaser. It is doubtful whether the profits of business will justify the enormous outlay now demanded, and the storekeepers are already looking forward to several years of great financial difficulties, now that the canal is finished, the laborers are leaving, and the transit is not yet commenced. Times are sadly changed since the days when certain workmen in metals were receiving fifty francs a-day, and disbursing in proportion; and during the transition period, from small investments and extraordinary profits to the ordinary level of honest business, every one suffers: the customer from the high prices, the merchant from the slack trade.

Between the European and Arab quarter stands a Catholic chapel, containing a confessional reduced to its most simple expression: an armchair for the priest, a chair for the penitent, and between the two a simple plank pierced by a hole.

Close by is the hospital, directed by a doctor who is at the same time Consul of England, of Sweden, and of Italy. Behind the chapel and hospital extends a garden, a real curiosity at Port Said. It is only three years old; but the carefully watered trees and shrubs are in quite a thriving condition. In their shade, the single cool corner in the Port, flit about numerous birds, too sure of their social position to be in the least frightened by the approach of a stranger.

I noticed, in passing, an Arab school, that serves at the same time as grocery and haberdashery store. The master, who had a handsome, melan-

choly face, was standing at the window, holding a candle for a customer, who came to negotiate for his material and not his intellectual wares. The candle was not tallow, but of the best quality; for to this country, recently opened to our civilization, nothing will be accepted less perfect than paraffine.

Farther on, a military camp, the image of all other military camps. And farther still, on the limits between civilization and the desert were erected some barracks, rather gayly ornamented. These were the habitations of the vivandières of the regiment, who lounged before the open doors, outrageously painted, with crowns of artificial flowers on their heads, frightfully ugly, but enchanted to be stared at like curious wild beasts by these fine Western gentlemen from London and Paris and Berlin and Vienna. Whoso replies to any observation of these dames, is obliged, by the code of Egyptian politeness, to offer them *baksheesh*. Circulating among these fantastic groups, and planting himself, with an air naïve and determined, to regard each beauty through his enormous spectacles, came a Professor, who hailed from Zurich or Upsala, and who was evidently in utter consternation at the company in which he found himself. "Can it be possible," exclaimed every gesture of his uplifted hands, "that His Highness the Khédive permits this exhibition of immoral females!" The good man was the most grotesque figure imaginable, with an enormous black hat sheltered by a parasol, and covering a long head, dressed in frock-coat and black waistcoat, with his thin legs thrust into great yellow hunting boots. "But Monsieur," observed some bystander in reply to his shocked remonstrances, "the Khédive has nothing to do with these wives of the soldiers; and if there is any thing out of place here, it is the presence of a man like yourself." "Quite true," replied the good Professor with amiable candor, and stretching his yellow boots, he speedily escaped from the vicious circle, and disappeared on the horizon.

I followed the worthy Professor's example, and, passing by half a dozen tombs on the extreme suburbs of the town, I advanced in the sand upon the narrow tongue of land which separates the great lake Menzaleh from the Mediterranean. On and still further on I wandered, happy to escape for a moment far from emperors and empresses, from uniforms and Tyrolese hats. I hunted on the shore for sea-shells, disturbing innumerable crabs and other creatures of the sand of whose natural history I was still more ignorant. I mused, now upon the fate of the Pharaohs, now upon the little ones that I had left beyond the sea, and so musing, I reached a sheltered corner far removed from the odious cannon booming, and plunging into the yellow waves, enjoyed the most delicious bath I had had that year. Afterward, sauntering on the beach, I espied an object that I took at first for an immense carcass; as it was in effect, but that of a shark, more than six feet long, thrown up by the waves, and apparently having just yielded its uncouth soul to Hades. I looked at the monster: I measured the width of its jaws, the length of its teeth, the thickness of my thigh; and I felt that henceforward I could never, with peace of mind, take a bath on the menaced coast of Egypt.

During this time, while I was engaged in solitary reverie over ancient dynasties, and over the sharks, holothurians, and mollusks that had survived their ruin, the entire population of Port Said was turning out to feast their eyes on the Procession of Sovereigns. One might say with Isaiah, "The depths from beneath thee are moved out to meet thee at thy coming!" For how could the procession fail to justify the popular excitement? At the head marched a splendid drum-major, brandishing a large scimitar, with a mien as ferocious as if he meant to cut off all the heads at Port Said with a single blow. After him, the Khédive and the Empress, Madame Eugénie Bonaparte. This gracious Sovereign could boast a success greater than that of Madame

Récamier, for not only the little boys in the street turned round to look at her, but the butchers, eager to see, pressed close to her chariot-wheels, their heads surmounted by baskets of raw meat. Next in order came the Emperor of Austria, then the Prince of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Holland; finally, a little princeling of Hesse, who was deemed decidedly presumptuous to have intruded himself upon such noble company. Bringing up the rear, a mass of uniforms embroidered with gold and silver,—plumes, crests, decorations, the entire turn-out of official parade and flourish.

On the sandy beach, between the sea, the city, and two stagnant marshes, as far as possible from the canal that was to receive the benediction, had been erected raised platforms. The largest was for the Highnesses and their official households, admirals, generals, chamberlains, valets, commanders and colonels innumerable. On the left a crowd of uniforms from all the navies of the world, on the right a crowd of monks, Copts, Lazarists, Jesuits of all kinds thronged around the Empress, while behind her rose a growing hedge of court-dames in blue and young girls in pink. Opposite the official dais had been built two scaffoldings, one for the Mussulman clergy and one for the Catholic—significant toleration, which, like that of the Roman Pantheon for the gods it honored, seemed to presage the near dissolution of both. The tribunes of the two religions were exactly the same from an architectural point of view, the same height, same disposition, same exterior decoration; but that on the left, the Mussulman, was only provided with a kind of sentry-box made of green trellis-work, while the Catholic platform was crowded with its great altar, its great candlesticks of gold or of Ruolz metal, its long wax tapers, and swinging incense vessels. By the Mohammedan prayer-tower stood only five priests, whose robes in unison formed prismatic colors,—red, green, black, violet, light blue. But the Catholics were in masses before their altar, abbés,

priests, monks, choir-boys. The Patriarch of Alexandria officiated, having been slyly delegated by the entire *corps ecclésiastique*, in the place of his fortunate rival the Pope of Rome. The religions of the East and the West, Mohammedanism and Catholicism, had met face to face, as if to measure each other's strength, at least in parade; and witnesses assembled from the two worlds had come together to judge the performance.

The Mussulman opened the ceremonies, in virtue of the courtesy accorded to the religion actually in possession of the locality. The youngest priest or Fokké mounted the narrow green sentry-box, raised his eyes and arms to heaven, and pronounced his prayer in a strong slow voice, and with monotonous cadence:

"Allah! Bestow Thy benediction upon Europe, who, as Thou seest, has come among us to-day. Bestow Thy benediction upon the enterprise which promises to enrich our poor nation. Bestow Thy benediction upon our master and father Ismail, who has presided over these great labors. Bestow Thy benediction upon all peoples. And we prostrate ourselves at Thy feet, O Allah!"

This was all. The Fokké quitted his tower, and regained his seat. His prayer was translated for me by a banker from Damascus.

It was now the turn of the Catholics. Protected by a grenadier leaning on his gun, the chaplain of the Empress advanced, robed in violet, and with a violet cap on his head. This chaplain is the famous Bauer, an Abbé who now exacts the title of *Monsieur*, although originally an Hungarian Jew. In 1848 he was Revolutionist, and with a troop of students pronounced the proclamation against Metternich, and bivouacked under arms in the University of Vienna. But for other times, other principles. Driven from the country by the reaction, the little Bauer took refuge in France, where it was speedily evident on which side lay the chances of success, renown, influence, and profit. Con-

versions from Judaism to Catholicism are extremely rare; it is therefore possible to make them extremely profitable, and to turn to the best account the baptism, the godfathers, and above all the godmothers. The interesting convert was presented at Court, charmed the Empress, and became the abbé of dames, the confessor of belles, and author of a volume advertised all over Paris under the title, "Art by which a fashionable Lady may continue to live in the Christian Religion."

This was the personage upon whom devolved the honor of representing the Christian religion in the face of assembled Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The chaplain treated us to a long discourse, liberal, extremely liberal, commonplace, and flowery. With all the grace of a hairdresser, with all the elegance of a perfumer, he poured out a few drops of Eau de Cologne upon the sacred confluence of the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean. And the sonorous harangue that ensued seemed modelled upon the *Album Prospectus, A Picturesque Voyage across the Isthmus of Suez, by Marino Fontane*.

"At last is completed the great achievement of the nineteenth century, the eternal honor of Ferdinand de Lesseps. The barrier which separated the East from the West has been overthrown; and ships from all nations float gracefully upon the canal which has united two seas, and which constitutes the grand preface to a new historic epoch all of peace. The historian's pen will recount what immense obstacles Ferdinand de Lesseps has vanquished to attain his end; by what vicissitudes his energetic soul has been tried; by what incessant labor he has succeeded in accomplishing his mission.

"Ferdinand de Lesseps is a great man, at least as great as Christopher Columbus, . . . and the Khédive is the greatest of Khédives, . . . and the Empress is the incarnation of the genius of France; she has all the graces, all the beauties, all the virtues." And the Empress, robed in a dress of silver gray, with violet lustras,

lowered her eyes modestly upon a bosom that a diamond cross only imperfectly concealed from view. "And the Emperor of Austria is the most noble and generous of princes." And his Apostolic Majesty, robed in white, red, and gold, with intensely green feathers, like a bald, melancholy parrot, bowed modestly, but seemed somewhat ill at ease, flanked as he was on each side by the representatives of the two Powers who at Solferino and Sadowa had given him such an energetic dressing. And Bauer continuing: "The Khédive is the greatest of all Khédives." But the Khédive was already sleeping the sleep of the just, being completely worn out with the fatigue of preparations that had occupied him night and day; organization of *fêtes*, superintendence of his harem, interior administration of his kingdom, negotiation of foreign politics. The exhausted Khédive snored with decorum and dignity, and the fluent orator was obliged to pass on to eulogies upon the Prince of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Holland, and even the little Princeling of Hesse. Followed the eulogies *en masse* for the laborers and employés engaged in the construction of the canal—eulogies that extended in widening circles of diminished force until they threatened to embrace the entire world, except perhaps the St. Simonieux. I am not sure that even they were excluded from this outburst of universal charity and admiration; for the mass of verbiage, flatteries, and adulations began to give me a vertigo; my head grew confused, my ears sang as in a fit of seasickness. My eyes wandered from the gesticulator in violet satin, past the glittering bayonets assembled to give authority to the preacher of Jesus Christ, along the slender columns supporting the chapel, and a great shield on which was emblazoned the Christian cross, and on high, probably by some negligence of the decorators, terminating in a golden crescent, emblem of the victory of Islam. I was startled at the conjunction, and, turning toward the Mussulman prayer-stand, perceived the priests, majestic and dig-

nified, with eyes fixed upon Monsigneur, and listening to him with an air of tranquil contempt which did one good to see. Leaving far behind the murmur of the orator's voice and the murmuring presence of the human crowd that received his words, I plunged my own eyes and soul into the deep skies, to breathe a clearer and more serene atmosphere. A thousand floating colors, rose, violet, blue, topaz, emerald, seen by transparency against the immense azure, illumined by the setting sun, swayed to and fro by the gentlest breeze, shifted into multitudinous undulations, like the play of tints on a prism dispersing a ray of white light. Never had I seen any thing so beautiful. In this moment the Orient was revealed to me, the Mystery unveiled. I felt the emotion that is aroused by the most tender and intimate strains in the music of Mozart and Beethoven, by all that is sweetest in the human soul, or most mysterious in Nature. Ah! such rare moments are well worth a lifetime of ordinary days!

How long lasted my reverie I know not. I was aroused from it by the noisy applause which honored the conclusion of Monsigneur's oration, and by the Te Deum chanted by the Bishop of Alexandria to the accompaniment of music and the firing of cannon. The crowd, giving way, pushed me from my place, and I fell out of fantastic dreams into the very arms of Science, as represented by the great Egyptologist Brugsch, whom I fortunately encountered. He immediately began to discourse to me with enthusiasm upon the religious and philosophic doctrines of the people of Fellahs, as they were held three or four thousand years ago. He left me with the conviction that human history needs to be entirely rewritten, and that sooner or later we shall arrive at results that will rival the discoveries of geology.

The next performance on the programme was the voyage up the newly-opened canal, that should at once demonstrate its capacities, and consecrate all future voyages of traffic or pleasure by this initial Procession of Sovereigns.

The embarkation at Port Saïd took place the morning after the Fête of the Benediction. Grave difficulties immediately arose, engendered by the conflict between sentiment (of propriety) and expediency. This latter suggested that on these untried waters, the road should be opened by an advance guard of small vessels, who should clear the way, and bear the first brunt of any unforeseen obstacles that might be encountered. But, on the other hand, sentiment had decided that the van, as place of honor, should be accorded to the great personages. But for great personages are needed great ships, and for the celebration of an enterprise eminently pacific, great cannon are indispensable. Consequently *L'Aigle*, with its precious freight of the Empress and her suite, must absolutely lead the way.

"He who would thrive," says the proverb, "must rise at five; but he who has thriven, may lie till seven."

The Empress, feeling possibly that her most prosperous days had been accomplished, if not passed, permitted herself to sleep late into the morning, to recruit energies exhausted by Monseigneur's oration and compliments. The Imperial *femmes de chambre* waited for the Empress, and the entire squadron awaited orders from the Imperial *femmes de chambre*. Profiting by this lull in the movements of the Powers above me, I sauntered about, following a vagrant fancy, until its leisure caprices were put to flight by a precipitate movement that arose among the ships scattered in the harbor and among their passengers scattered on land. I myself was politely captured and ordered to make ready for transportation on the *Peluse*, in an hour at furthest. The *Guienne* was to be left behind, as unwieldy from its great breadth, forty feet from one paddle-box to the other.

"Now was saddling in hot haste," barring the saddles, as our Irish brethren would say. Now could the light-hearted proprietor of a single portable valise look down, from heights of serene tranquillity, upon the opulent possessors of many trunks, who with distracted

minds sought here their watches, there the best dresses of Madame la Marquise, now a medallion of honor forgotten on a uniform, now perchance a locket, left behind with a forgotten vest. This moment of confusion, intercalated in the orderly programme, did not displease me; on the contrary, I am convinced that a touch of the Unforeseen and the Incalculable is absolutely necessary to give the sparkle to the richest wine of enjoyment.

At eleven o'clock we entered the canal, the newly-developed artery that should presently complete the circulation of the world, and approach to each other, by thousands of miles, India and Germany, China and England, Japan and France. I was surprised to find the canal so broad—three hundred feet everywhere. The regulation depth is twenty-four, but unfortunately it has not yet been possible to attain this throughout, at least up to the date of the Inauguration, which really should have been deferred till January, to have all things ready. The evening before our departure, the dredges were still at work with feverish activity, and from time to time we encountered one of these formidable machines that had been engaged in piling high upon the banks of the canal the sand scooped up from its deepening bed. Our immense steamer, three hundred and fifteen feet long, made its way easily through the water; its screw threw up no sand, and the banks of the canal, cleared without a brush, remained undisturbed by the paddle-wheels; all circumstances gladdening to the hearts of the shareholders on board our steamer.

We traversed the Lake Menzaleh, which, as noticed above, constitutes the beginning of the canal. On each side the excavated sand has been beaten into canal-walks, and on the right has been laid a subterranean pipe of fresh water (O Herodotus, thy skepticism is put to shame, and Cambyzes outrivalled!) and a telegraph line erected. On the left the outline of the lake is extremely irregular, and beyond appears the desert, with its monotony of reddish-yellow sand.

Between the horizon and the canal, the lake and the sand dispute each other's place, and here and there we descried phantoms of swamps and islands, effects of image, according to one skilful engineer; real existences, according to another not less skilful. Real or not, we studied the long-expected desert with lively interest; many among us, perhaps, mindful of the grim punishments incurred in childhood, when we forgot the exact route taken by the children of Israel in their journey across this very region. If they could only have waited for the Opening of the Canal!

Gliding by the level desert, the shallow lake peopled with great flocks of rosy-white flamingoes, the sacred Ibis of Egypt, we reached El Kantara, stopping-place for caravans half way between Port Said and Ismaila. The hamlet was in grand *fête* for the passing of the Inaugural Fleet, and our arrival was saluted with hurrahs and firing. On the hill stood an inscription of letters nine feet high, built of boughs covered with palm-leaves, and reading, "To Ismail, the City of El Kantara." It suggested the placards at the Palais Royal Theatre, brought upon the stage to indicate a change of locality, without the trouble of change of scene. Observe that the city of El Kantara is nothing at present but a handful of crumbling hills; but like some other individuals in the prime of youth, it has expectations.

Toward set of sun we passed El Guirc, a rocky ledge impossible to avoid, and which has cost the Company some millions of francs. We dined joyously; no accident had occurred so far, and we foresaw none. The satisfaction reached its height when we heard the firing of cannon at Ismaila, which announced the arrival of the first great vessels with their cargo of great personages. The *Peluse*, however, was only ninth in rank, and each vessel was separated from the preceding by an interval of ten minutes.

The moon rose; we glided between the high walls of El Guirc at the rate

of ten knots an hour. The air was balmy, the night magnificent; the vessel seemed to float between two floods of light, pouring from lake and sky. Before us, hardly two miles off, the white line of Ismaila interrupted the horizon; stationed along the banks, the illuminated vessels were brilliant as groups of stars; and high in the heavens rose the glowing rockets to fall away in a rain of gold and many-colored fire. Only a few months, a few days, and we had landed in a desert, or at least a swamp, the habitation of jackals and howling hyenas. To-day, the fleets of Europe cast anchor before a town sprung up in a night, destined to be the Venice of the Orient, one of the greatest bazars of the world. The imagination, dazzled, sought refuge in the Arabian Nights' tales, there only finding a precedent for such magic transformation.

Was it credible? At this very moment, at this culmination of our enthusiasm, of our expansive faith in the possibilities of human genius, an ignoble catastrophe arrested our flights and reduced to impotence our Icarian wings. We ran aground! Not in the canal, not at the dangerous bend by El Guirc, not at the entrance of the port, but in the harbor itself, at the very gates of Ismaila thrown open to receive us. O shameful chance! O capricious fortune! In vain the officers of the steamer denied the fact, in vain they shifted passengers from stem to stern and stern to stem again, in vain the great engine snorted with rage, and struggled manfully to get free. We were planted, and suffered the humiliation of being overtaken by the steamer in the rear, tired of awaiting our march. "Can I pass you?" demanded one after another. "No!" was the frank reply; and thereupon the little wretches slipped by coolly at our right and left, just as if we had given them permission. We were left to pass the night at anchor, to extend ourselves upon deck, or wherever we could find sleeping room; and some among us to console our wounded feelings by swearing at the

Company. One unhappy wight ventured to thrust himself into the discussions of a group of engineers, and to affirm that the curves of the canal were made with too short a radius. "Monsieur, are you an engineer?" inquired one of the men of science. "I have not that honor." "Then, sir, you had better not talk of things that you know nothing about." The intruder was silent for a moment, but presently drew out his card and threw it upon the table. "I will maintain," he repeated, wherever any one may please, that the Company of the canal has traced at least one curve of much too short radius." The challenge was not taken up.

That same evening a passenger came aboard, in a boat, to find a trunk that he had left in the morning.

"Monsieur," cried the cook, encountering him, "I have orders to tell you that henceforward we furnish meals to no one but our own passengers."

"Who has given you this order?"

"I," said the captain, coming forward like a personage in the History of Cock Robin. "We can furnish no more meals to the passengers of the *Guienne*."

"Monsieur, you are an honor to French hospitality," replied the other, turning on his heel.

I mention these trifling incidents, because, like the insignificant details in a portrait, they are necessary to make the picture lifelike. To speak only of great events, and the emotions appropriately experienced in connection with them, is to paint ourselves finer than nature. Let us rather avow, since it is the truth, that, even on the most imposing occasions, our souls are very easily ruffled by the merest trifles. We have perpetual need to remember the antique warning of Pythagoras, "Don't pare your nails at a sacrifice."

Ismaila, situated at the angle of the canal, halfway between Port Said on the Mediterranean and Suez on the Red Sea, and connected with Cairo by a railroad, was to be honored that night with a ball, as Port Said had been by the ceremony of the Benediction, and Suez would be later, by still other *fêtes*.

These latter, our malicious destiny—but we will not anticipate. Passengers of the *Guienne*, passengers proper of the *Peluse*, we all scrambled ashore early in the morning, to survey the premises and prepare for the evening festivities. On shore, my bile was greatly roused by coming across a Frenchman engaged in vigorously laying about him with a whip upon the naked shoulders of Arabs in his vicinity. A little further on, a German, in a perfect fury of rage, and with a volley of oaths, was stamping on the backs of some half a dozen natives, on account of some difficulty about his luggage. Little as I care about sentiments of nationality, I experienced a peculiar indignation at this spectacle—of men beaten on the soil of their own fatherland, by intruders come from over the sea. I recollected the analogous history of Exodus, "Then Moses smote the Egyptian." Poor Fellah! Thy wrongs began to render thee sacred in my eyes. I thought of all thou hadst endured for so many centuries—thou and thy camel, companion of thy misfortunes, both so sober, patient, melancholy, resigned!—and it was not without a feeling of shame and uneasiness that I reflected upon all thou hast had to suffer, in order to fill the glass of champagne of which I had been drinking—or those which would be poured out in profusion at the ball which thy master this evening was about to offer to us in the desert!

The ball was to take place in a palace that the Viceroy had built in the space of six months, and which was to be finished that day, at noon precisely. Its rooms had been fitted up for the guests, with beds and other furniture, imported from Europe for the occasion. It was impossible to calculate what had been the expense of this palace; built of carved stone, filled with mirrors and gilded sofas—the whole improvised for the royal picnic in the midst of the desert. But it is known that the bill of the upholsterer for furnishing the Empress' apartment alone amounted to 1,200,000 francs. In the palace, of

course, were only received the guests of high distinction; we lesser fry were accommodated at the few hotels of the place, though still at the expense of the Khédive—most fortunately for us, for the outsiders were fleeced at a fearful rate, paying ten francs for a simple bath, or thirty for the privilege of resting a couple of hours at a hotel to dress, but without eating any thing. As to myself, I was installed with a couple of companions in a tent, furnished with a mat, washstand, mattress, sheet, and blanket; all clean and fresh, used for the first time. Near our tent was another immense one, arranged as a dining-hall, and capable of seating and feeding a thousand persons at once. The waste was enormous. My own repasts cost the Khédive fifty francs, and were worth about fifty sous; but I felt grateful and contented. Getting possession of some bread, cheese, dates, and a bottle of wine, I provisioned my interior, and awaited events with tranquillity.

At noon, under a sun that was raising every thing to a temperature of white heat, I sought the Park of Ismaila, consisting of a few shrubs surrounding a fountain. The water was yellow and dirty, but it was real water—and in this torrid zone a pool under the shadow of a few leaves is an inexhaustible refreshment to the eye. Every one admired the vigor of the vegetation; these shrubs, planted in the sand only three years ago, had already grown six feet, and were still growing.

On a sudden, the crowd precipitates itself in a new direction. I follow, and find all eyes gazing on a cavalcade that comes dashing round the corner. The Empress of France, in a yellow riding-habit, and mounted on a dromedary, was riding by at full gallop, followed by a long train of horsemen and waving plumes. The impression produced upon our grave Arabian hosts by this spectacle was somewhat similar to that which we might have at Paris on seeing the Queen of Sweden and Princess of Wales dressed like circus-riders, mounted on fiery velocipedes, and dashing

headlong into the barracks of the Cent-Gardes. All Arabian ideas concerning the decorum and virtue of European women, and the good sense of the French Empress, were utterly put to flight.

Young ladies in blue, rose, and violet, cantered gayly along the "Rotten Row" of Ismaila; and at their side, cavaliers in the most fantastic costumes. From the heads of some floated veils of all colors; some wore frock-coats, and thrust their pantaloons into top-boots; others were dressed in breeches and crimson stockings. One dandy sported a tuft of scarlet feathers sprinkled with drops of dew that flashed in the sunlight; nankeen riding-coats jostled costumes of garnet-colored velvet. The pleasers were on foot or in carriages, mounted on asses, horses, dromedaries—what not. In the midst of this harlequin turn-out of cockneys, fools, and Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons, in a delirium for the picturesque, ran the donkey-drivers, half-naked, with their black legs, and others, stalwart fellows in shirt-sleeves or blue blowses; and, intersecting all, in sharp, repelling lines, an irregular squadron from the desert, assembled Fellahs—warriors of neighboring tribes, some mounted on small horses which they guided with the left hand, while in the right they held a slender gun; others perched high on yellow dromedaries, obedient to reins of red wool.

It was said that, to behold this spectacle, had come together Arabs from Nedjid, Bedouins from the Libyan desert, Syrians from Liban and from Damascus. The East and the West had met at a rendezvous; each paraded itself before the other, and certainly were sufficiently mystified with the other's appearance. "What a curious wretch!" cried the West, aloud. "And what a ridiculous madman!" observed the East, in an audible aside.

At nine o'clock, in duty bound as guest of the Khédive, I presented myself at the door of the palace ball-room, which was already full of a brilliant company. Never in my life had I seen

so many uniforms bespattered with gold, silver, braid, and embroidery; with plumes, ribbons, stars, and crosses. Every one, like the sitters to Miss La Crevy in Nicholas Nickleby, had managed to thrust his head through a military gilt collar, from which dangled some kind of decoration. I was not accustomed to such society, and was far from feeling at my ease. I held myself in profile rather than full face, and willingly yielded my place when any acquaintance appeared to draw me on one side. The *coup d'œil* was, however, fine; the rooms were entirely gilded—too much so, in fact; but the gilding was probably necessary to hide many imperfections in the hasty carpentry. It was marvellous, when one remembered that, a hundred days ago, in the place occupied by these dames, liberally *décolletées*, and adorned by their finest diamonds—in the room of these divans, sofas, lustres, chandeliers—the solitary traveller would have plunged his foot into barren sand. Cost, thirty millions.

I would notice, in passing, that the prettiest thing in the exhibition was a parterre of tropical flowers—so beautifully made, that it was necessary to touch and smell them to recognize that they were artificial. This bagatelle contributed 40,000 francs to the expenses of the entertainment.

The heat became stifling. I was much hustled about in the crowd, and much tried in spirit by the efforts to avoid treading upon the long trains that undulated around me. At the end of an hour, my conscience assured me that I had done justice to the Khédive's invitation, and that I might withdraw. I stemmed the rising torrent of new arrivals; I heeded not the illuminations that paled the moon; like a swimmer panting for breath, I struck out vigorously for shore, and, in a few bold strokes, regained the desert and freedom.

It is, therefore, impossible for me to relate the splendors of the supper, nor how the Khédive, and the Empress and the Emperor of Austria, and the Prince

and Princess of Prussia, kept themselves apart all the evening in a private drawing-room in the garden, and only showed themselves to the embroidered crowd for a few moments. Instinctively foreseeing this disappointment, I evaded it by my own timely withdrawal from the precincts of exclusive royalty, and walked over to the Arab encampment. I was attracted thither by the noise and the music, and by the—to me—fantastic novelty of this new phase of my Oriental Night. Around charcoal braziers crouched strange figures, chattering in incomprehensible dialects, screaming and gesticulating as if they hardly understood themselves. White and black forms glided from time to time across the bands of light radiating from the fires, and lost themselves in the surrounding darkness. I pleased myself with watching them, with losing myself in a Babel of people and tongues; now lighting, in my wanderings, upon a group of Bedouin musicians; anon, some Spanish gypsies, chanting airs familiar to me in Cadiz; further, a troop of female native singers, richly dressed, under a tent, enclosed in a sort of cage of pink gauze, like so many parrots; now smoking, now singing indolently to the accompaniment of a drum. Not far from the road which led to the port, I came upon a yet more singular scene. A numerous crowd surrounded a building, closed, and apparently inaccessible. Toward the roof a few boards had been knocked away, and the space had been covered over with muslin, from behind which floated women's voices in lazy modulations, far above the heads of the ecstatic crowd.

From this crowd presently separated himself a European of some kind, tall, fair-haired, with bold, blue eyes. To the keeper of a neighboring restaurant he addressed the question that evidently burned on the lips of all the assembly besieging the prison-house:

"Monsieur, could you inform me where are to be found the dancing-girls? I have been told that two hundred almas should be somewhere in this neighborhood."

"There is not so much as half a one. They were, in fact, to have been here, but, at the last moment, the Viceroy changed his mind, and shut them up for fear of accidents."

"And what is the reason that these singing-girls are shut up in this species of donjon?"

"The reason is simple enough. The European sailors, who are here in numbers, are so brutal that no Bedouin woman is safe in their vicinity."

I was about to continue my walk when two personages, evidently Sheikhs from their bearing and dignity, came forward and invited the blue-eyed stranger and myself to drink coffee with them in the restaurant. I accepted with pleasure, but my companion sulkily declined, as if he considered his dignity insulted by the proposition. In fact, we had hardly entered, than he began to grumble, then scold, finally storm. I had followed my host's example, and sat down cross-legged; but my companion immediately called for chairs, and swore furiously at their absence, replying in a voice of thunder to the mild apologies of the Sheikhs, "Silence! you set of rascals, or I will break your jaws with my cane!" which he flourished in their faces. "I have been in Mexico. I know how to deal with savages," and he raged and swore in expressions that I would not sully my pen to transcribe. In the mean time coffee was served; the barbarian grabbed his cup, and at first swallowed without tasting; then, gradually mollified, fell into silence. I drank my own coffee, rose, made a profound reverence to my Arab hosts, accorded the least possible recognition to the European, and bent my steps homeward, vexed and mortified. The night was far advanced, but its beauty seemed suddenly overcast. I felt ashamed to encounter any more hospitable Arabs, and, curiously chilled, crept under the folds of my tent, and courted the sleep which for a long time refused to come to my bidding.

Thus ended, for me, the strange and splendid *fête* of Ismailia.

The departure from Ismailia for Suez was even more difficult to effect than had been that from Port Said to Ismailia. I hardly know whether my unassisted energies would have sufficed to find means of transportation amidst the general scramble for this same necessary luxury. But my good fortune led me to my friend and fellow-traveller, S——, who, laying hold of some high Egyptian functionary, explained to him that we were not insignificant penny-a-liners, but journalists of much influence and importance, and that he must absolutely find us berths somewhere. The functionary, much impressed by this statement, and the energy with which it was made, gave us an order for transport on the man-of-war *Senaar*. It devolved upon us to hire a boat and hunt up the *Senaar* among the vessels of the harbor, to board her boldly, and to send in our order to the Admiral. The latter took time to consider; then, unable to do any thing else under the circumstances, agreed to take us as passengers only, without giving us any thing to eat during the voyage. This crafty reply was perhaps intended to settle the question against us, as decisively as Portia's permission to take the pound of flesh without the blood. If so, our wily Admiral was disappointed, for we instantly closed the bargain on his own terms.

The *Senaar*, as an Egyptian vessel, was compelled by etiquette to yield place to the European steamers, and we were consequently left far behind in the convoy. The *Peluze*, "bark-rigged with curses dark," led the way, as before.

While awaiting our departure, hunger began to gnaw at our vitals. Quite a number of others had been received on the same terms as S—— and myself, and the prospect of famine among so many became alarming. The prospective misfortune multiplied in importance with each possible victim. In this strait, my energetic Yankee friend, who had not even breakfasted, and who had been lashed up to excitement by seeing a passenger dining off beans, S——, I

say, was penetrated by a bright idea. Anchored near us in the harbor lay a vessel from Marseilles, the *Touarez*, that a company of twenty-four gentlemen, with their wives, had hired for a pleasure excursion, which should include the inaugural *fête* at Ismaila, and visits to Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and the principal cities of Italy. Such a scheme could only have occurred to people of education and ideas. To this vessel S——, accompanied by the President of the Chamber of Commerce at Birmingham, had himself rowed; and, introduced to the tourists, drew up a moving account of our situation. He depicted the prospect of a fast for forty-eight hours, and, to avert such unpleasant calamity, entreated the gentlemen to cede to us some provisions. This they most graciously consented to do, observing that, although they had only brought with them the provisions required by their own party, no hesitation was possible in the presence of such urgent necessities as ours. They furnished us liberally with biscuits, anchovies, tongue, cheese, and a whole box of Bordeaux wine, and then utterly refused payment in exchange for their courtesy. May their good action meet elsewhere the reward that we were unable to offer them!

I must add that, the next day, although entirely contrary to the stipulations, the Admiral ordered our party to be served with a capital little dinner. To him that hath, shall always be given more abundantly.

We sojourned forty-five hours on board the *Senaar*, which performed the voyage tranquilly, comfortably, without hurrying itself, quite in the Oriental fashion. Possibly on this account no accident happened to us, but over and over again we were obliged to stop in obedience to a signal from the steamer that preceded us. And each time, in answer to our inquiries as to the cause of the obstruction, came back the same answer, "It is the *Peluze*! it is the *Peluze*!" Decidedly the great vessel was overweighted with the greatness it carried on board. And it seemed all the

more probable that its unwieldiness was owing to its moral, rather than physical, tonnage, from the fact that the *E? Badredh*, belonging to the company Azizeh, a vessel at least as large as the *Peluze*, went through without the least accident.

The voyage, until we reached the Bitter Lakes, was not very interesting. The canal passes between high hills, which shut out even the view of the desert; and it was with eyes fatigued by long monotony that we greeted these lakes, bordered with verdure—lately pestiferous marshes, but in which the Red Sea has just been compelled to pour 1900 millions of cubic metres of water. The shores are low; and beyond lie the yellow sands diversified with violet shadows of the flying clouds. Above the near, low hills, those of Geneffe, rises a second range, the mountains of Attakka, in long lines, calm, solemn, majestic, like an immense temple, overhanging the Red Sea.

With frequently-renewed apprehensions, that, happily, each time the result failed to justify, we passed the various critical junctures on our route, like the travellers in Pilgrim's Progress, or the Prince making his way to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty—past Serapeum, past Chalauf, we entered triumphantly into the great lagoon at the termination of the canal, and came to anchor three or four miles above Suez. There we heard the booming of cannon that announced the conclusion of the *fête*, which we had just missed, as before we had missed the first *fête* at Ismaila. To console ourselves, we left the steamer's deck, and climbed the veritable hills formed by the sand excavated from the canal, and piled high upon its banks—constituting an exact mould of the excavation, and well calculated to stupefy the imagination with the measure thus afforded of the work accomplished. Had I not thus taken its measure, I should have had no adequate idea of the immensity of this work.

Sunday morning, in the blaze of a magnificent sun, we enter—the last of the fleet—into the harbor of Suez. The

scene was simple and grand. On the right, the Atakka range—a formidable mass, red streaked with white—a sort of immense citadel, with great pyramids of bastions and buttresses. At its feet, Suez, one of the future capitals of the world perhaps; to-day, a huddle of insignificant little houses. Opposite, in a vaporous distance, stands out Mt. Sinai. On the left, the Desert. Under the deep blue azure skies we float upon a vast extent of green sea. We are at one of the centres of the world, between Europe, Asia, and Africa. A great work has just been accomplished; it honors our generation, and will make

an era in the history of the world. No importunate noise of cannon, as at Port Said, only a solemn silence and a flood of dazzling light. It was grand and appropriate. The eye roamed freely through the vast space; vast regions opened themselves to thought; the soul pierced far into the future.

* * * *

Thus I mused in gorgeous dreams of the future, while the locomotive that carried me from Suez tore through the yellow sand, flying toward the rich valley of the Nile, toward Cairo, planted with minarets and surrounded by palm-trees.

A WOMAN'S WILES.

Like a tiny flower she bloomed in the pleasant eventide,
With a dewdrop on her petals lightly prest,
Till her sweetness and her fragrance his wandering senses spied,
And he plucked the flower and wore it on his breast.

Like a babbling brook she ran with her laughter and her mirth,
Full of happy talk of far-off sunny lands;
Bringing rest and sweet content to the dried and panting earth,
Till he stooped and in her laved his weary hands.

Like a tender song she swept through the chambers of his brain,
Dimly haunting him with beauty as she fled,
With a ravishing sweet sound and a melancholy strain,
Till he learned the song and bore it in his head.

'Neath the glowing noonday suns, like rose-leaves soft and sweet
Floating gently through the heavy summer air,
Lifted she each golden curl, scattered blossoms at his feet,
Till he bound the sunny chaplet in his hair.

'Mid the glories of the dark, 'mid cloud-glooms rare and strange,
Like a star she gleamed athwart the deepest night;
His soul reached forth and placed her on his forehead's haughty range,
And he stood retrieved, transfigured by her light.

Yet, when day by day had gone, and had brought to her no rest,
When each dear device had vainly sought to win,
Like a little dove she beat 'gainst the portals of his breast,
Till he opened his great heart and took her in.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

III.

GOING HOME.

EVERY thing was bright for Thanksgiving. The white curtains were newly hung, branches of laurel and holly, bright with scarlet berries, garnished mantel and pictures; little Sir Don, the canary, was trilling a throat-breaking welcome amid a bower of greenery, while his wife, as she could not sing, went plunging into her glass bath-tub for joy. Out from the pantry issued a compound of savory odors, in which an epicure could have detected the aroma of roast fowls, of mince and pumpkin pies, and spice-cakes.

"What have you brought for me? Have you brought me the new frock? I've waited and waited!" cried the excited Pansy, her nervous little fingers already trying to open Eirene's satchel.

"Is that all you've wanted? How selfish you are," said Win, in a stern tone of reproof; "I should think that you'd want to see Rene."

"I do want to see her as much as you do, Mister Win. But she promised me a frock. You want to see what she has brought *you*; I know you do."

"No, I don't want Rene to spend a cent for me. It's bad enough that she has had to go away and work, without spending her earnings for us, Pansy."

"But I must spend something for you, —see what I have brought you!" said Eirene, her face all flushed with happiness, as she took a little key from her pocket and unlocked the satchel, taking out first a red, rotund volume. "See, Win, this is the book you wanted so much, 'Washington and his Generals.'"

Win's dark eyes kindled. He *did* want this book so very much! Could he find fault if his sister had spent her money to gratify this desire of his heart? "O Eirene! some time!" He did not finish the sentence, but he thought—

"Some time I will repay her, she always remembers me."

Pansy had commenced to pout. Why should any body be remembered before this little princess?

Win had a book! Where was her blue dress? "She didn't believe she had any, there!"

"You promised, you did!" cried the child with a passionate sob.

"Yes, and here it is," said Eirene.

"See, haven't I brought you a pretty frock?"

Like a rainbow through a shower looked forth the glittering eyes of the child. Pansy had never had such a dress, had never seen one even half so lovely; it was merino, blue as the sky.

"Azure and amber. See, mother," said the happy Eirene, as she laid a soft fold of the fabric against the gold of the child's hair. "What a lovely contrast! Oh, I must stay at home long enough to make it for you, Pansy;" and with an impulse of love, she threw her arms around her sister and kissed her.

The mother's impulse had been to set the teakettle in the polished stove, to draw out the table and cover it with her whitest cloth; and when Eirene looked around, she was already setting some of the viands which her loving hands had compounded for her absent child, while she thought of the coming of the most joyful of all Thanksgiving days.

Just then, Lowell Vale having paid his last necessary attention to Muggins, came in to behold his happy household group.

"See, father! see my new dress! Rene brought it to me," cried the exultant Pansy, as, wrapped in the blue merino, she stood perched on tip-toe upon a chair, surveying herself in the looking-glass.

The father's eyes grew misty as he took

the gifts into his hands one by one—the blue dress, the red book—and then looked from one child to the other. “Rene earned these for you,” he said; “will Pansy ever earn any thing for Rene?”

Pansy had not thought of that. “I can’t work; Rene *can*,” was the little beauty’s conclusive reply.

It seemed a rich compensation for separation and absence—the dear home-supper that came after. To hear her mother say, as she set some delicate dish before her, “I made this for you;” to be the object of so much tender solicitude, of so many loving looks and words, brought tears into Eirene’s eyes. It made her remember the last four weeks of her life, in which she had sat a scarcely tolerated presence at the dismal table of strangers.

She knew that she had felt strangely lonely at that table. But the neglect and unkindness which she had received, came to her now as a positive thought for the first time, forced into her mind by contrast to all this home-love. The beloved child, the unloved stranger—she knew, now, what it was to be both.

“Oh, it is so pleasant to be at home once more!” she said with overflowing eyes. “Not but what I have had every thing necessary at Mr. Mallane’s, but it is not like being with you all at home, you know.”

She forbore to complain; she did not say once that she had been lonesome, or homesick. In answer to all her mother’s anxious inquiries, she said that she had had every thing that she had needed. She had a comfortable room. The Mallanes were good people. It was better for her to be with the family, because out of the shop, she had no one to disturb her in her studies. It would be quite different at the boarding-house, the girls were very gay and noisy. She did not find her work hard; indeed, she was perfectly satisfied.

Thus she silenced every misgiving of her mother’s heart, and no shadow fell on the happy supper of Thanksgiving eve.

“Tell me about the children,” said Pansy, with her pretty lip. “Is Grace Mallane so pretty? Has she very fine

frocks? Any finer than mine?” And the dimpled hand smoothed fondly the blue merino, which she had laid within arm’s reach, before sitting down to her supper.

Then Eirene told her sister every pleasant thing that she could remember about Grace Mallane, and all the “children,”—save one. She scarcely mentioned Paul. She did not know why, but it did not seem easy to talk of him; perhaps because he was not at all a child.

How long they lingered around the little table! At last Eirene, with wondrously smiling eyes, took from her pocket her little purse, and poured its contents upon the table.

“It is not much, but there will be more another month. I could not come home for the first time, without bringing Win and Pansy something. But I intend to be very saving; and if you are prospered, father, the old place will be saved.”

“But what have you bought for yourself, child?” asked the mother, with the suggestion of tears in her voice.

“Nothing,” said Eirene. “I have not needed any thing.”

“We thank God for our child,” said Lowell Vale, as soon as he could command his voice; “but we cannot take all your earnings, Eirene. What you do not need, put in the bank at Busyville. Another year’s crops such as this year has brought us, and Hillside will be saved. If not,—for your mother’s sake, and your’s and the children’s—that we may not lose our home, we must take what you have saved; but not unless we *must*. If not, it will pay for you at the academy at Busyville. You can go to school a long time, Eirene.”

Eirene seeing that it was hard for either father or mother to talk about money, slipped out of the room to look for Win. She proceeded to the old barn, within which she had seen him vanish a few moments before.

It was chilly without, but as she opened the door, the air within seemed warm and sweet with the smothered fragrance floating out from piles of clovery hay. As she entered, old Bloss-

som and young Daisy, who stood quietly waiting to be milked, rubbed their noses against her hand, and Muggins, in her stall, looked up and whinnied a welcome over her half-eaten oats. Eirene climbed up above the great mounds of hay into the loft! She knew Win's haunts; knew that after the November rain and damp had fallen on the beloved woods, his chosen sanctuary was this little chamber in the loft. It had one window looking out upon the west; upon the great hills of amethyst, behind which the sun went down. Against the rough boards hung Win's rifle and all the accoutrements of hunting. On the other side, some hanging shelves, neatly covered with paper, were filled with Win's books—more relics of the Vale library. And here, with the pale late rays of the November sun falling on his dark hair, with Hero by his side, stretched upon some fresh hay, lay Win, devouring with his eyes "Washington and his Generals." He started half abashed, half delighted, as he saw his sister Eirene's face, her loving wistful eyes. But Win was not demonstrative; he was strangely shy and reticent, even with those whom he knew and loved the best. The love which he felt for his sister, Eirene, was nearly blended with worship. She was finer and lovelier to him than any other being in the world. He would sit and gaze on her with a strange mixed feeling of awe, admiration, and love, which could not be expressed in language. It was the involuntary reverence for womanhood, born of the unconscious manhood stirring in the boy's heart.

"Hero, will you take up all the room when you see who has come?" he said to his dog, as he jumped up and made room for Eirene on the hay by his side. When she was seated he opened his new book, then looking up, said abruptly,

"Rene, do you think that there will ever be another war in this country?"

"Why, Win, how can there be? Why do you think of such a thing?"

"Because I would rather be a soldier than any thing else in the world."

"Oh, Win, how could I live and think of you suffering all that a soldier must!

I was reading the other day what the soldiers suffered in the Crimea, and I thanked God when I thought that there never could be war in this country. England will never trouble us again. France likes us. Who else could fight this country?"

"We may fight each other, some time, Eirene. I never should have thought of such a thing, but the other day I found among the old books, a pamphlet with the great speeches which Webster and Hayne made in the Senate, in 1830—before we were born. I read them through, and learned an extract from each for a declamation in school. There are sentences in them which keep ringing through my mind. Do you want to hear them, Rene?"

"Yes," said his sister, with a deep interest kindling through her eyes.

The boy arose, and with all a boy's unction of feeling—and less than most boys' stiffness of declamation—with a rich voice that made the old barn ring, he exclaimed:

"Good God! Mr. President, has it come to this? Do gentlemen estimate the value of the Union at so low a price, that they will not even make one effort to bind the States together with the cords of affection? And has it come to this? Is this the spirit in which this government is to be administered? If so, let me tell you, gentlemen, the seeds of dissolution are already sown, and our children will reap the bitter fruits."

"Now shall I recite Webster's answer?" asked the excited boy. And Eirene answered "yes," gazing on him as if she saw him in a dream, when he once more exclaimed:

"I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might be hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether with my short sight I can fathom the depth of the abyss below.

"While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread

out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant my vision never may be opened on what lies behind.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be with fraternal blood!

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth—still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly—Liberty first, and Union afterwards; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, true to every American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

"How you feel all this," said Eirene, as Win sat down, with the perspiration on his face and a scarlet spot on his cheeks. "I have never thought of any of these things. All that I have thought of our country is, that it is beautiful, and great, and free, and must always remain as it is now—only growing greater.

"But I have thought a great deal about you, Win, and about your future life; I want you to go to college. I want you to study a profession, and be happy and successful. I am going to help you: I am older than you, you know."

"Eirene, I don't want you to help me. I am a boy, and ought to be able to help myself. But I have heard father say that no Vale has been successful for generations. I don't know whether I could get on in the world any better than father or not; but I know that I could be a soldier, and fight for my country."

"But, Win, if the great words which you have just spoken should come true, you would have to fight against your own countrymen. *That* would be dreadful."

"My own countrymen? They would not be my own countrymen if they had broken the Union. I think it would be splendid to fight for *that*."

"I hope it will never need your life, Win. You have been reading 'Washington and his Generals' till you want to be a hero. You can be heroic without a war."

"Rene, you think that the Union will never come to an end," said Win, still pervaded by Webster and Hayne. "Don't you remember, in the histories that we read last winter, each one of the old republics had something in it which destroyed it?"

"Yes; but they were heathen republics. This is a Christian nation, Win."

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Win, dubiously. "But it don't seem to me very Christian. Its great men are fighting all the time, I should think by the newspapers. The South has grown rich and saucy living on negroes; and the North has grown rich and greedy on manufactures and trade. We are down on the South for its Slavery; and the South is down on us for our Tariff. We pity the ignorant Southerners, and they despise us peddling Yankees; and we'll come to a fight some day, or I don't understand what I read."

"Don't you think that we are too young to understand these great questions, or to tell what is going to happen? If this country is ever to be torn by war, I don't want to think of it till I must. Let us talk of something cheerful, Win."

"I don't want to make you feel bad, Rene, and I'm sure I don't know what will happen to the country. But the only thing I feel sure of is, that some day I shall be a soldier."

There was a strange commingling of incredulity and sorrow in Eirene's gaze as Win uttered these words.

The possibility of Win's being a soldier had never entered her mind. She did not believe that he would ever be

one, yet the mere suggestion was enough to fill her eyes with a brooding sadness.

As they sat, gazing upon each other, they looked strangely alike—this boy and girl. Win's forehead was brown, his cheeks bronzed by exposure; while Eirene's low brow was white, and on her cheek trembled the delicate bloom of the blush-rose. But both had the same wavy hair of nutty-brown, touched with gold, and the same mouth, in whose exquisite curves trembled all the sensibility, the purity of an entire race. Their eyes, too, were as the eyes of one face—in their oneness of expression consisted the remarkable likeness which each bore to the other. They were the Vale eyes, of a limpid brown, winsome and winning. They were not melancholy eyes, for they overflowed with light—not with the light which exults and triumphs, but rather that which hopes and believes—the light which kindles the eyes of martyrs and of saints. They were not restless, anxious eyes, they were serene in their very wistfulness, yet they had a deep, far gaze, as if looking on toward something distant, for some joy that they had missed, or for some treasure which they had never found; not that these young lives were conscious of any such longing, but their eyes reflected the souls of their ancestors. It was as if Aubrey and Alice, and Lowell and Mary Vale, were all looking out from the eyes of these children. They were sealed with the family soul, they were signs of the family fate. Superlative eyes, suffused with soft sunshine, they still suggested sadness rather than smiles. In their deep lovingness they drew hearts toward them like magnets, yet in their too deep tenderness you read the prophecy of tears, not of triumph.

As they sat, the setting sun sent his last rays above the hills. They poured through the little window of the barn, and covered the children sitting upon the hay with glory. Through the chinks of the loose boards they floated in, and for a moment seemed suspended in the form of a cross over their heads. Was it the augury of destiny?

TWO CHUMS.

That same sunset which made the old barn-loft glitter like the chamber of a palace, lit up the venerable walls and windows of old Harvard just as two young men met in one of the innumerable walks which intersect each other in the grounds of the University.

"Well, old boy, you have come at last," said one, as he switched the sleeve of the other with a rattan cane; he was a small, fashionably-dressed, *blase* young man. "Just in?"

"Yes, in the last train," answered Paul Mallane, who, from his altitude of six feet, looked down upon his insignificant companion, as handsome and as nonchalant as ever.

"Why didn't you stay up-country all winter, and be done with it? You have stayed so deuced long I have made up my mind that something has been to pay. Come, now! Why haven't you been in more of a d—l of a hurry?"

"I thought I'd stay and help my Governor take inventories and cast accounts."

"A likely story! You've been touched, I know. Nothing but a girl could have kept you so long in a town that you curse. And the term commenced, and all your chums eating nice little suppers, and enjoying all sorts of nice little pleasures. I'll swear that nothing but a girl could have kept you from us a whole month."

"Pshaw, Dick, I am not always chasing a girl's shadow, because you are. You don't believe, then, that I have turned dutiful son, and have been posting my father's books?"

"Not I. Come, my boy, you may just as well own up first as last. You want my advice; you know you do. Who is it? Not pretty Tilly? She'd never wake you up. Come, now!" And the wise old-young man slipped his arm into Paul's, and they sauntered on toward the colleges.

"You are a bore, Dick Prescott, yet I suppose that I do need your advice," said Paul, in a half annoyed, half impatient tone. "I want you to suppose a case. Suppose you should meet a young lady,

to you exquisitely lovely, not handsome in just the flesh-and-blood sense, but in figure, in coloring, in expression, and in manners to you perfectly lovely"—here Paul paused as if he were interrupted.

"I have it; 'to you perfectly lovely!'" Go on, I am supposing the case," said Dick.

"Well, suppose you should meet her in a place, and in company utterly at variance with her nature, in the midst of a crowd of ignorant, noisy girls. Suppose that you should meet her in—well, in your father's shop: what would you do?"

Dick Prescott broke into a loud laugh. "Prince Mallane," he said, "I did not think that you could be such a spooney."

"I don't know why you should call me a spooney," Paul replied, angrily; "I have only asked you to suppose a case."

"Suppose a case? I can't suppose any such case. I can suppose a perfect lady, and a perfect beauty; but I can't suppose her at work in a shop in the midst of a pack of noisy, ignorant girls. It's all in your eye, Prince. She is just like all the rest, only you are touched."

"Touched! by heaven, I am touched," exclaimed Paul, in a passion. "I've never been in love in my life—although I've tried to be, hard enough. I am *not* in love now; but I am haunted by a face. Her eyes follow me wherever I go. If I have a mean thought it seems as if she saw it, and the pure face makes me ashamed and uncomfortable;—but only uncomfortable when I feel that I am mean and unworthy. No woman's face ever made me feel so before. I can't get rid of the look in her eyes. But then I have not tried very hard. I am willing to own up, I have stayed in Busyville a whole month, just to look at it."

"Do you think me verdant enough to believe *that*?" asked Dick. "You have made love, and proposed an elopement, I will bet my head."

"Then you will lose it. I spoke to her the first day I went into the shops, but it was before I saw her face. I wanted to

see what she was like. She turned and looked, and her surprise and her face made me so ashamed of my impertinence that I never more than bowed to her afterwards. You may laugh if you please; I am telling the truth. As we were situated I could not meet her as I did other ladies; and I would not, indeed I could not, talk to her as I did to the rest of the shop-girls."

"Well, Prince, I never expected to see you so far gone. That's all I have to say. What do you propose to do?"

"That's just *it*. What am I to do? To me she is a lady; to every body else she is a shop-girl. I don't go with shop-girls, I can't go with her; it would drive my mother mad. Besides, I can't afford it. I am not an only son, like you, Dick. I shall only have an eighth of my Governor's money; and he is not a millionaire, like your parental relative. I am not going to begin life in any shabby way; I must marry either position or a fortune when I do marry. Confound it! I can never propose to this little girl, if I want to. Not that I am at all sure that I shall ever want to, but it maddens me to think that I can't, if I do. One thing I never could bear—that is, to be balked."

"Mallane, you talk like an idiot. I never before suspected you of being such a fool," said Dick. "You can't propose to this belle of the shops, of course you can't. Of course you don't want to; you wouldn't if you could. You are only mad at the fact that you can't, that's all. You cannot perpetrate matrimony, but you can amuse yourself, that's enough better. You can make *her* believe that you are going to marry her; the excitement of such fun will be worth a dozen weddings. When you are tired of it, leave her (she will get over it), and take somebody else. If you married her—think of it! you'd have to stare at her at least three hundred and sixty-five times a-year for the rest of your life, no matter how much she bored you. Take my advice—amuse yourself, my boy. I'd like to know what the d—l is to pay that I have to exhort Prince Mallane to amuse himself. It is the first time."

"Dick Prescott, I feel as if I could knock you down. You show that you know nothing of my case, when you name *her* in such connections. Yet, I suppose I should have talked just the same a month ago. I have amused myself, and perhaps I may again. But it would be easier for me to cut off my hand than to trifle with this girl. She seems so lifted above all evil, that I feel ashamed of myself every time I come into her presence. I feel like an inferior being, I do! You may laugh if you want to, but I *am* inferior, and so are you. When we think of all the disgraceful things that we have done, we ought to stand abashed in the presence of such purity. Yet you dare ask me to amuse myself! Trifle with *her*! No; I never saw a lady at Marlboro Hill, nor anywhere else, that I would treat with more consideration. I used to think that I could talk agreeably to women. I can, can't I? But this innocent girl has taken a little of the vanity out of me. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she even admires me. The flattery which I deal out to other girls of her condition, would serve me no purpose with her. I should stammer and forget all my fine speeches, the moment I looked in her eyes."

"Mallane, I told you you were touched. I knew that; but, by Jupiter! you are clear gone. You are dead in love. You rave like a madman," replied Dick Prescott, as he looked up into his chum's face with a surprised and quizzical expression. "I think you are past my advice, but I'll give it; you may do as you please about taking it."

"I am aware of that," answered Paul haughtily. "You can't give advice where you can't even suppose a case. Every word you say only convinces me the more, that you have no conception of the loveliness and purity of the one that I have tried to describe to you."

"Oh, your loveliness and purity be hanged! Your sentiment don't go down with me, Prince. I know too much of the world and of women. You are sappy. You betray the fact that you are from the rural districts. After all my instructions,

you haven't learned the world, Mallane, nor women. Let me tell you again, they are all alike. There was never one since Eve that could not be reached by flattery. You have let this little plebeian see that you are smitten. She has been using her power, by making you feel that you must get down upon your knees. But don't tell *me* that she can't be flattered! A smaller quantity and finer quality she may demand, I admit. But all you want is tact and insight, to administer to her case and be master of the situation. You need not tell her so outright; there are a thousand ways by which you can make her believe that you think her the loveliest of her sex. Make her feel that you remember her. In short, make yourself necessary to her, and then show her that *you* are perfectly able to live without her. And Paul, my boy, the game is yours."

"I am very much obliged to you for your instructions, although I have heard them all several times before, and they don't apply in this case," said Paul coldly. "I have made all your moves and won my game more than once. They might win all other women, but they won't her. No sham will live in her presence. Any thing short of utter sincerity, would shrink before the truth in those eyes. I shan't do a thing that you've told me."

"Very well, then, don't come to me again for advice. You are as unreasonable as a donkey. The trouble is, it is a foregone thing. You are in love already, and won't listen to common sense till you are out of it."

"No, I am not in love, and I don't intend to make love. I have made up my mind not to take any advantage of this girl, never to arouse any hopes in her life, that my position will not allow me to fulfil, even allowing that I could teach her to like me; and I am not sure of that," added Paul, with a strange touch of humility. "I will do her justice, and all the more because she is so poor,—but I am not in love with her; I want you to understand that, Dick."

"Oh, no, you are not at all in love. I understand that. But do you know how

many times you have contradicted yourself since you commenced to talk about this girl?"

"No, and I don't care. I only know that I have told the truth. She—"

"There! don't begin to enumerate her

perfections again, Prince, or we shall never get out of this yard. I am going to Marlboro. Will you go, too?"

"No, thank you," said Paul, "I am going to my room;" and he set his face toward Cambridge.

AMERICANS—AND SOME OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

THE physical development of the American is a type quite as distinct as his intellectual development. It forms a highly individualized portrait in the gallery of the world's faces. The traveller does not need to examine the dress of the Scotchman or of the Italian to determine his habitat; and the *physique* of the American is not less indicative of his nationality.

Let me inquire, first, What is the American-Caucasian type? and second, What causes have produced it?

One characteristic of the American physique is the dominance of the bony over the muscular and glandular systems. The American is *thin*, as compared with the European of equal stature. The British are the bulkiest of the European Aryan races, the French the lightest, yet they are heavier, proportionally, as the statistics of armies show, than ourselves. Even the Italians, who owing to poverty are the most underfed of all civilized nations, are obese in contrast with the average American.

2. There is an especial frequency of the *cerebral* or nervous temperament among Americans. The physical features of this temperament—the large and active brain, the diminutive lower jaw and slender neck, the fair or pale complexion and light hair, are especially observable in the United States. In Great Britain the ratio of dark-haired and dark-complexioned persons to those of the light or auburn type is not less than five to one. In America, from what statistics and observations I have been able to gather on this subject, it is not more than three to one. The blonde complexions are noticeably more fre-

quent among us than in the parent country.

3. There is in America an exquisite development, though but for a limited period in the case of each individual, of the beauty of the female face. This has been somewhat exaggerated by partial observers; but the fact is unquestionable. Especial beauty has not been claimed for American men; but the beauty of American women is admitted throughout Europe. It is, however, too often a beauty of the face rather than of the figure; and, based upon a nervous and insucculent physical organization, it seldom survives the period of early youth. Maternity is nearly always fatal to it. Marriage, in our country, more frequently withdraws the wife from society than, as in Europe, introduces her to a larger and more genial enjoyment of the world. Distinctly reversing the normal social relation, we too often rank the maiden, in social consideration, above the wife; and for this reason even marriage too often proves to be a sombre cloud that quenches the morning-beam of the American girl's beauty. Except in our most cultured circles, the married woman, however young, loses a certain degree of social value after the honeymoon is spent. The comparative isolation and the peculiarly harassing cares of American domestic life tell the more speedily upon the delicate beauty which was lately so brilliant; and the evanescent charm that had invested the unmarried girl does not survive her transformation into a sallow and anxious wife. American maidens, not American matrons, have established our national

reputation for beauty. Their blooming reign is brief. A librarian in one of our most popular public libraries, who has long enjoyed the opportunity of observing, from year to year, great numbers of the same faces among the lady-readers, estimates the average duration of this fragile loveliness at less than three years. He assures me that the young woman who appears in the perfect bloom of physical beauty to-day will, especially if she should marry within that period, generally lose, before its close, nearly all that had made her face especially attractive at its beginning, and then appear, not three, but six, eight, or ten years older. The European woman, on the contrary, increases her social consideration by marriage, and expects to lose nothing of her personal charm. It is in Germany, France, or England, not in America, that we look for the queens of society among women of advanced age, for those highly vitalized and magnetic feminine natures that retain their power to please in apparent defiance of the course of years—that grace society and command the sincerest homage at the age of seventy.

4. The American physique, though wiry, alert, and full of nerve-power, is not well lubricated; has an insufficient fund of animal life; is not thoroughly charged with that intrinsic vitality which generally underlies the finest mental and spiritual development. Let us bear to hear the truth in this matter. It is a mistake to regard a lusty physical growth as undesirable. A great mind is connected, much more frequently than is generally supposed, with a great body. A thousand men of character and talent will weigh more and stand higher in feet and inches, than a thousand common men taken at random from the street. The body of the American is, as yet, too slight and arid; it has not a sufficient physical basis of protoplasm and of muscular cells. It is an insucculent physique. It resembles an herb that has lately been transplanted, rather than the lush and luxuriant growths that spring up and burgeon in their native soil.

I will not here discuss whether certain advantages may not inhere in this type of organization; but, having briefly defined its defects, will pass to the second and main branch of the subject, and inquire into some of the causes which have produced these defects.

1. The first cause of what I have called the American *physical insucculence* is to be found in the circumstance that we are a race of immigrants. The American bears no relation of development to the continent he inhabits. He is not its original, own growth; he is a transplanted germ or cutting. But the process of transplantation is essentially hurtful, for the time, to any growing organization; and this is equally true whether the new soil be better or poorer than the old one; whether it be a plant, an animal, or a colony that suffers decimation. In either case there is the same disturbance of established functions and relations, and the same consequent check to growth by the diversion, for a time, of developmental forces to the lower function of merely sustaining life. Transplanting is equally severe a shock to either human or vegetable growth. A colonizing country—and such is ours to-day, as I am about to show, even in its oldest regions—is, to pursue the figure, the strict analogue of a horticulturist's nursery. The new organisms find themselves unrooted, unshaded, strangers in the soil and climate; and however well adapted the soil and the climate may be to their final development, it must necessarily be long before they can fully avail themselves of the new conditions, and exchange the pallid hues and sickly growth of an imperfect nutrition for the splendid stamina and succulence of a deeply-rooted life.

I have said that Americans *are*, not merely that they or their ancestors *have been*, a migrating nation. Though we define the American citizen as one born upon American ground, we must remember that the process of colonial assimilation is secular; and that one, two, or three generations may fail to

adapt the immigrant nation completely to the novel conditions of soil, climate, culture or barbarism, which he encounters. What a change from the German *Lande*, or the British meadows, that seem "finished with the pencil rather than with the plough," to the Western prairie! But this is not all. The American-born citizen is still essentially an emigrant. He is hardly less a wanderer, by instinct and by habit, even in our oldest cities, than his ancestors were when the Western wildernesses were first penetrated by the pioneers, who made their little clearings, gathered around them a few of the comforts of civilized life, and then moved onward into the depths of the forest, to repeat the process as long as their restless lives should last.

"The emigration of the Americans from the east constantly westward," says Dr. Francis Lieber, "is a circumstance to which the history of no other nation affords a parallel." Precisely the corresponding process, however, is still going on among us. The same nomadic spirit displays itself in the constant *change of domicile* which is a characteristic feature of American city-life. No other people in the world are so harried as ourselves by the spirit of unrest. No other civilized people remain so short a time, whether in town or country, in a particular home or place of business. "Moving-day" is a characteristic institution of America. The home-keeping Scotch and English look upon our local impermanence as a sign of instability in the national character.

Only in New England, indeed, does our population seem to have stricken its roots at all deeply into the soil. The "Yankee" has really made himself somewhat at home in his country. New England life has a local flavor, has developed a type. Yet emigration from New England is large and constant.

Restless America may be compared, in short, to the "Alkali Flats" of its own great West, and the reactions of its population to a strong acid poured upon the base. The result is a secular

effervescence; and the tossing, boiling, surging solution of humanity will not come to rest until the chemic harmony shall be complete, and the turbid mixture, throwing down its precipitates, shall clarify itself and become the elixir of national life and growth.

But other causes remain to be pointed out for our national characteristics. Transplantation accounts for a part of them; but a nation or an individual soon recovers from the shock of transplantation, provided that the new soil be fitting. How does it happen that the American physique remains fitted less for those long and systematic exertions that insure triumph by persistence, whether in the strife of intellect or of muscle, the competitions of science or of a boat-race, than for the intense but transient efforts which characterize so much of our success? Is there any intrinsic defect in the country or the climate which we inhabit?

Europe has, after the slow evolution of thousands of centuries, produced Europeans and European institutions as its resultant crop: as the vine produces grapes, as the palm-tree dates, so the old-world continents have borne, and still bear, not barbarians or savages, but their wonderful fruit of arts, religions, sciences, and men. The Vatican, the music of Beethoven, the piety of Savonarola, the ineffable cathedrals, Titian, Columbus, Kepler, Dante, Shakespeare, all these are the natural production and outgrowth of Europe. America itself, its discovery and civilization, is an European achievement.

What was the natural production, outgrowth, and achievement of America at the time when Europe had done these things?

It was a red Indian—the North American savage. This was all that the unaided forces of the virgin continent had accomplished. The science, culture, character that have since been developed here are late *exotics*—have been transplanted hither from other fields.

This comparative backwardness in natural development may be partially explained by a vast difference in the

antiquity of the so-called "old" and "new" worlds. The nations that have the start by thousands of years will, other conditions of development being equal, appear first, in any given time, in the human race. But, setting aside the inquiry into the comparative ages of the Eastern and the Western nation, let us ask whether there is not also an immense difference in the conditions of development, whether climatic or other, that respectively inhere in Europe and America. Is there no other present drawback than that of youth to American civilization?

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," enumerates four agencies by which the development of the human race is most powerfully affected. They are Climate, Food, Soil, and the General Aspect of Nature as determining nations either toward scientific progress or toward superstition. Of these agencies, the first is probably the more important, whether as a developing or a repressing agency. The eastern slopes of all the continents and islands in the northern hemisphere are colder than the western; but the western slopes of North America, which, in their southern regions, are sufficiently warm for the highest fertility, are deficient in irrigation. No part, therefore, of the North American continent presents the most favorable physical conditions for a high spontaneous development of mankind. The causes which produce the severity of the climates of the eastern continental slopes are not fully understood. One of them, however, which is mainly influential in determining the climate of our own Atlantic sea-board, is well known. It is the privative influence of that vast oceanic current which bears the warmth of the equatorial stream past our shores instead of to them, and discharges it upon the coasts of northern Europe. The American may well regard the Gulf-Stream as the most stupendous robbery of the planet. The Gulf-Stream runs away with our climate. It is a telluric larceny. It annually throws the fruits of the West Indies upon the coasts of Norway; and

it bears to those far shores the vast fund of solar heat that, absorbed in the intertropical Atlantic, and poured through the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribbean Sea, we might regard as our own rightful possession. It has robbed America to pay Europe; for while it has postponed the possibilities of our highest civilization, it has hastened, by many thousands of years, the development of European nations. Its influence is a chief cause of the difference between the Parthenon and the Indian wigwam, between "Black Hawk" and Martin Luther, between the "Shakers" and Father Hyacinthe; for its influence, through its effect upon our climate, is still actively unfavorable, though rendered partially inoperative by the counteracting skill of scientific agriculture. But the fact remains, that the climate of the larger part of the United States, with its fierce extremes of cold and of heat, and its temperatures often ranging in a single day over an interval much greater than that which indicates the average difference between summer and winter heat, is in general unfavorable to the best growth of man. The length and severity of the winters unduly shortens the period of agricultural labor, while the severity of the summers is such that men drop dead of sunstroke by scores in a single day, in our larger cities. It need not, however, discourage those who believe that a splendid future is opening to American growth, to know the historic fact that no nation, in any part of the globe, has ever attained, by its own efforts, the highest civilization in a climate so severe as ours. The civilization of Sweden and of Norway, which might at first glance seem an exception to this rule, is mainly exotic. Climate, however, has exerted upon these two nations a most singular influence. "In the two southern countries" (Spain and Portugal), says Buckle, "labor is interrupted by the heat, by the dryness of the weather, and by the consequent state of the soil. In the two northern countries" (Sweden and Norway), "the same effect is produced by the severity

of the winter and the shortness of the days. The consequence is that these four nations, though so different in other respects, are all remarkable for a certain instability and fickleness of character; presenting a striking contrast to the more regular and settled habits which are established in countries whose climate subjects the working-classes to fewer interruptions, and imposes on them the necessity of a more constant and unremitting employment." (Hist. of Civilization, N. Y., i. 32.) In this passage we may see the explanation of the restless instability which I have described as characterizing the American temperament."

The course of human improvement gives us, however, means by which deficiency or excess in the conditions offered by nature may be remedied. Science improves the soil and even the climate; it introduces new methods of cultivation, propagation, and labor; and it carries out to perfection the idea at which Nature herself seems, however feebly and incompletely, to aim in the physical geography of the continents.

The American climate, then, acting at once directly upon the frame of its restless denizen, and indirectly through the qualities of the food which he cultivates and of the industries which he pursues under its influence, is a powerful agent in producing the peculiar type of development which I have called "the American physique." One might fancy the observations of those travellers to be true, who declare that the American is slowly assimilating himself to the type of the aboriginal North American Indian. The high cheek-bones of the Indian, his lank muscular form and long fingers, and his straight hair, are gradually reproducing themselves, they say, among the inheritors of his domain. There is doubtless a germ of truth in this remark. The American and his descendants are exposed to many of the same influences that created the Indian. They eat his maize, they hunt his game, they live in his climate, and draw their nourishment from the same soil. They are fed by the same juices of the planet.

It would not be singular should many of his characteristics appear among us after a few generations had been subjected to these influences. I have occasionally seen American faces which bore an unquestionable resemblance to the Indian type. But influences far stronger and more determinant than any of those which we have inherited from the savage are now acting upon us as a civilized nation. There is no danger of any marked retrogression in the direction of our wild predecessors.

The influence of climate upon the American physique is a subject too extensive for the limits of the present article. But it is to this and to kindred influences, rather than to any original difference, that we are to ascribe our present status, whether physical or mental. J. S. Mill says: "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and of character to inherent natural differences." (Principles of Political Economy, i. 390.) The law that all things yield to influence, are the product of their environment, are themselves organized and moved by definite forces, is invariable.

The last instance of this law that I am about to present, as bearing upon the subject in hand, is the influence of *diet* upon the American physique.

3. The insucculence of the American physique is largely due to the fact that the American uses so little liquid food. The principal forms in which liquid food is consumed by civilized nations are the following: Soup, malt liquors, wines, tea, coffee, and milk. I have classed malt liquors and wines among aliments, not because they are slightly nutritious, nor yet because they arrest the transformation of tissue, and so supply, to a limited degree, the place of food; but because by their bulk they supply the watery constituents of the body.

Of these six forms of aliment, the first is the most important, whether considered intrinsically as a nutriment,

or with reference to the number of human beings who habitually use it. The characteristic European dish is soup; that is to say, a larger number of Europeans make this a leading article of diet than any other article but bread, the use of which is not peculiar to Europe. A large majority of the French, the Germans, the Italians, and a large proportion of the English, are accustomed to the daily use of some form of nutritious soup; while among the Americans, as a people, it might be said that soup is almost unknown. Only among a small proportion of the residents of our cities is soup a frequent article of diet. In the country, and among the poorer city-population, it is scarcely ever used.

The Englishman of the poorer classes, who comparatively seldom eats soup, makes up his complement of liquid food by the use of ale or porter; the German, similarly circumstanced, drinks beer; the Italian light wines; but the American depends for stimulus upon distilled spirits, which contain a large amount of alcohol in a very small bulk. Waiving the question of the greater or less perniciousness of these more potent stimuli, it remains evident that they do not supply to the system the element which forms nearly ninety-five per cent. of the malt liquors and the mild wines that are so abundantly consumed in Europe. In a word, the American

physique is not well *watered*. The consumption of coffee, tea, and milk is not materially greater in America than in Europe; the consumption of soup, malt liquors, and light wines may be estimated at seventy-five per cent. less than there. If we estimate the dietetic scale of the European to be composed, on the average, of two parts of liquid to one of solid aliment, that of the American will present a nearly equal amount of each form of food. In other words, the European consumes *twice as much liquid food* as the American. In this fact we may find an influence which has tended powerfully to produce our thin and arid physique. Recurring to the figure of vegetable growth, we may regard the American type of development, under the three aspects which I have presented, as an exotic tree that has suffered, and still suffers, 1. from frequent and incessant transplantations; 2. from the rigors of an inclement climate; and 3. from an insufficiency of moisture in its soil.

The remedies for these unfavorable influences are simple. They are, 1. the appreciation and the cultivation, among all classes of our citizens, of the *restful* spirit; 2. the material development of the country by means of the most improved scientific processes; and 3. the popularization, through an improved *cuisine*, of an abundant liquid alimentation.

THE "SUBVENTED" CHURCH AND THE CIRCUMVENTED CHURCHES.

WITH many excellences of the graver and soberer sort, we have sometimes detected in the *Catholic World* traces of an infirmity common to very intense controversialists—an incapacity for understanding the positions of other people. To this we set down the misnomer of a little article in its January number, in review of our account of "The Unestablished Church." The *Catholic World* describes our article as "Putnam's Defence" of the former article entitled "Our Established Church;" whereas it is obvious to any reader not irritated to a morbid sensitiveness by such a wearing life of controversy as the *World* leads, that we made no defence at all against the *World's* criticisms, but surrendered without parley. We accepted its corrections of fact with exemplary humility, and confessed that our first article, though not exactly false, was at least "inopportune," for the good of the Church; and that amounts to about the same thing, as the case of Bishop Dupanloup abundantly shows.

We do not pretend to disguise that it was disagreeable to us, after our calmly historical statement of the progress of the Catholic Church in the affection and confidence of the Government of the State and City of New York, and our mild congratulations on its having arrived at the substantial advantages and honors of an Established Church—to find ourselves so angrily snubbed by the most authoritative organ of the Church, a journal which, ever since the letter from the Holy Father to Mr. Hecker, we had constantly regarded as possessing a sort of delegated infallibility. But what else could a merely secular magazine do, but surrender and recant? Our Article on *The Unestablished Church*, first, demonstrated the position of our former Article to be altogether a mistake; then, showed,

with a careful use of figures, *how much* it was unestablished, and how much more it would require in the way of annual subsidies to put it into a position even of equitable toleration; finally, gave an exhibit of how (as the *Catholic World* puts it) the Church is after all a good deal better than established in New York. We fondly hoped that our recantation would have been more than satisfactory; that it would have been commended to Father Hyacinthe for his study and imitation, and that we should have been received again to the bosom of our ecclesiastical neighbor as having "laudably submitted ourselves." Imagine our chagrin and disappointment at finding in the *Catholic World* of January the sour, ungracious, unforgiving little half-dozen of pages which utterly rejects our Act of Submission as "Putnam's Defence" (forsooth) and affects to find it only an aggravation of the first offence!

Happily, we find that the questions of fact between us and the *Catholic World* are now reduced to only one; and we are resolved that this shall not stand between us and reconciliation. It charges that the statement quoted by us in a foot-note on page 702, as from the Report of the Comptroller of the State of New York for 1866, is a forgery.

Now, we cannot have any controversy with the *Catholic World* on this question; positively we cannot. Why should such unseemly wranglings be carried on, under the very eyes of Protestants and Infidels? We would rather recant a hundred times. If there is to be any controversy it must be not with us, but with the *New York Observer*, from which the document was derived. That journal shows sometimes an animosity against the Catholic Church with which we profess no sympathy. But then it is

undoubtedly responsible; and however often it may publish false and injurious statements, it rarely refuses to retract them, when duly pressed with adequate evidence and threats of a libel-suit.

It is of trifling consequence to the subject of the—what shall we say?—the Subsidized Church . . . no; *subsidy* is not the expression of the *Catholic World*, it prefers to speak of the *subventions* that have been granted to the Catholic Church; let us say, then, the Subvented Church, which will happily distinguish it from the various Circumvented Churches. It is of trifling consequence, we say, to the subject of the Subvented Church whether or not we have in this particular case been imposed upon with a forged quotation from the Comptroller's Report. But we venture, at the risk of displeasing our ecclesiastical superiors again, to suggest that it is a pretty grave business for the *Catholic World* to concede that any such little irregularities of origin ought to discredit documents which we have cited to prove that the Catholic Church of New York is entitled by established precedent to large annual subventions from the public treasury. If, in these secular pages, we might speak as Catholics, we should say that we have no right to look so squeamishly into the authenticity of documents relied on to establish such very important points. What, we would like to know, is to become of the temporalities, not only in New York but in the very States of the Holy See itself, if the documents under which they are claimed are going to be looked into in this fashion? We think of *Janus*, and shudder! The *Catholic World* itself will not deny that the extract from the Comptroller's Report is every whit as authentic as the Decretals of Isidore and the Donation of Constantine. With what sort of face can we claim the temporal sovereignty at Rome on the strength of the latter, and yet admit that a like paltry defect in the record of the Donation of the Assembly can weaken the force of our claim of precedent for renewed subventions at Albany?

The fact is (and we do not see why it should not come out) that since Father Hecker and his Grace the Archbishop left for the Ecumenical Council, the *Catholic World* has been getting to be a very unsafe guardian of the great interests of religion and of the Subvented Church of the State of New York. Like the mice in the proverb, it seems to take advantage of its relief from customary *surveillance* to play perilous and fantastic tricks which may result in frustrating plans most dear to the Catholic heart. To what purpose, we ask, are the Archbishop, and the bishops, and Father Hecker at the feet of the Holy Father at Rome, consulting for the complete triumph of "religious liberty" as they understand it, while here the fast young Phaetons that have taken the reins from Apollo, are endangering the very principles on which the secular sovereignty of the Holy Father is established? We submitted meekly to the rebuke of the *Catholic World* when it was run by a General of an Order with an autograph letter from the Pope. It was "an excellent oil, and it did not break our head." But when we are contradicted and twitted by some of the little Paulists, who are getting into a muddle all the arrangements that were going on so well for the annual subvention of the Catholic Church and the abolition of the Common Schools, that is a different matter, and we warn the young gentlemen that it is not safe. Well, well; as things seem to be going, our superiors will not be detained a great while longer from their flock, and when they return we shall soon get things settled down on the infallible principles of the Syllabus, and have some chance of getting the Spanish system of religious liberty and universal education comfortably established in this benighted and infidel country.

Meanwhile, the *Catholic World* may see, as one of the unfortunate consequences which its misguided course has assisted to provoke, the following table, which may be all true, and probably is; but which was prepared in no favorable

spirit toward the Subvented Church, and which contains a sort of facts which we have been censured for bringing to the notice of the general public. It is entitled :

Table of Moneys voted from the Public Treasury of the City of New York for Sectarian Institutions in 1869.

Roman Catholic,.....	\$412,062 26
Protestant Episcopal,.....	29,335 09
Hebrew,.....	14,404 49
Reformed (Dutch),.....	12,630 86
Presbyterian,.....	8,363 44
Baptist,.....	2,760 34
Methodist Episcopal,.....	3,073 63
German Evangelical,.....	2,027 24
Miscellaneous.....	44,085 12

Total,.....\$528,742 47

We have given above only the aggregates. The document undoubtedly is published with the evil intent of rousing the circumvented churches to a vain rage and envy against the Subvented Church. Were it not for the wrong-headed perversity of the *Catholic World*, it might be equally effective as a proud exhibit of the controlling power to which the Church of New York has already attained, and the truly religious and Christian—nay, Catholic—spirit of our State and City Governments.

One thing, however, in the "Report of a Committee of the Union League," to which this table is appended, we feel bound to correct. The Committee, after estimating the value of gifts of real estate from the City Government to Our Subvented Church at \$3,200,000, remark :

"Now if the other religious sects were each treated by our city govern-

ment with like liberality, the city of New York would in a few years become the very paradise of religious corporations: for they would have absorbed into their dead hands (Mortmain), either by donation or taxation, all the estate, real and personal, in this city."

We regard this as perfectly gratuitous, not to say wanton, misconception of the policy of our city government. When, we beg to be informed, has it shown any disposition to "treat other religious sects with like liberality?" The very table appended to the Report shows how groundless the alarm it raises. There are reasons obvious to every mind why other religious sects should not be wholly omitted in such disbursements of public money. But there has never been any needless waste in this direction. As for the claims of Our Subvented Church, there is no such formidable vagueness about them as the Report insinuates. They have been distinctly estimated by the *Catholic World* at about ten times as much as it has already received; that is, that it has a claim, on the old account, for about thirty-two millions of dollars' worth of real estate from the city government; which is very far short of the whole value of all the property in New York. Of course, the exigencies and claims of the Church must be expected to grow with the wealth and ability of the city and State; but that these claims should grow to any thing like the extent of absorbing "all the estate, real and personal, in the city" seems to us extremely improbable, at least for a very long time to come.

TABLE-TALK.

OLD CLAIMS TAKING NEW SHAPE.

SOME of us thought when the Clarendon-Johnson Treaty was exploded by Mr. Sumner, with the vote of the Senate to emphasize his voice, that Brother Jonathan appeared in a rather undignified attitude. England wished to pay actual, proved damage done by her; but we said, No, you hurt our feelings besides, and must pay for that. "He not only shot my dog," says the plaintiff, "but, may it please your honor, he made mouths at my wife." When sentiment creeps into law and courts it runs to drivel, and we just suspected that we might be making ourselves a little ridiculous. But M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, of Ghent, one of the ablest publicists of Europe, now insists that, in the main point, Mr. Sumner was right. It is all very well for the British to say that the proclamation of neutrality was "an act of national sovereignty," but what of that? So would a repeal of the neutrality laws be an act of sovereignty, though done in order to clear the way for privateers and pirates. But none the less would the injured nation be justified in demanding redress for it. In this case we have, not the mere repeal of a law which directly concerns none but citizens, but a proclamation aimed at the relations between our government and its subjects,—as it were striking an attitude toward us. There are other symptoms that the public opinion of Europe is coming nearer to the American view on this question.

—England will adopt the same view sooner or later. She has far more at stake than we, in preventing Alabamas from finding sanction in public law. She has five wars while we have one, and if the revolt of Vancouver's Island, or of a corner of the Punjab, is to justify our corsairs in plundering her East-Indiamen, who will get the worst of it? Yet such is the law of nations, as she now seems timidly and haltingly to defend it. Let

us wait coolly and patiently, while she grows eager to settle the case on our own terms. The relations of plaintiff and defendant will soon be amusingly reversed, and she will press those she has wronged to accept full reparation. Not that Mr. Sumner's dream of apology and half the cost of the war will be fulfilled—but then it is to be remembered that he has had his rhetorical revenge, and is that not priceless?

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

—Mr. Sumner appeared in a new and useful character in January, when he introduced his bill for reforming the currency and the public debt. He made, in its behalf, one of his best speeches, impressive, compact, and broad. There is statesmanship of a high order in his resolute advocacy of an immediate return to specie payment, of a large reduction of taxation, and of funding the debt at a possible market rate; instead of Mr. Boutwell's plan of offering at once consolidated Utopian four and a half per cents at par in gold, while our six per cents are worth only ninety-three, and of crushing the people, by the present tax laws, to pay off the debt, thus robbing the national industries of their nest-eggs. The Secretary of the Treasury has earned honor and public forbearance by his energy and honesty, but there are limits to the patience people have under an ignorant policy obstinately administered, and there are problems in finance which mere honesty without laborious intelligence cannot solve.

DOWN WITH THE TAXES.

—The Washington conspiracy to keep up taxation to the present standard, in order that the iron, steel, copper, salt and lumber monopolies may not have to give up any of their "protection," is fast breaking down. The people throughout the country cry for relief, and from this

Congress, or from another elected next autumn in its place, they will probably get it. Mr. Dawes has helped this movement, by showing the extravagance of some of the Departments in their demands for appropriations this year. Nearly five times as much money is wanted for public buildings, as was voted in the last year of Mr. Johnson: and every department under General Grant asks for a large increase in its current expenses above even that wasteful and corrupt year, except the Attorney-General's. Mr. Hoar seems to be unfashionable in this, as in everything else; and the extravagant Senate, no wonder, thinks him unfit to be made a judge. The Republican Congressmen from Philadelphia, true to their protectionist habits, want the Government to spend four or five millions of dollars in building a new navy yard on League Island, in order to "protect" the ascendancy of the party in that city. The people at large, however, still think that a triumph even of good principles is dear at any price, if it can be bought at all. Besides, we want the money; it is enough, applied to remitting taxes, to put iron and wool on the free list, and so to cheapen rent, clothing, and travel, to the whole nation.

AMUSEMENTS.

— The culture of a people finds characteristic expression in their amusements, and by amusements do not understand the theatres and the circus chiefly: for all the theatres in the land would not hold one in five hundred of the people nightly, and ninety-five per cent. of the people never saw a play. Yet everybody has some sport, whether chess or baseball, dancing or charades, "coasting" or negro-minstrels. The highest branch of the art of amusement is the quiet, healthful, and profitable entertainment of the family circle. A careful examination of the stock in trade of the inventors and manufacturers of games, for the last holiday season, would convince any one that a good new game is as hard to invent as a good new motive power. Croquet was the last tolerable novelty in its kind, but does not bear condensation into parlor limits.

Billiards are the best of indoor games for the sedentary; bagatelle is an imperfect substitute. Whist and chess are perfect for those who need bodily repose and nervous stimulus; being cheap and compact.

— But these are all imported. The national game of the United States is not yet discovered. Our people are the reading people of the world, and their evening amusement must needs be instructive, literary, as well as defiant of routine, reverent toward sensitive feelings, dignified in tone, infinitely varied in expression. As the art of general conversation has been lost to civilized man, in crossing the Atlantic, every coterie of friends even at a dinner-table, splinters into twos or threes; unless some common purpose is set before all; but when this is kept in view, the inventiveness of the national mind is such that the right entertainment comes up spontaneously. Perhaps the best game for an American circle is to choose a director of amusements for an hour with authority to require obedience, and then to hold him responsible for lively and varied suggestions.

READING CIRCLES.

— The reading propensity is gratified socially in many places by what are called "reading circles." The plan of them, like so many other good things, comes from Brooklyn, where it has worked well for many years. The members of a circle, ten to thirty in number, make up a common purse in lively publishing times, say in October, contributing from five to twenty dollars each, buy a judicious selection of new books, and then meet every week or fortnight to distribute them anew, until each member has had a chance to read every book. When the long winter evenings are gone, the books are distributed by lot; or better, perhaps, sold at a merry auction, over punch or pickled oysters, to the highest bidders among the members; and the purchase money is a good nest-egg for the next year's treasury. In practice, all turns on the management; especially on the taste and judgment used in making the list. Let these be good; and the system will build up the intelligence of a circle of families with surprising success.

Of course, some of the best magazines ought to be included in the selection. If any founders of such a circle wish the help of the Editors of this Magazine in choosing their books, it will be given to them cheerfully, on application by letter.

LITTLENESS OF CRITICISM.

— Minute verbal criticism is perilous work for those who are not trained well to it. No position is more ludicrous, whether in life or in letters, than his who fulminates fierce censures which fall back upon himself. Dean Alford learned this to his cost, when he, one of the most careless of writers, held himself up as a teacher of the "Queen's English." That fiercest of precisians, Mr. G. W. Moon, showed that many of the Dean's canons are wrong, and that his own book is thickly sprinkled with violations of the rest. This recent and amusing impalement of a great ecclesiastical dignitary on the points he had so diligently sharpened for others ought to have been a warning to all his tribe.

LITERARY SUICIDES.

— But other writers are ambitious, it seems, for a place beside him in the grammatical pillory. Several elaborate essays have lately appeared, devoted to the correction or ridicule of the literary sins of popular writers, or to pointing out the artistic excellence of which language is capable—themselves written in the most surprising of dialects. One such article, indeed, is before us, in a periodical of the very highest pretension, which attempts a formal classification of "the prominent faults" common in the use of language; and makes eight classes, two of which consist of errors committed, and the rest of the persons committing them. It would be a fair logical parallel to its scheme, if we should divide the fine arts into—1. Arts of expression; 2. Painters; 3. Works in stone, stucco, and language; and 4. Persons who live in houses. And for the style of this treatise on style, it is only explicable by supposing that its design is to illustrate all the faults it censures, and so to sacrifice the author to the cause. It deserves, in a sort of inverted sense, the splendid eulogy

given by the poet Dryden to the Greek critic Longinus:

"Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great sublime he draws."

— Rats and mice are "small deer," and elaborate nicety in the use of words is not always a mark of high genius and of a noble literature. It was probably by first confounding the wearisome verbosity of such unintelligent critics with the great study of language, that the eloquent blunderer, Ruskin, was led to denounce philology as "without doubt, the most contemptible of the sciences." But the intelligent study even of little points in grammar and the use of words has a humble place in the science of language, as one of its least departments; and another in literature, as one of its barriers against barbarism; and to write down any true part of science or literature "contemptible" is merely to say that the writer's culture is too narrow to appreciate it. Shakespeare violated grammar, indeed; and probably did not steal deer; but deer-stealing and bad grammar are both faults, whether he did or not, and no one will come nearer to Shakespeare by adopting them.

INFALLIBILITY.

— The Pope, or, in Jesuit language, the "vice-God," has not yet proclaimed himself the mouth-piece for the laws of the universe. "Janus" and other learned Catholics know too much of former disputes on matters of faith between Popes and the Church assembled in general Councils. If the Church, in each case, was right, how can it now say that the Pope was infallible? But if the Council was wrong, then what authority has it in "defining" new doctrine now, such as a man's infallibility? The dilemma is awkward. It has been met, in true papal style, by putting "Janus" and similar works in the "Index" of books, to read, own, circulate, or defend which, *ipso facto* cuts off a man from church fellowship in this life, and consigns him to eternal misery hereafter. But this splendid advertisement, given gratis to one of the ablest controversial writings of the age, does not annihilate what the Pope

has done, in claiming to be infallible, and yet calling a council to prop up his claim! What counsellors can add wisdom to omniscience, or authority to infallibility? The claim, by its very nature, stands or falls alone; and the consistent course is for the Pope to assert his own divine attributes—since the assertion, not the exercise of them, seems to be the main point with the Catholic world.

— What a theory of life it is that admits the possibility of a divine oracle, always open for consultation, always ready to utter infallible truth! To us, in these restless days of struggle, when the world is one great conflict for knowledge, wrestling grimly for each morsel it conquers from the unknown, it seems like a glimpse of another world, in which the law of life is rest, not labor; attainment, not pursuit. But that strange world is but the infancy of our own; for it is only to the infant mind that achievements are final, belief absolute, and rest the consummation of happiness. In a manly civilization, everything gained is a "stepping-stone to higher things;" all beliefs are held subject to revision under broader knowledge; and the future is a perpetual warfare, glorified in the prospect of perpetual triumphs. The two conceptions of life are opposites, and the Pope is the representative of the attempt to give the former a new lease of existence, after its natural career is ended. Romanism, at least in the form of ultramontaniam—and the object of the Council is to identify the two—is a prodigious effort to put full-grown Christendom back into swaddling-clothes; nor is it strange that the giant's mighty limbs cannot be forced into the bands of babyhood.

IN A CONVENT.

— A curious illustration of this will be found in the present number, in an interesting article by a Catholic, telling her experience as a pupil in the convent school of the Sacred Heart, on the upper part of this island. She shows, all the more clearly for not designing it, how the Protestant girls in such schools are surrounded with influences which tend, not to convince their minds of the Catholic

creed, but to mould their souls to Catholic obedience. Except in a few rare intellects, trained to close thinking, the arguments which abstractly sustain beliefs are of little consequence, as compared with the mould in which the dispositions are cast by habit and association. It is not reasoning that makes Catholics; it is not often reasoning that unmakes them. But take a tender, impressive heart, while young; surround it with imposing altars and services of devotion, and with associates who worship unthinkingly, and it must be one of rare independence if it ever learns free thought. Most of such pupils would be made slaves of any superstition, however gross; but the grand traditions of the Catholic church and the unquestioned goodness it has often produced, give it peculiar facility in the work. Parents who want their children to be taken out of this century, with its questionings and its intellectual strifes and triumphs, and set down in an age of undoubting submission and narrow, traditional culture, cannot do better than to send them to such schools. All such parents will advocate State grants of money to sectarian schools, or will even smile at the efforts of the Catholics to overthrow our common school system entirely, in order that sectarian and theological education may be general.

But to him who knows what the glory of the human race really is; who "would not give his free thought for a throne;" who sees that skepticism, not authority, is the foundation of all high mental culture, and that an infallible teacher of truth, were such possible, would be the worst enemy of man, and would paralyze his energies and destroy his hopes of progress: to him the Catholic ideal of life is horrible, and, in these days, certain to be rejected of men. He is grateful forever that, if to the angels is given the truth, to him is given the greater search for truth; and that he knows it nobler to die restlessly seeking it, than to live stagnant in its enjoyment. "The oracles are dumb;" ages ago,

"All the false gods, with a cry,
Rendered up their deity;"

and the poor parody upon Apollo that

now mutters over beads and relics in the Vatican may as well follow them.

"Drop thy gray chin on thy knee,
O thou palsied mystery!
For Pan is dead."

CHURCH AND STATE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

— But "every man has a pope within him," as one of the early Calvinists, striving to express his abhorrence of innate depravity, used to say; and devotion to any set of dogmas seems to drive others than bishops of Rome practically to claim infallibility. Pope Sharswood, of Pennsylvania, has issued a Bull in the form of a legal opinion, from the Supreme Court of that State, that since Christianity is the foundation of its free institutions, therefore a bequest to an infidel charitable institution is void! It would be much nearer to true premises and sound logic to say that, since universal suffrage is the foundation of our institutions, therefore no property shall be held by any one who thinks that it ought to be restricted. But such law would not commend itself even to Judge Sharswood. Who shall define infidelity? Catholics apply the name to Protestantism; Episcopalians to Unitarianism; Unitarians to Spiritualism; followers of Agassiz to Darwinism; and so on—shall the right of each class to hold property be determined by the accident of a Judge's religious creed? If so, each sect will be a political faction: or else Christians will organize themselves into one party, and unbelievers into another, and contest judicial elections. But there never yet was a direct struggle of creeds for political supremacy that did not end in war or anarchy. It is perilous ground that a judiciary or a legislature is on, when it permits the laws to take any cognizance whatever of religious belief; but if Judge Sharswood's decision is law, the established church in Pennsylvania is the religious persuasion of its Supreme Court for the time being.

THE SUEZ CANAL FESTIVAL.

— MARGA went to Suez by proxy, at the Khédive's kind invitation, and had a jolly though varied "time," as will appear at length from the lively record of it in some of the foregoing pages.

Surely there was something very significant in the religious exercises of the opening "benediction," when Mohammedan and Catholic, the religion of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, flowed into one. Thus Romanism, while at its centre rising into more presumptuous isolation than ever, fuses its skirts more and more with its old antagonists, all around the world. But read the story, and learn there, too, how the sublimest conception of genius is dwarfed and dusted by the contact—not so much with everyday life, as with Kings and Empresses, fêtes and celebrations.

CLIMATES AND CIVILIZATION.

— These are the days in which men undertake to account for every thing; and it is quite the fashion now to assume, if all other explanations fail for any fact, that it is to be referred to Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. Mr. Jevons, the statistician, writes in *Nature* to show that this theory explains why the cream of civilization is always found in temperate zones; but he fails to observe that the centre of culture, which started on or near the Equator, seems to have moved steadily further and further from it, with the advancing centuries. A plausible argument might be made in favor of the proposition, that human progress consists in growing adaptation to colder climates, and that the capital of the Golden Age will be at the North Pole! The westward "course of empire" is still more obvious; and would sustain the theory, for instance, that emigrants towards the setting sun lengthen their days by the movement, and so do more work than stationary nations, and accumulate more power.

HUMAN REPRODUCTION.

— Other Darwinites are at work devising plans for the practical utilization of the "origin of species" doctrine, by applying it to the improvement of the human race. Permit none but the best specimens of man to produce their kind; and wed them by the most perfect rules of scientific adaptation; in-

roducing into the family-relation all the elegant expressions and considerations which adorn the lips and the mind of the dog-fancier or the horse-breeder; and, before many generations, we shall attain a higher development and culture than has yet been dreamed of! Let it be so; but how obvious it is to him who is not Darwin-mad, that, under any such organization of society as this, progress would cease to be an object, because life itself would no longer be worth having! Whatever is beautiful in our civilization or hopeful in its future is bound up, on every side, with the great central fact that personal affection is commonly the basis of marriage; and we cannot imagine that fact done away, without desolating the world.

But perhaps our scientific socialists are not half in earnest; and do not really mean that love shall only be made by leave of Darwin, and that a comparison of "points" in pedigrees shall take the place of courtship. Perhaps it is only as suggesting a new basis for the novel of the future that we must understand them: something different from the worn-out notions of chivalric love, which in our money-seeking days seem gaudy, if not tawdry fancies. Who is to write the first romance of natural or artificial selection; and to give artistic expression to the beauty and necessity of trampling on love and duty together, and seeking "affinities," not by impulse, but according to the great laws by which new and improved varieties of manhood are to be produced? The writer who has so well reconstructed "the stone age" in a novel for the geologists might do as much for the new physiologists, since it ought to be as easy to look forward a million of years as backward. But by the time their hope is fulfilled, and the age arrives in which, not implements, but hearts are made of stone, our descendants will doubtless be as far improved from us as we are from the head of our great family, the "anthropoid ape" who is the father of us all! And they will wonder at our prejudices in favor of love, and how the race got rid of them, as we

wonder what has become of our ancestors' tails.

UNIVERSAL DUPLICITY.

— Science has much more definite information to give on the present nature of man than on his origin or destiny. The physiologist, Lereboullet, was studying recently the embryology of fishes. In watching the development of the eggs he observed that occasionally two germs appeared in one of them, just as sometimes two yolks occur in a hen's egg. Each of these twin-germs usually grew into a fish; but in some instances, he saw the two unite, and merge into a single fish, sometimes with two heads, or with two tails, or with a double spine. But sometimes a germ showed signs of twofold development, and partly formed two embryonic heads; and then these coalesced entirely, the one half of each disappeared, and an ordinary and single fish was the result.

This marvellous observation suggests that what we call individuality may really be a profound duplicity. If some fishes are dual, why not all? If some vertebrates are so, why not all, including man? The parts of the body in all vertebrate animals are in duplicate, the two sides corresponding in wonderful symmetry. Doubtless the human germ, which passes at its origin through a fish-like period, is as capable of division as the fish germ; and many a one is perhaps, at some time, divided, partly or wholly, and strives for development into two beings. There is a living girl with two heads, or rather two girls with one body, on exhibition in this country now; and is not every man in reality a condensed pair of Siamese twins? Electrical experimenters on the muscles make a man laugh on one side of his face, while he is weeping on the other. Surgeons know that when one side only of the brain is injured, the mental powers are often unimpaired. Physicians to the insane, seeing the alternations of sanity and lunacy common in the early stages of mental disease, are almost driven to believe that either half of the head may go crazy without the other. Students of the everlasting controversy about the "possessed

of devils" may easily construct a theory of the two sides of the brain, each partly independent in acting and in receiving impressions, which will account for most of the puzzling facts on record. And then, if any man must have his double, how much better to keep him wrapped in the same skin, merged, as it were, in the proper self, rather than wandering at large

in a world of confusion, halving the rewards of his labor and multiplying the embarrassment of his scrapes! He who made "The Comedy of Errors" should be here to work up this situation; but there is consolation for his absence, if the author of "The Tale of Two Cities" or the author of "My Double and How he Undid Me" will undertake the work.

THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH.

A NOTABLE event in the literary world is the appearance, on the same day with this number of our Magazine, of "The Iliad of Homer, translated into English blank verse by William Cullen Bryant, Volume I," containing Homer's first twelve books. The time has not yet come to review it critically, nor to determine how far it is to mark, in the literature of this century, such an era as Chapman's translation of Homer, or as Pope's, made each in its own age. Let us even grant that thought is now too diversified and too aggressive to be so profoundly influenced as it once was by the revival of an old-world epic; yet the fact remains that, of all who have ever attempted to reproduce in English the chief poem mankind possesses, our present translator is the most truly poetic in his own endowments, the most elevated above what is artificial in thought and affected in style, the most in sympathy, in his own writings, with the noble simplicity of Homer. We have therefore reason to expect from him better means than the English reader has hitherto possessed, of reading, feeling, and understanding the Iliad.

It is the standing challenge of the critics to the poets, to translate Homer. But they often demand what is impossible; and their victims make them great sport by striving for it. One translator aims to write just the poem which Homer would write, if now with us; as useful a standard as a general's, who should be guided by the

inquiry how Agamemnon would have planned the attack on Fredericksburg. Nor does Professor Blackie mend the matter, by declaring the true question to be what the Iliad would have been, if the ancient Greeks had spoken modern English. It were as wise to ask what it would have been, had they known nitro-glycerine bombs and Darwin's Origin of Species. Modern English could not be the speech of any but the people that has produced it. To rewrite the Iliad, so as to affect readers as the original affected the throngs of Greeks at Olympia, is the modest hope of another translator, who does not seem to see that he must first convert this age to implicit faith in the Greek mythology, and fill us all with panhellenic patriotism. Professor Arnold would teach the translator to "reproduce the effect of Homer," too, but only the effect which the original now produces on scholars; and this is perhaps the very worst advice ever given. For scholars familiar with the original could not endure a version not minutely accurate, and minute accuracy will surely choke epic flow and fire.

But it is in the metres they have adopted that nearly all recent translators have been entangled and tripped up by their theories. The outlines of this subject are seemingly plain enough, but very able and scholarly men have contrived to miss them, so that they deserve a brief statement here. The Greek hexameters run on continuously; they flow freely into one another; the

metre puts no limits upon the sentiment, neither confining nor stretching it; the position of the principal pause varies widely, giving varied expression to the verse; yet each line is under strict metrical laws, which give it a marked form that can never be confounded with prose. Now there is but one metre in English which can be made to resemble the Greek heroic verse tolerably in all these particulars. Rhyming couplets or stanzas break up the great current into eddies. They are always overloaded with mere filling, or else they curdle into epigrams. All our ballad metres are irregular, loose, destitute of dignity, and, in spite of their freedom, they run into a sing-song monotony in a long poem. Our pseudo-hexameters, measured off by accents, resemble Greek heroics just as conversation resembles music; the one sole metrical element of the hexameter, the varied intermixture of long and short syllables, is wanting in them. They are not in harmony with the prevailing movement of our language, which is iambic, and not dactylic, and is barren of spondee. And as written by their strongest defenders, they are merely prose run mad,—except that, printed continuously and without initial capitals, many pages of them would pass readily for sane and solid prose and never be suspected of any disguise. The one metre left to claim kindred with the Greek hexameter is our heroic blank verse; a poor enough representative, in some respects, but by far our best. Prosaicness is its danger, but not necessarily its doom.

Since this point is so much controverted, it demands an illustration. Let us take the strongest possible case against our heroic verse, as handled by Mr. Bryant. Here is a passage from the third book of the *Iliad*, translated by Dr. Hawtrey, and published by him, apart from the context, as a vindication of the powers of hexameter verse. It is not only the best Dr. Hawtrey can do, but Professor Arnold, in advocating the English hexameter, says: "It is the one version of any part of the *Iliad* which

in some degree reproduces for me the original effect of Homer; it is the best, and it is in hexameters." Helen is on the walls of Troy, with the old King, Priam, and points out one after another the princes of the Greeks upon the field below; she adds:

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achæa;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor fleet in the car,—Polydeukes brave with the oestus,—
Own dear brethren of mine;—one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lacedæmon?
Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?"
"So said she; they long since in earth's soft arms were reposing,
There in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedæmon."

It would not be fair, perhaps, to lay to the poor hexameter's charge the most unhomeric, or rather, in this case, anti-homeric conceit about "reposing" in "Earth's soft arms," which is inserted into the last line but one. The metre has sins enough of its own, and it must surely be a broad definition of verse which will include that line, or any of the three preceding. Here is Mr. Bryant's version of the same passage:

"I could point out and name the other chiefs
Of the dark-eyed Achæians. Two alone,
Princes among their people, are not seen,—
Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled
In boxing, Pollux,—twins; one mother bore
Both at one birth with me. Did they not come
From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war?
Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships,
Shun they to fight among the valiant ones
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame?"
"She spake; but they already lay in earth
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land."

There is one obvious error here; Homer's Helen does not say "one mother bore both at one birth with me," but only that the same mother was hers and theirs. The notion that Helen was of the same birth with Castor and Pollux first appears in a late pseudo-Homeric hymn. Yet in spite of this oversight, hardly to be matched else-

where in Mr. Bryant's work, this version is surely far more accurate, as a whole, than the former one; a far more perfect representation of the original. It is not merely better poetry in itself, but incomparably better as a translation from Homer. Yet the *hexametrists* put this passage forward as their picked and champion piece of work; while it would be easy to find a hundred others which Mr. Bryant has rendered more admirably.

Again, let us bring all sides of this metrical controversy to book on a single line. The Grecian commanders anxiously await tidings of Ulysses and Diomedes, who have gone to make a night raid on the tents of Rhesus. Nestor suddenly tells them that he hears horses' feet in the distance, and hopes it may be his friends returning. One beautiful Greek line (x. 535) says:

"A sound of swift-footed horses strikes my ears."

This is exact, but the Greek is poetry, and our English is bald prose. How do the translators give life to the line? Let us look into some of them. Old Chapman has it:

"Methinks about mine ears
The sounds of running horses beat;"

which is not Chapman's worst, but is scarcely better than prose. Pope makes a couplet of the line:

"Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;"

which is in keeping with the general tone of Pope's rhymed poem, but the first line has an awkward inversion foreign to Homer's directness, while the second line is mere filling, put in for the sake of the rhyme. Cowper, so famous for accuracy and dulness, says:

"The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear;"

which is worse still; for it introduces two ideas, of which Homer knows nothing, the echo and the alarm, the first of which is merely impertinent, while the second is false in tone, Nestor's impulse being not apprehension but hope.

Nor do the more recent translators succeed much better. Blackie, for instance, has it:

"There smites my ear the tramp full near of nimble-footed steeds;"

where the jingle is unpleasant, apart from the false addition, "near," said of a sound so remote that only Nestor's sharp hearing could perceive it at all. But this is again a sin of rhyme.

Norgate does as well here as elsewhere with his "dramatic verse":

"There strikes upon my ears
A clatt'ring noise of nimble-footed horses;"

though Homer's Nestor was in too much haste to say whether the noise "clattered" or not. Simcox is neither better nor worse than most of the translators, who try to measure off Greek hexameters by English accents. He makes this one of our line:

"Now to my hearing comes the tramp of swift-footed horses;"

which is merely diluted prose.

Mr. F. W. Newman, however, the best thinker and most accomplished scholar who has given us an Iliad since Pope, makes, as usual, so here the worst work of all translators:

"My ears do quiver with the tramp of nimble-footed horses."

Surely it was Bottom, not Nestor, who was so "translated" as to be entitled to "quivering ears!"

Earl Derby has it thus:

"Methinks
The sound of horses, hurrying, strikes my ear;"
and this, except the superfluous "methinks," is exact and only halts a little.

Mr. Bryant's translation of the line in question is this:

"The trampling of swift steeds is in my ears;"

This is as direct and as idiomatic as the Greek; it is literal enough for a school boy's recitation; and expresses, in a manner worthy of Homer, and not unlike Homer, the very attitude of Nestor's mind while speaking.

We might better have taken for this comparison a longer passage had we room for the citations, but a line is enough to show at least how so many have failed, if not so clearly how well one has succeeded. To show this we must drop the other translators, and look, for a little, to Mr. Bryant alone; assured that, if he fail us, our chance of an English Homer is small. Let us turn to a few passages of high, but varied

excellence in the original, and see how the translator has done his work.

The priest Chryses, whose daughter has been seized by the Greeks, is grimly insulted when he applies to Agamemnon for permission to ransom her. The King orders him to go :

"The aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona's son :—

"Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow.
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos,
O Smimtheus ! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed."

"So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart ; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver ; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow ; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles."

The following seems to us a very happy rendering of a few remarkable lines (Book i. 470-487) :

"Meantime the Argive youths, that whole day long,

Sang to appease the god ; they chanted forth
High anthems to the archer of the skies.
He listened to the strain, and his stern mood
Was softened. When, at length, the sun went down

And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when
Appeared the rosy-fingered Dawn, the child
Of Morning, they returned to the great host
Of the Achæans. Phœbus deigned to send
A favoring breeze ; at once they reared the mast
And opened the white sails ; the canvas swelled
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.
So ran she, cutting through the sea her way.
But when they reached the great Achæan host,
They drew their vessel high upon the shore
Among the sands, and underneath its sides
They laid long beams to prop the keel, and
straight
Dispersed themselves among the tents and ships."

The Greeks have fallen into despondency, even into panic ; Hector advises Agamemnon to gather and encourage them (Book ii.) :

"Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay
The work appointed by the gods, but send

The heralds of the Achæans, brazen-mailed,
To call the people to the fleet, while we
Pass in a body through their vast array
And wake the martial spirit in their breasts."

"He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade
The loud-voiced herald summon to the war
The long-haired Argives. At the call they came,
Quickly they came together, and the kings,
Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside
Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form
The army into ranks. Among them walked
The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
And undecaying ; from its edge there hung
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed
Through all the Achæan host, and made their
hearts

Impatient for the march and strong to endure
The combat without pause,—for now the war
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,
In their good galleys, to the land they loved.

"As when a forest on the mountain-top
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed
On every side and upward to the sky.

"And as when water-fowl of many tribes—
Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans—disport
themselves

In Asia's fields beside Cayster's streams,
And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,
Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ;
Or as when flies in swarming myriads haunt
The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new
milk

Has filled the pails,—in such vast multitudes
Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,
Impatient to destroy the Trojan race.

"Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled
flocks

Are in the pastures, know and set apart
Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs,
Moving among them, marshal each his men.
There walked King Agamemnon, like to Jove
In eye and forehead, with the locks of Mars,
And ample chest like him who rules the sea.
And as a bull amid the horned herd
Stands eminent and nobler than the rest,
So Jove to Agamemnon on that day
Gave to support the chiefs in port and men."

Homer is never more amazing in his power over the reader than in his descriptions of the rush or rage or terror or flight of huge masses of men. Another passage of the kind, still more impressive than the last, is that in the fourth book, where the two armies meet for the first time on the battle-field. Diomedes has just spoken ; and, as Mr. Bryant has it,

"He spake, and from his chariot leaped to earth
All armed ; the mail upon the monarch's breast
Rang terribly as he marched swiftly on.
The boldest might have heard that sound with
fear.

"As when the ocean-billows, wave on wave,
Are pushed along to the resounding shore
Before the western wind, and first the surge
Uplifts itself, and then against the land
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks
Tosses on high and spouts its foam afar,
So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece
To battle, file succeeding file, each chief
Giving command to his own troops; the rest
Marched noiselessly: you might have thought no
voice

Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs,
Their showy armor glittering as they moved
In firm array. But, as the numerous flock
Of some rich man, while the white milk is drawn
Within his sheepfold, hear the plaintive call
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly,—
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host
Arose; nor was the war-cry one, nor one
The voice, but words of mingled languages,
For they were called from many different climes.
These Mars encouraged to the fight; but those
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased,—
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars,—
Who rises small at first, but grows, and lifts
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth.
She, striding through the crowd and heightening
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst
Contention, source of bale to all alike.

"And now, when met the armies in the field,
The ox-hide shields encountered, and the spears,
And might of warriors mailed in brass; then
clashed

The bossy bucklers, and the battle-din
Was loud; then rose the mingled shouts and
groans

Of those who slew and those who fell; the earth
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below,
With their swift waters, poured from gushing
springs,

Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights
Hears the far roar,—such was the mingled din
That rose from the great armies when they met."

The familiar account of the parting of
Hector and Andromache, in the sixth
book, is translated with a straightforward
fidelity to the manly tenderness of
the original, which could be fairly represented
only by an extract beyond our
limits. But the manner in which the battle
in the eighth book is decided must be
quoted, if only to call attention to the exquisitely
simple transition from the action
of Zeus to the effect on the combatants,
which is so well preserved in Mr.
Bryant's rendering:

"Now in their tents the long-haired Greeks had
shared

A hasty meal, and girded on their arms.
The Trojans, also, in their city armed
Themselves for war, as eager for the fight,
Though fewer; for a hard necessity
Forced them to combat for their little ones
And wives. They set the city-portals wide,

And forth the people issued, foot and horse
Together, and a mighty din arose.
And now, when host met host, their shields and
spears

Were mingled in disorder; men of might
Encountered, cased in mail, and bucklers clashed
Their bosses; loud the clamor: cries of pain
And boastful shouts arose from those who fell
And those who slew, and earth was drenched with
blood.

"While yet 't was morning, and the holy light
Of day grew bright, the men of both the hosts
Were smitten and were slain; but when the sun
Stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took
His golden scales, and in them laid the fates
Which bring the sleep of death,—the fate of those
Who tamed the Trojan steeds, and those who war-
red

For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst
He held the balance, and, behold, the fate
Of Greece in that day's fight sank down until
It touched the nourishing earth, while that of
Troy

rose and flew upward toward the spacious heav-
en.

With that the Godhead thundered terribly
From Ida's height, and sent his lightnings down
Among the Achaean army. They beheld
In mute amazement and grew pale with fear.

"Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,
Nor Agamemnon, on the ground, nor stayed
The chieftains Ajax, ministers of Mars."

The closing lines of the eighth book
are famous for their intrinsic beauty, and
the merits of various versions of them,
as of a test passage, have been discussed
at length by critics. The poet laureate
of England, responded, a few years ago,
to an unfortunate challenge by Professor
Arnold, in his essay "On Translating
Homer," and published a translation
of them, as nearly perfect as any work
of man. With this familiar gem by Mr.
Tennyson, there is certainly no version
in our language that will bear comparison,
except this of Mr. Bryant:

"So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host
Applauded; from the yoke forthwith they loosed
The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars
With halters; to the town they sent in haste
For oxen and the fatlings of the flock,
And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine.

"So, high in hope, they sat the whole night
through

In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilion blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus: on the plain there shone
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—
Champing their oats and their white barley—
stood,

And waited for the golden morn to rise."

We close our citations with one passage descriptive of the achievements of a warrior; one which, besides its great merit as poetry, is curiously illustrative of the spirit of ancient warfare; and in which, while there is room for criticism in details, the tone of the original seems to us to have been caught by Mr. Bryant as by no previous translator.

"Next on Pisander and Hippolochus
Atrides rushed,—brave warriors both, and sons
Of brave Antimachus, the chief who took
Gold and rich gifts from Paris, and refused
To let the Trojans render Helen back
To fair-haired Menelaus. His two sons,
Both in one car, and reigning their fleet steeds,
Atrides intercepted; they let fall
The embroidered reins, dismayed, as, lion-like,
Forward he came; and, cowering, thus they pray-
ed:—

"Take us alive, Atrides, and accept
A worthy ransom, for Antimachus
Keeps in his halls large treasures,—brass and gold,
And well-wrought steel; and he will send, from
these,

Uncounted gifts when he shall hear that we
Are spared alive and at the Grecian fleet.

"Since then your father is Antimachus,
The chief who in a Trojan council once
Proposed that Menelaus, whom we sent
A legate with Ulysses the divine,
Should not return to Greece, but suffer death,
Your blood must answer for your father's guilt."

"So spake the king, and, striking with his spear
Pisander's breast, he dashed him from the car.
Prone on the ground he lay. Hippolochus
Leaped down and met the sword. Atrides lopped
His hands and drove the weapon through his neck,
And sent the head to roll among the crowd.

And then he left the dead, and rushed to where
The ranks were in disorder; with him went
His well-armed Greeks: there they who fought
on foot

Slaughtered the flying foot; the horsemen there
Clove horsemen down; the coursers' trampling
feet

Raised the thick dust to shadow all the plain;
While Agamemnon cheered the Achæans on,
And chased and slew the foe. As when a fire
Seizes a thick-grown forest, and the wind
Drives it along in eddies, while the trunks
Fall with the boughs amid devouring flames,
So fell the flying Trojans by the hand
Of Agamemnon. Many high-maned steeds
Dragged noisily their empty cars among
The ranks of battle, never more to bear
Their charioteers, who lay upon the earth
The culture's feast, a sorrow to their wives.

"But Jove beyond the encountering arms, the
dust,

The carnage, and the bloodshed and the din
Bore Hector, while Atrides in pursuit
Was loudly cheering the Achæans on.

Meantime the Trojans fled across the plain
Toward the wild fig-tree growing near the tomb
Of ancient Ius, son of Dardanus,—

Eager to reach the town; and still the son
Of Atreus followed, shouting, and with hands
Blood-stained and dust-begrimed. And when they
reached

The Scæan portals and the beechen tree,
They halted, waiting for the rear, like bees
Chased panting by a lion who has come
At midnight on them, and has put the herd
To flight, and one of them to certain death,—
Whose neck he breaks with his strong teeth and
then

Devours the entrails, lapping up the blood.
Thus did Atrides Agamemnon chase
The Trojans; still he slew the hindmost—still
They fled before him."

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

—NEXT to anecdotes of men of letters, which we consider the most entertaining of all kinds of gossip, are anecdotes of men of kindred professions, as the Law, Physic, and Divinity. Quite a library might be got together, of which these should be the specialty. Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, for instance, an English *littérateur*, who sometimes condescends to novel-writing, has compiled "A Book about Lawyers," and "A Book about Doctors;" and Mr. Edwin Paxton Hood, another English *littérateur*, of no note, has manufactured, *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets; Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher*, of which the second series has lately been pub-

lished by Mr. M. W. Dodd. It is not so readable as Mr. Jeaffreson's books, partly because Mr. Hood, who is a minister, writes from a ministerial point of view, and partly because the materials are not so abundant. It is rather solemn reading, on the whole, as may be inferred from the subjects of the lectures, which are on "The Pulpits of our Age and Times;" "On Arrangement of Texts by Division;" "Concerning Written and Extemporaneous Sermons;" "On Effective Preaching and the Foundations of Legitimate Success;" and "On the Mental Tools and Apparatus Needful for the Pulpit." There are, however, good things scattered through

the grave portions of it, and the best are anecdotes of the clergy. Here is one: A Sunday-school teacher examining his class, asked, "Who was Eutychus?" "A young man who heard Paul preach, and falling down, was taken up dead." "And from the circumstances what do we learn?" "Please, sir, that ministers should not preach long sermons." Another recalls the anecdote of the scholar who refused, on his deathbed, to listen to the priest who was declaiming to him about the bliss of Paradise, because he spoke such execrable Latin! It is to this effect, in the rather inelegant language of Mr. Hood: "When, in a Turkish mosque, one with a very harsh voice was reading the Koran in a loud tone, a good and holy Mollah went to him and said: 'What is your monthly stipend?' And he answered, 'Nothing.' Then said he, 'Why give thyself so much trouble?' And he said, 'I am reading for the sake of God.' The good and holy Mollah replied, 'For God's sake do not read; for if you enumerate after this manner, thou wilt cast a shade over the glory of orthodoxy.'" Among apt texts, of which there are plenty of anecdotes extant, we remember none better than the one which James the First, of England, and Sixth of Scotland, heard on his arrival in London: "James I. and Sixth, a double-minded man, is unstable in all his ways." Concerning Young's *Night Thoughts*, which he considers as fine a piece of declamation as any thing in the language, Mr. Hood relates an anecdote of Dr. Beattie: "I used to devour his 'Night Thoughts,' with a satisfaction not unlike that which, in my younger years, I have found in walking alone in a churchyard, or on a wild mountain by the moon at midnight. When I first read Young, my heart was broke to think of the poor man's afflictions. Afterward I took into my head, that where there was so much lamentation, there could not be excessive suffering, and I could not help applying to him, sometimes, those lines of a song:

'Believe me, the Shepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to show he has wit'

On talking with some of Dr. Young's friends, in England, I have since found that my conjectures were right, for that while he was composing the 'Night Thoughts,' he was really as cheerful as any man." Mr. Hood might have added, on his own account, that there was no reason why Young should not have been cheerful, as he had no heart to speak of, and was successful beyond his deserts. One of the representative preachers, of whom Mr. Hood writes with admiration, is the Rev. F. W. Robertson, of whose funeral, which was attended by Jews, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Churchmen, he says, that it adds something to the pathos of that procession to know, how among the followers was one remarkable lady, wending her way on foot—Lady Byron—who would not go in her carriage; "unworthy," as she said, "to ride after such remains." This action on the part of her ladyship may have been as admirable as Mr. Hood seems to think; but judging from our present view of her character, it was more nearly related to what the poet calls the devil's darling sin,—

"The pride that apes humility."

— It is a pity that a writer who has successfully opened a new vein in letters, should not know when it is worked out; but must needs go on sifting sand, and breaking quartz, for a few grains of the shining ore. Such a one is Miss Manning, who, twenty years ago, delighted the world with "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell;" and has since been delighting herself (we trust so, at least, since other delight is out of the question) with a succession of similar works—at the rate of one or two a-year—each weaker than its predecessor, the last being *The Spanish Barber* (M. W. Dodd), of which we can only say that it may be very nice reading for children of a pious turn of mind; but is not of much consequence to any body else. We are sorry to say this; for we have the pleasantest memories of "Mary Powell" and "The Household of Sir Thomas More," and the belief that a stirring as well

as interesting story might be written about the circulation of the Bible in Spain. We know what Borrow made of the subject in his well-known work; but then there are writers—and writers. Miss Manning should have remained contented with her early laurels, for she is gathering very poor substitutes for them now.

— The success, in this country, of a work like Froude's *History of England* (Scribner & Co.) is indicative of a larger class of cultivated readers than certain other literary facts would lead us to believe, and its reprint in cheaper form than the original issue is a sign that the publishers at least are of the opinion that the class can be readily enlarged. We note the fact with pleasure, which is not diminished because it partakes of the nature of wonder, first that so many Americans should to-day be interested in the history of the England of Henry the Eighth, Mary, and Elizabeth; and, second, that they should be willing to accept a history as lengthy as Mr. Froude's. From the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth was considerably less than a hundred years, and while we admit the period to have been an important one, we cannot but think that justice might have been done to it in less than a dozen volumes. If history is to be written at this rate hereafter, we must either confine ourselves exclusively to reading the history of some one country, or reign, or give up the reading of history altogether; for what with the newspapers we must read, the novels we all skim over, and the poems we ought to look at, there will be no leisure left for it. For this particular "History" of Mr. Froude's, it is ably rather than brilliantly written, and in as fair a spirit as we could expect, when we remember that the object of Mr. Froude, or one of his objects, was to rehabilitate the memory of Henry the Eighth. Whether or no he has succeeded in this, will probably be decided by his readers according to the particular bias with which they take up his work. For ourselves we think that he has succeeded, for the simple reason that

his Henry the Eighth is not a monster, but a man; not a faultless man, by any means, but with all his faults, a man. It is Mr. Froude's belief that "some natural explanation can usually be given of the actions of human beings without supposing them to have been possessed by extraordinary wickedness," and he gives Henry the Eighth the benefit of this belief, fortifying it with a greater array of historical documents than were ever before brought to bear upon his life and career. The substance of his opinion in regard to the King's character is as follows: "It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman Emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him; but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted, whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth." The reprint of Mr.

Froude's "History of England" is in monthly installments of two volumes, the latest ending with the sixth volume, which closes with the death of Queen Mary. Typographically it is but little inferior to the original edition, and is so cheap, in comparison with the majority of such works, as to have attracted considerable attention in England.

— If Fiction, which was never before so abundant in our literature, and seldom before so worthless, is not destined to extinction, it must, we think, soon have an infusion of fresher and healthier blood from other countries. We have no reason to believe that France will supply it, though it might, if *George Sand* would only write up to the best that is in her; as Germany might, if Auerbach and Spielhagen were only as popular here as they deserve to be; and as Norway certainly might, if Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson could only impart to our novelists some of his sympathetic and profound insight into nature. The translation of his "Arne" ought to have been an event in the history of English and American fiction, as it was in the memory of some of its readers, and as the translation of his *Happy Boy* (Sever, Francis & Co.) is now in ours. It is a trifle, judged by the present standard of plot and elaboration of character, but it is such a trifle as only a man of genius could have produced. What distinguishes Bjørnson beyond any writer of his class with whom we are familiar, is his intuitive knowledge of youth and its sweetest emotions, his knowledge of the heart in the first flush of virginal love. It was that which made "Arne" so delightful, and it is that which makes "The Happy Boy" so enchanting. It has no plot to speak of, being a few pages from the life-history of a peasant lad, and a maiden of better birth, who grew up together as children, who found themselves loving each other, and who, after a few obstacles, were married. This is all there is of it; but then how exquisite this is, as Bjørnson has handled it, and how lifelike are his characters, any one of whom, and there are six, would add to

the reputation of any living novelist. "The Happy Boy" is as perfect of its kind as the idyls of Tennyson, being, in fact, a little prose-idyl of peasant life in Norway.

— From Mr. John Neal we have a brisk little volume entitled *Great Mysteries and Little Plagues*, of which Messrs. Roberts Brothers are the publishers. It is mainly about children, concerning whom Mr. Neal rattles away in the highest spirits, which we share with him before we get through. A portion of the book, "Children—what are they good for?" appeared in the *Atlantic Souvenir* about forty years ago, since which time Mr. Neal seems to have been a diligent reader of all sorts of magazines and newspapers, for the purpose of adding to his stock of childish *ana*. And really the number of good things he has collected is surprising. They take up at least two thirds of his book, and are arranged under the head of "Pickings and Stealings," a heading which exactly suits their character. We meet, of course, with stories that we were familiar with, but they are none the less welcome on that account; for when we are in the mood for reading jokes, the old are as good as the new. We commend Mr. Neal's *omnium gatherum* to the lovers of light reading, as the very thing to while away an idle hour.

— *The Sunset Land, or the Great Pacific Slope*, by Rev. John Todd, D.D., should be added to recent works on California. It is not so interesting to us, as an ardent Californian would doubtless find it, but it is a clever little book, covering a good deal of ground. Mr. Todd writes with an enthusiasm we have faith in, since it is fortified with facts, in the first place, and temperately expressed, in the second place. The only exception to this statement is the concluding paragraph of the Appendix, in which Mr. Todd has allowed himself to write rapturously of Pullman's sleeping cars, of which he says: "Nothing can exceed them, unless Pullman should excel himself." He also adds, concerning Pullman: "He is a

public benefactor, notwithstanding he makes it profitable for himself." Fortunate public, and still more fortunate Pullman!

— If writers of a certain sort have of late years disturbed the minds of readers of the Bible, writers of another sort have added largely to their enjoyment. Whether it is wise for the average reader to interest himself in Biblical criticism, admits of a doubt, which does not exist, so far as Biblical knowledge is concerned. As regards Natural History, for example, our fathers read the Bible without thinking much about it. They read the prophecy of Isaiah that Babylon should be made a possession of the bittern, without asking themselves what the bittern was, or what the unicorn, the horn of which was in David's mind when he spoke of the uplifting of his own. They were content to know that Solomon compared his beloved to the roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of spice, and that the conies were but a feeble folk, that made their homes in the rocks. The sacred character of the Bible may have had something to do with their want of curiosity concerning its local allusions, but the lack of any thing like real knowledge at the time accounts for it much better. Why cultivate a curiosity there was no means of gratifying? We have changed all that within the last fifty or one hundred years, and so thoroughly that if a reader is now ignorant of Biblical History, it is not his misfortune, but his fault. He can correct this fault, at least as regards that Natural History of the Bible, by turning to *Bible Animals*, a handsome octavo, of upward of seven hundred pages, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, an English writer who has made Natural History a speciality, and who writes about it in this instance *con amore*, and with a fulness which leaves nothing to be desired. His work, in his own words, is "a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the ape to the coral," and it is not only this, which is much, but it is also a great gallery filled with portraits of

these creatures, an illustrated Zoological Garden, or *Jardin des Plantes*, or whatever may be the most famous Museum of Natural History. There are one hundred illustrations in the work, drawn on wood by good English artists, who have made the living animals their model, while the accessory details have been either obtained from Egyptian or Assyrian monuments, from actual specimens, or from the photographs and drawings of the latest travellers. Of these illustrations we can honestly say, what we cannot of much of the wood engraving of the day, that they are exceedingly well done; the larger ones, of which there are twenty-four, comparing favorably with the best work of the best kind in the Holiday Books of the past season. If we have not read "Bible Animals" so thoroughly as we could wish, we have read enough to see that it is very carefully written; that it abounds in curious as well as interesting information; and that it fills a place hitherto unoccupied in what may be called Biblical Knowledge.

— From Messrs. Sever, Francis & Co. we have received the following new editions of the *Book of Praise*, by Roundell Palmer, and *The Sunday Book of Poetry*, by C. F. Alexander, two dainty little volumes of sacred verse, which are worthy of the favor with which they have been received. They are of English origin, the editor of the first, Sir Roundell Palmer, being a well-known member of the bar, who was Inspector-General under Lord Palmerston, and Attorney-General under Lord John Russell, while the editor of the last, Miss or Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander, has acquired considerable reputation as a writer of hymns. Both have done their work well; the gentleman most thoroughly, the lady most agreeably. In the matter of scholarship we know of no collection of sacred verses superior to "The Book of Praise;" as regards the taste displayed, opinions may differ. We do not think very highly ourselves of Sir Roundell Palmer's judgment, as shown in his selections, though we admit that the hymnologists whom he has pressed into his

service are quite as much in fault as he. Having a wider range of subjects to choose from than was allowed him, we could have predicted in advance that "The Sunday Book of Poetry," would have been the most enjoyable of the two. It is a very good collection, indeed, and it might have been made better, if the early English poets had been drawn upon more largely. As it is, we find poems here which we do not recall in similar collections, and they add to the permanent value of the work. Such are the "Hymn to the Nativity," and the "Epitaph upon Wasland and Wife," by Richard Grashaw; "Christ's Ascension," by Henry Moore whom we take to be Henry Moore, the Platonist, and Henry Vaughan's "Peace." Vaughan, as a sacred poet, leaves Herbert an unmeasurable distance behind him, and of all that Vaughan wrote, nothing is more exquisite than the opening of this solemn lyric:

"My soul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.

From Herbert we have, of course, "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," and "The Resurrection," the first stanza of which is perfect:

"I got me flowers to strew Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee."

Cowley is ill represented by the extract from his noble Ode, "In the Garden," which ought certainly to have been given entire; nor has Wallace had justice done his talents by the poem on Youth and Age, which contains the couplet by which he is best remembered,

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made."

It may be questioned, whether it is ever in good taste for the editors of such collections as this to quote their own productions; but waiving the question of taste, we are glad that the editor of "The Sunday Book of Poetry" has so good a record to show as in the last poem in the collection, which we copy, in the belief

that her poetry is as little known to our readers as to ourselves.

THE CREATION.

All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things rare and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well!

A pretty little volume is *Love Songs and Other Poems*, by Mary Ainge De Vere, which sees the light through the Fifth Avenue Publishing Company. We don't know who Miss De Vere is, but she has a poetical name, and, if we may judge by the talent shown here, she will one day make it better known. Her verses are unpretending, which is a good sign in this age of pretence, and it is womanly throughout, the womanliness being of the good, old-fashioned, lovable sort. It is strongest in the region of the affections, which are not so much cultivated as in past times, and there is a grace about its warmth, which is quite unusual in the first volumes of young poets. Faults there are, of course, but they are not very bad ones, being for the most part the results of womanly carelessness in rhythms. This little lyre, for example, is good for the same reason that Herrick's Trifles are good, because there is not a word too much or too little in them.

AT THE FERRY.

Not a kiss—not a tear—
Not even so much

As an uttered word,
—Not a touch!

Oh, the passion, the pain,
So coldly to part!
But I gave you one look,
—And my heart.

You will pardon me then,
And you understand
That my soul is yours,
—Not my hand.

There are indications of power here and there, as in the first part of "Requiescent in Pace:"

"God receive his soul!—Amen.

Close and aet the wide, dark eyes,
Where death's awful shadow lies—
Sight will never dawn again:

*No more tears to weep,
No more watch to keep,
Nothing but endless sleep!"*

Quite as good, and more evenly written, is "Faith Trembling," whose last two stanzas must close our brief notice of Miss De Vere's volume:

"If I were only made

Patient, and calm, and pure, as angels are,
I had not been so doubtful—sore afraid

Of sin and cure;

It would seem sweet and good

To bear the heavy cross that martyrs take,
The passion and the praise of womanhood,
For my Lord's sake.

"But strong, and fair, and young,

I dread my glowing limbs—my heart of fire,

My soul that trembles like a harp full strung

To keen desire!

Oh, wild and idle words!

Will God's large charity and patience be

Given unto butterflies and singing birds,

And not to me?"

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

SEÑOR MASPERO contributes to *The Academy* a very interesting account of a drama in the Quichua language—the ancient tongue of Peru—a Spanish translation of which has just been published in Lima. The title is "Ollanta; or the severity of a Father and the Clemency of a King." Markham, Tschudi, and other travellers in Peru have already given us valuable specimens of the Quichua literature, chiefly of a lyrical or pastoral character; but this drama of Ollanta, if it can be proved to be a genuine literary relic of the times of the Incas, possesses a greater interest than any thing which has yet been discovered. Señor Maspero, however, is of the opinion that it was written after the Conquest—possibly, indeed, so late as the last century, by a certain Valdez de Sicuani. He finds the characters shadowy and dimly sketched, and the pictures of Peruvian life such as would be derived from tradition, rather than personal knowledge, in the author. On the other hand, he admits that the Quichua in which it is written is of remarkable purity, showing no evidence of that corruption which came upon the language with the Spanish invasion. We quote the following little song, sung by a chorus of young girls, as a specimen of a work which has a great literary interest, whatever may have been its origin:

"O birds, forbear to pluck away—The crops of my princess;—Eat not thus—The maize which is her food!—Ay! tuya! tuya!

"The fruit is snow-white—The blade is tender—

And, till now, unsold;—But I fear you perching on it.—Ay! tuya! tuya!

"Your wings will I cut,—Your talons will I tear;—Beware! I will entrap you—And cage you closely.—Ay! tuya! tuya!

"Thus will I treat you—If you eat but a grain!—Thus will I treat you—If a grain is lost!—Ay! tuya! tuya!"

—The 1,041st volume of Tauchnitz' "British Authors," is the "Doubtful Plays of William Shakespeare," with an introduction and notes by Max Moltke. Out of the fifteen plays, which have been partially ascribed to Shakespeare, the following six have been selected: "King Edward III.; Thomas Lord Cromwell; Loerine; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The London Prodigal and The Birth of Merlin." Moltke's view is that each of these plays bear unmistakable evidence of Shakespeare's hand. The same author has just issued a popular edition of selected plays—eighteen in number—in a cheap form. Of the German version in a single volume, published not long since, 15,000 copies have already been sold.

—There seems to be no possibility of glutting the fiction market. All the acknowledged masters in the field, in England, France and Germany, are still active, and the host of their nameless imitators seems to increase day by day. The advertising columns of the London literary journals are still crowded with announcements of: "Forgotten by the World," "What her Face said," "The Duke's Honor," "Beneath the Wheels," "The Bar-

onet's Sunbeam," "Strong Hands and Steadfast Hearts," &c., &c., each of which, we presume, will run its course in the circulating libraries, and then disappear from the memories of its readers. In France the usual steady supply continues, although very few romances have risen above the general elegant level of performance. About's "*Achmed le Fellah*" (written, apparently, at the instigation of the "Khédive") attracted a little attention, thanks to the Suez Canal; but George Sand's "*Pierre qui Roule*" seems to have produced little or no impression. German fiction, however, is beginning to receive some notice in France. M. René-Taillandier, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, discusses Auerbach, Schücking, Spielhagen, and Hermann Grimm with an appreciative knowledge of their works, and it is possible that the German school, so long in the background, will henceforth take a good comparative rank.

— In Germany, the authors are devoting themselves more and more to public readings and lectures. They find that the effect of a successful public appearance is not only to increase their moderate literary incomes by the direct returns, but also through the increased sale of their works. Wilhelm Jordan has thus already achieved a second edition of his "*Nibelungen*," while Spielhagen's marked success will certainly not injure the prospects of his next work. The last novel of much importance in Germany is Rodenberg's "*By the Grace of God: a Romance of the Days of Cromwell*," which has just appeared, in five volumes. Among the characters are Charles I., the Duke of Buckingham, Cromwell, and Milton. The work is pronounced by a competent German critic to be "one of the most important achievements of our day, in the field of historical romance."

— Eight new volumes of dramatic poetry have appeared in Germany since our last report; but not one of them (so far as we can judge deserves any particular notice.

— Titus Tobler, of St. Gall, Switzerland, who is called "The Nestor of Palestinologists!" has republished the Latin text of three narratives of travel in the Holy Land, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. The first, apparently genuine, was written by a nameless pilgrim; the second, also authentic, by St. Paula of Rome, and the third by a certain Theodore. The narratives, although fragmentary, possess a certain value for theological students. Williams & Norgate issue the work in London.

— Another of Michelet's series of clever, sentimental, fantastic, philosophical volumes has just appeared in Paris. Having exhausted *L'Amour* and *La Femme*, he now turns to "*Nos Fils*" (Our Sons). His work is devoted especially to the methods of education for boys. He gives an account of the various educational systems which have prevailed, from the Middle Ages to the days of Pestalozzi, criticizes them keenly and intelligently, and then promulgates his own personal theory of what education should be. Like his former works, this volume is written from an intensely personal, Parisian stand-point, and to know the exact value of his ideas one must know the kind of boys with whom he is familiar.

— The literary remains of Heinrich Heine, edited by Adolf Strodtmann, have at last appeared in Hamburg. The new poem in unrhymed trochees, of which mention has already been made, proves to be a narrative of Ponce de Leon and his adventures in Florida. Its title is "Bimini"—the name of a fabulous island, which an Indian woman describes to the Spanish explorer, and which he thenceforth consumes his days in seeking. The volume also contains a number of short lyrics, dating from various periods of the poet's life, some sweet and graceful, others satirical, and not a few almost too coarse for the popular taste. Meyerbeer, Herwegh, and the city of Berlin receive their share of abuse. While these remains will add nothing to Heine's fame as a poet, they have value as further illustrations of his character and life.

— The plan of a more or less complete future union of the English-speaking nations of the world, indirectly hinted at by Sir Charles Dilke in his "Greater Britain," and openly announced by Mr. Lewis (formerly of the *Spectator*) is discussed in some of the German journals as an American idea. Of course, they have at once found an appropriate name for the idea—"Pan-Britonism."

— The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermons have appeared in Berlin, in a German translation by the Rev. Henri Tollin. The Rev. Dr. Lisco writes of them: "I had hoped that the depth and spirit, the lofty poetic graces and the moral earnestness, with which Beecher proclaims evangelical truth, might win him friends in Germany as in America, and further the growth of that genuine piety, which, among us, is struggling to give the Church a new form. The reception of these sermons by the public, and many personal

assurances, have given me the certainty that my hope was not vain."

— M. Raspail, the Deputy from Lyons, has published, in the *Paris Reforme*, an article about the last days of Rousseau, and his death, some circumstances connected with which have never been fully explained. M. Raspail endeavors to prove that Therese, Rousseau's wife or mistress, was instigated by the Jesuits to compass his death.

— A second volume of "English Essays" (in the English language) is announced in Hamburg. It will contain papers upon Peel, Brougham, Garrick, and Bismarck, and the following from American sources: "Baron Steuben," "Indian Superstitions," and "Yankee Humor."

— Germany has lost two of her oldest and best-known publishers. Sauerländer, in Frankfurt, the last representative of the period when that city occupied an important place in the book-trade, died in November, at the age of eighty-one. He was for many years the publisher of Rückert, and, more recently, of Otto von Horn. The publisher Vieweg, of Brunswick, who died about the same time, was the son of the founder of the house, which has been in existence eighty-five years. Its specialty is philology and natural science.

— Signor Angelo de Gubernatis, an Italian Sanskrit scholar, has just published, in Turin, a dramatic trilogy, entitled *Il Re Nala* (King Nala). It is the old Indian story of Nal and Damayanti, which has already been used by Rückert and other poets, and the work is chiefly remarkable as almost the first

attempt by an Italian author to naturalize the material of the Sanskrit literature.

— Still another English book about the United States! Smith, Elder & Co., London, announce "Transatlantic Sketches in the West Indies, South America, Canada, and the United States; by Greville John Chester." In Chapman & Hall's list we find: "American Society, by G. M. Towle, U. S. Consul at Bradford," and "Sketches of Life and Sport in Southeastern Africa," by Charles Hamilton." The "Religious Opinions of the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend" are also to appear shortly.

— Madame Olympe Audouard's work on America is called *Le Far West*,—a title which reminds one of Madame Busque's *Spécialité de Pumpkin Pie*. She finds the Americans sadly deficient in artistic taste, which, considering that it is the latest result of civilization, she should not have expected to find in *Le Far West*.

— The *Saturday Review* bestows high praise on Count de Gobineau's "History of the Persians," which has recently been published by Plon, in Paris, in two large octavo volumes. The author spent many years at Teheran, and is thoroughly familiar with the Persian language and literature. His history extends from the earliest period to the age of the Sassanides. It is based upon the latest discoveries, and embodies all the leading results obtained by archaeologists, grammarians and critics. One peculiarity of Count de Gobineau's work is, that he makes use of the native Persian no less than the Greek authorities.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[OUR RECORD CLOSES FEBRUARY 1.]

I. SUMMARY.

THE first month of the new year has been a month of stir, excitement, and repressed troubles; this complexion of affairs being most distinctly visible in Europe, where the surface of affairs heaves and pitches without breaking up, like a theatrical ocean above the vigorous thrusts of its invisible water spirits.

The great Roman Catholic council at Rome is still in session, having veiled its real operations under a curtain of secrecy that might madden an American reporter. It has, moreover, entered into the bonds of a parliamentary code, so complex, stiff, and repres-

sive, as to make its actual progress extremely slow; and it is reported with great show of probability, that this whole extraneous machinery has been so adjusted that the entire operations of the Council are helplessly within the control of the Pope. As the Council seems to have been called mainly for the purpose of decreeing the Pope's individual official infallibility, and as even now there is a visible resolute opposition to this extreme dogma, a sufficient reason can be discerned for all this care. The French and German bishops, notably, are strongly opposed to the new dogma; while, curiously enough, the English and American ones—

i. e., those from the freest, politically, of the nations represented—are reported to be as decided in its favor as any of the Italian prelates. Dr. Döllinger, acknowledged the most learned living Roman Catholic historian, has created a great sensation by taking ground against the new doctrine of infallibility; the opposition of the German and French is also evidently making an impression. Perhaps the most interesting phenomenon of the whole, however, is the powerful working of public opinion, even within Roman Catholic Christendom, straight through all the envelopes of this great secret council, upon bishops, cardinals, and the Pope himself; so that neither can the influence itself be hidden, nor can the Roman court conceal its sense of the same.

Meanwhile it is reported that the Pope has had an epileptic fit. At his age, this attack may be serious; but also it may not; so that it must only be recorded as pointing to the possibility of the death of the aged Pontiff, and of a resulting change in the direction of the deliberations of his council. Polemically, it will be to the advantage of Protestantism to have the extreme doctrine of Papal infallibility affirmed; for it will be a deliberate confession of one of the strongest arguments heretofore used against the Romish Church, but which has thus far been pretty well met by the doctrine of the present opposition, that infallibility must be predicated only of the utterance of the Church speaking through Pope and Universal Council together.

The condition of affairs in Spain shows no change, except that sort of aggravation of several bad symptoms naturally resulting from a continuance of acute inflammation in the body politic. No king is agreed upon. The Italian royal family have decidedly refused to permit the candidacy of the young Duke of Genoa, and as a consequence, the factions of other candidates are stirring actively again. The Republicans on their part are restless and excited; there are bitter quarrels in the Cortes, and all together, there is risk of a period of anarchy and civil war. The actual elevation of the Regent Serrano to the kingship is spoken of. A *real* king would be an instant and effective blessing; no matter who he is now.

In France, there has been a further and tremendous intensification of the bitter enmity between the Empire and the Republicans, consequent upon the killing of Victor Noir by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and the

trial and condemnation of Rochefort. There is some ground for believing that the only reason why there was not a furious republican outbreak in Paris on the day of Noir's funeral, was the presence of an immense army in Paris, and the fact that Prefect Haussmann's improvements of recent years have destroyed the capabilities of Paris for the barricade system, and placed it entirely at the mercy of a judicious military occupation. The situation is one of extreme peril, and as there is no reason for believing that it has been deliberately planned, so it is not safe to expect that either the Emperor or his enemies the Republicans, have any series of solutions ready for their perilous problem. It is a higher power that must infuse the precipitating element, and guide the process. Judging historically, from the nature and the past actions of the French people, a revolution is near at hand.

England remains in quiet. In politics, there is a disposition to wait and see what is to be done on the Irish Land question; in business, there is a fair degree of activity, yet with some troubles and some strikes. The end of the long and laborious task of making a complete trigonometrical survey of Great Britain is announced. This great engineering task, begun eighty-seven years ago, was completed during the first week in January. While executed primarily for military purposes, this work is of the highest value for scientific and industrial purposes also; and its completion is a credit to the British Government. It will be curious, by the way, if the improvements in methods of scientific observation during almost a century do not make it necessary to repeat a good deal of the earlier portions of the work.

Closely connected with these European topics is the great expedition of the Englishman Sir S. W. Baker (known, we suppose, in Egypt, as Baker Pasha), to the interior of Africa at the head of an army, to explore and annex, in the interests of the Viceroy of Egypt. The expedition was heard from about January 1st, at which date it is said to have been "at the head waters of the Nile," and all well. It is curious that no newspaper man appears to have even tried to accompany this intrepid traveller and commander. But Sir S. W. Baker is himself a most entertaining writer, and if he shall himself chronicle his experiences, the result will be the story of a great expedition of conquest and exploration together, told by the commander himself. The capacities of such a theme by such a

writer, will admit a book as interesting to-day as were *Cæsar's Commentaries* eighteen centuries ago.

In Latin America, the chronic state of war continues. Lopez is reported, first, as having been driven out of Paraguay and into remote interior desert regions, where he wanders impotently about; and second, as strongly posted in the Cordilleras with 8,000 men, where the allies cannot reach him. Apparently the pursuit is maintained, at any rate. Meanwhile the allies have abolished slavery in Paraguay, and with it a number of the monopolies which the dictators have maintained there; and part of the invading forces are withdrawn, which looks as if the conquest was considered established. The Count d'Eu is reported to have been formally proclaimed heir to the imperial throne of Brazil. This is doubtless in consequence of the energy and administrative ability displayed in his operations against Lopez, and is apparently a wise measure. In Mexico, there is an increased number of local revolts, some of them being quite beyond the power of the central government, at least for the present. But perhaps the continuance of this central government may be in consequence of its wise acquiescence in the fact of its being itself really merely local. None of the other local governments can hurt it, any more than it them; and its calling itself central or federal does no harm.

In the West Indies also the wars continue. From Cuba, we have the usual conflicting statements, in none of which is it safe to place full confidence. It is said that an offer has been made to the Cuban leaders of "autonomy" (i. e., right of local self-government), if they will submit to the supremacy of Spain. It is said that Gen. Puella with a Spanish force occupied and destroyed the Cuban "capital" Guimaro; and on the other hand that the place was deserted, and that Puella if he did destroy an empty town, returned from his expedition having lost nearly all the troops he took with him. All that it is safe to conclude is, that the Cubans are not yet put down; and that the strife is becoming excessively burdensome to both parties.

In Hayti, more decisive occurrences have taken place. The rising against Salnave is successful, that leader having been beaten, captured, tried, and shot, and President Saget ruling in his stead. But already it is reported that Gen. Brice is "more popular" than Saget, and it is safe to conclude that there

will be at least one more "revolution" in Hayti. There seems to have been an actual negotiation for the annexation of part of the island to the United States; although the undesirable secrecy which is the worst feature of diplomacy has hidden the facts. Apparently the United States has leased the Bay of Samana and land adjoining, for use as a naval station. Less distinctly is visible something like a bargain with Baez, President of the eastern part of the island, for the annexation of his whole republic to the United States. If this has been made, it will not be completed without trouble and expense; for already there are abundant reports of enmities and threats against Baez on suspicion of these doings; and an intense distrust and dislike of all white influence and authority is deeply seated throughout the mass of the native people of all parts of the island.

To pass from the Southern to the Northern troubles: It is reported from the Winnipeg district that Louis Riel, the insurgent leader, was, about January 18, arrested, his followers having become dissatisfied at his strong tendencies toward annexation. This rendered it safe for the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company (the former rulers) to seize him, and they accordingly did so, and reestablished, for the present at least, the old order of things.

Within our own country, the progress of events during January has been without any occurrences of great note. Perhaps not more than two items require any chronicling here. One of these is, the absolute failure of two considerable strikes; that of the operatives in the workshops of the Erie Railroad, and that of the operators of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The former was in consequence of alleged bad faith about the monthly payments of wages by the Company; the latter, in consequence of alleged cutting down of the compensation of the operators. In both cases there was an entire failure to coerce the employers, the strikers lost their employments, and if taken back, were only received on the conditions chosen by the Companies. The immediate meaning of this is, that the state of business looks rather to a fall in prices and in wages, than to a rise. Another lesson, one remove more distant, is more important too. It is the truth in political economy, that not the retaliatory method of strikes, but the defensive one of coöperative business organization; not a destructive, but a constructive proceed-

ing, is the proper and hopeful remedy for unsatisfactory industrial conditions.

The other sign of the times includes two facts, which tell their own story of movement in public opinion: a colored man, Mr. Revel, has entered the United States Senate as Senator from Mississippi; and a colored man, Mr. J. J. Wright, was on January 1st chosen one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of *South Carolina*.

We proceed to the catalogue of such occurrences as require a chronological place in our monthly record.

II. UNITED STATES.

Jan. 3. Mrs. Dr. Charlotte Lozier dies at her home in New York, aged twenty-five. Mrs. Lozier was one of the pioneer female medical students in New York, was an able and successful physician, and an ardent and efficient friend of all efforts at real reform. She undoubtedly died in part from the results of excessive toil in her various occupations.

Jan. 5. Hon. William L. Goggin dies at Richmond, Va., aged sixty-three. He was a native of Bedford County, Va., a lawyer by profession, a Whig politician, Congressman 1839-47, defeated for Governor of Virginia by John Letcher in 1859, and since that time has been a lawyer and planter.

Jan. 13. A Report to the Union League Club on the use of public money for sectarian purposes, shows that New York City has given to the Roman Catholics within a few years \$3,200,000 worth of valuable real estate, and that the same city is giving to sectarian schools, over \$500,000 a-year, of which the Roman Catholic Schools alone receive over \$400,000.

Jan. 14. Hon. Charles Durkee, Governor of Utah, dies in Omaha. He was born at Royalton, Vt., 1807; was an early settler in Wisconsin, and member of its first Legislature; Congressman in 1850 and 1852, Senator from 1855 to 1860, and was Governor of Utah from 1865 to his death.

Jan. 17. Alexander Anderson, M.D., widely known as the father of wood engraving in America, dies at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. E. Lewis, in Jersey City, in his ninety-fifth year.

Jan. 23. Henry Placide, a veteran and favorite American actor, though some years retired from the stage, dies at his residence at Babylon, L. I., aged seventy.

Jan. 24. Prince Arthur, a son of Queen Victoria, on a trip to the United States, visits Congress and President Grant.

Jan. 25. The British funeral fleet, with the body of Mr. George Peabody, reaches Portland. Great preparations are made for ceremonies at that city, from which the remains are to be taken to South Danvers, Mass., his native place, where he is to be buried.

Feb. 1. The Public Debt of the United States has decreased during January, 1870, by the sum of \$3,933,664.39.

III. FOREIGN.

Jan. 4. The Spanish Government having received a decisive refusal from the royal family of Italy to permit the Duke of Genoa to be a candidate for the Spanish throne, the Spanish Ministers all resign.

Jan. 9. Major-General Sir George De Lacy Evans, a veteran and distinguished officer of the British army, dies in London, aged eighty-three. He had been in fifteen great battles in Asia, Europe, and America; was one of Wellington's officers in Spain and at Waterloo, and served in the Crimea.

Jan. 10. Sylvain Salnave, President of the Haytian Republic, having been driven from Fort National, where he took refuge at the capture of Port-au-Prince, and having been captured with a few troops in the mountains, is to-day court-martialed and shot. He is succeeded by General Nissage Saget, the leader of the rising against him.

Jan. 10. A violent attack having been made on Prince Pierre Bonaparte by *Roche-fort's* paper, the *Marseillaise*, MM. de Fonvielle and Victor Noir, two of the editors, went to the Prince's house to challenge him to fight with another of the editors, M. Grousset, in accordance with a sort of defiance from the Prince. During the interview the Prince shoots Noir, killing him instantly.

Jan. 12. Victor Noir is buried, being attended by a vast and excited concourse of citizens. A strong force of troops is called out, but there is no outbreak. The whole edition of the *Marseillaise* for the day is seized for alleged unlawful articles on the subject.

Jan. 19. Traupmann, who murdered the whole of the Kinck family, is guillotined in Paris.

Jan. 19. A strike of 10,000 workmen takes place at the great works at Creuzot in France, belonging to a firm of which President Schneider of the French Legislative Assembly is the head; and troops are sent to prevent any tumult.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publishers of *Putnam's Magazine* are extremely gratified at being able to announce to its readers, that

MR. PARKE GODWIN,

for many years editor of the *New York Evening Post*, has consented to assume the responsible editorship of this periodical, beginning with the number for April.

It has hitherto, as is well known, been in the hands of the senior publisher, Mr. G. P. Putnam, who finds that the increasing demands of his other engagements do not allow him to devote to it that kind and degree of attention which the nature of the occupation requires. He is therefore happy to relinquish the charge to one who has had such an ample experience in editorial management, who is so generally known as a writer of force and ability, and whose former contributions to the First Series of *Putnam's Monthly* gave it a large part of its reputation and success.

Mr. Godwin will be assisted by the several gentlemen who have hitherto kindly lent us their aid, and will draw around him, besides, other gentlemen of talent and culture, whose coöperation, we are assured, will give a new impulse to the destinies, and a new elevation to the character, of the Magazine.

Having withdrawn from all other active professional labors, in order to complete his *History of France*, Mr. Godwin will be enabled to devote his almost undivided energy and care to this new enterprise, to which we need hardly tell the public he will be certain to impart additional vigor, concentration, and individuality. At the same time, the Publishers hope, by the larger opportunity that they will now have of attending to its material interests, to render it more universally known, and more and more worthy of popular acceptance.

G. P. PUTNAM & SON.

NOTE BY MR. GODWIN.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE has already attained a position so secure, that it remains for the new management to promise merely to carry forward the work so auspiciously begun. The aim of its proprietors from the beginning has been to make it a periodical worthy of our American literature, and particularly worthy of the great metropolitan city in which it is published. Our intention is, to give a "force, concentration, and individuality," as the publishers say above, to that generous and noble purpose.

American literature has reached a maturity in which it tries to speak for itself; and New York, the great central city in all other respects, must be made the central city in this respect. We need no longer go abroad for our inspiration or our writers: the days of provincial vassalage are past; and as in politics we are independent, as in our social bearing we have struck out a new path, so in letters we must give more and more evidence of a fresh, original, spontaneous, characteristic life. The late events of our national history, which evinced so stupendous an energy in the national mind and heart, must be translated into speech, and come forth as genial and peaceful arts. The splendid outbursts of intellect that followed the impulses of the Persian war in Greece, or the crusading zeal of the church in France, or the struggle of the city republics in Italy, ought to be paralleled here, where a grander theatre has given scope for a grander development of the human forces.

New York City, in which the wealth, the trade, the enterprise of the entire continent comes to a head, should also furnish an organ for the best intellectual aspiration and achievement. It should bring together and reflect whatever is most vital and peculiar in the whole country. We admit that, what Paris is to France, what London is to Great Britain, New York can never be to the United States, nor is it desirable that it should be, owing to our more diffusive and democratic methods; but we see no reason why New York, supported by the vast resources of the interior, should not rival any foreign city, not only in the munificence of its provisions for scholarship, but in its literary and artistic activity.

In Politics, while we shall sedulously avoid the small topics of party debate, we shall all the more earnestly strive to give philosophic breadth, dignity, and manliness to political discussion. Holding, with an intensity of conviction that it would not be easy to express, the distinctive American principle that the single and supreme function of all government is Justice, or the equality of rights among men, we shall endeavor to enforce it with all our strength; and, as a necessary consequence, to expose and overwhelm, without mincing words, the many fearful and odious corruptions by which that sacred principle is still defeated. The venality of much of our legislation, and the shameless imbecility and oppressiveness of many of our schemes of taxation, cannot be too vehemently opposed.

So, in regard to religious questions, we shall keep clear of all topics of mere sectarian controversy, of all points of dogma or discipline that may be still in dispute between the different denominations of Christians; but the essential and catholic principles of Christianity,—the highest truths, in our conviction, yet disclosed to mankind,—are susceptible of application to all human relations, to all subjects that concern the welfare and progress of society; and one of our principal aims shall be to apply these principles practically, so as to bring, to the extent of our influence, public and private life into a complete and willing accord with the sublime morality of the gospels. We shall claim for ourselves and exercise the utmost freedom within these limits, without, we trust, giving offence to those who may not always think as we do.

At the same time we shall not forget that the proper function of a Magazine is to amuse as well as to instruct, or, rather, is to instruct by means of amusement; and we hope to gather, therefore, out of the intellectual life and culture of the republic, criticisms, sketches, tales, poems, etc., that shall be an adequate expression of our new conditions and our abounding vitality. This, we are told, is the impossible part of magazine editorship: our best mind, it is said, turns itself toward practical pursuits: Pacific Railroads are our epics, and the ring of hammers and anvils our lyrics: while the finer arts—the arts in which all that is grand and beautiful and subtle in a nation's genius is embodied—are left to certain "delicate nobodies," as one of our cynical friends phrases it, who are without positive personality, and confess to no higher inspiration than that of bread-winning for the moment.

If such were our notions we should despair, not only of our literature, but of the Republic itself; for literature is but the outflowing of the national heart, and since we have given of late such ample evidence that our heart is not dead, we need entertain no fears of the answering capacities of the head. The flowers and fruits of genius will come in their own way and time, if we who set ourselves to watch for them are not too dull to recognize their coming, or too inhospitable to tender them a generous welcome when they arrive.

P. G.